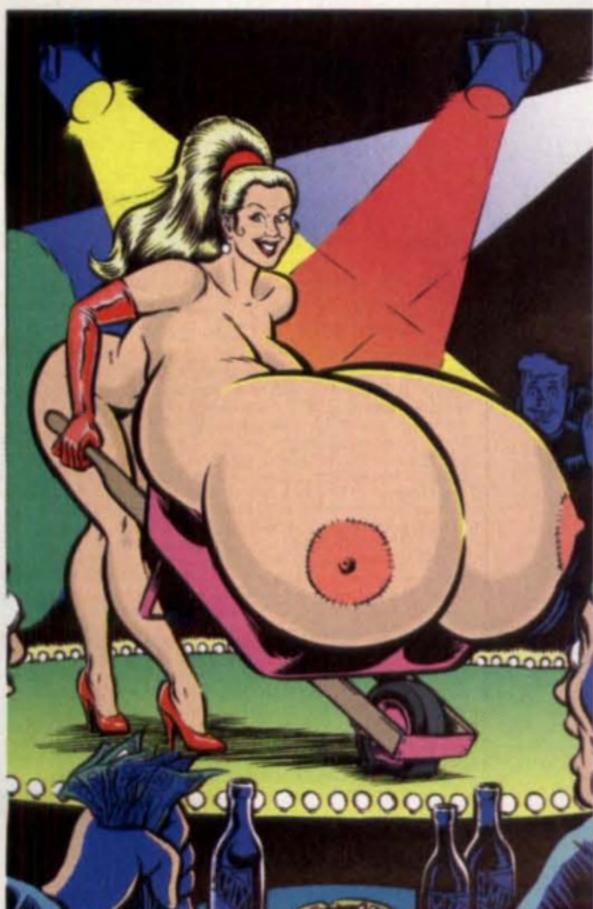


HUSTLER

OCTOBER 1999

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 4





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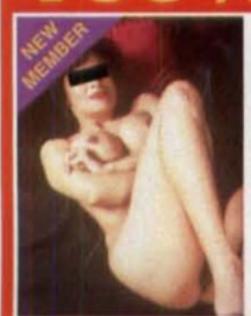








100% AMATEUR CLUB



TALL SEXY BRUNETTE WITH DEEP BROWN EYES IS LOOKING FOR FUN. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN BY MY EX-BOY FRIEND. HE COULD NOT HANDLE ME. COULD YOU? I LOVE EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING WHEN IT COMES TO SEX. ORAL, ANAL OR DOGGY STYLE. I AM LOOKING FOR A REAL MAN THAT COULD MAKE ME SCREAM ALL NIGHT. RACE NOT IMPORTANT PLEASE CALL ME NOW. CPHOTO TAKEN BY EX-BOYFRIEND LOUIS



HI, THIS IS JANE I'M A 27
YEARS OLD BARTENDER
FROM NEW JERSEY. I HAVE
BLONDE HAIR WITH BLUE
EYES. I HAVE LUSCIOUS LIPS
THAT WOULD LOVE TO
WORK YOU OVER! I LOVE
ORAL SEX. SUCKING BIG FAT
COCKS IS WHAT I PREFER.
IF YOU ARE INTO ORAL
GAMES THEN CALL ME.
PHOTO TAKEN BY HIR GIRLFRIEND BILL



MY NAME IS PATTY. I'M
LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO
WANTS TO EXPLORE SOME
OF MY FANTASIES. I LOVE TO
HAVE SEX IN THE
OUTDOORS AND I'D LIKE TO
FIND A GUY THAT LIKES MY
BOYFRIEND TOO!! IF YOU
ARE A KINKY BI-CURIOUS
GUY THEN COME JOIN US!!
IPHOTO TAKEN BY HER BOYFRIEND GREGE



MY NAME IS GINGER. I'M AN OLDER WOMAN, MARRIED AND VERY BORED. I AM LOOKING TO SPEND TIME WITH SOMEONE DURING THE DAY ONLY. I HAVE A HIGH SEX DRIVE AND I'M INTERESTED IN FINDING A YOUNG WHITE STUD (NO ONE OVER 25 PLEASE). PLEASE CALL ME NOW (PHOTO TAKEN BY N/A)



HEY GUYS THIS IS JENNA. I'M
IN SEARCH OF HOT KINKY
TIMES. IF YOU ARE LOOKING
FOR A BLOND BOMBSHELL
WITH A NICE BODY, HERE I
AM. I'LL WRAP MY LONG LEGS
AROUND YOUR HOT BODY.
I ALSO LOVE POSING FOR
NASTY PICTURES. I
ESPECIALLY LOVE A CAMERA
CLOSE-UP OF MY CUNT.
DON'T BE SHY, CALL ME.
OPHOTO TAKEN BY HER FRIEND MAURICED

0



HI, THIS IS STACY. I'M A
BLOND WITH NICE GREEN
EYES. I'M VERY SUBMISSIVE,
INTO LEATHER GAMES.
I LOVE TO PLEASE A MAN
ANY WAY I CAN. I HAVE
BEEN TOLD TO BE VERY
NAUGHTY BY MY EX
BOYFRIENDS, THERE ARE NO
TABOO, NOTHING THAT
I WOULD NOT DO. PLEASE
I BEG YOU TO CALL ME.
(PHOTO TAKEN BY EX HUSBAND BOR MS.



NO TIME TO WASTE! COME
DO ME NOW, THE HARDER,
THE DEEPER... THE BETTER
I AM A WILD LITTLE SLUT
THAT WOULD LOVE TO DO
A THREESOME WITH A
GOOD LOOKING GUY AND
MY GIRLFRIEND. I AM
BISEXUAL, VERY OPEN
MINDED. DO YOU THINK
YOU CAN HANDLE ME AND
MY FRIEND? CALL ME, MY
NAME IS KIM.
(PHOTO TAKEN BY KATEL



PRO MODEL LICHA WOULD
LOVE TO WEAR SOME SEXY
LINGERY FOR YOU. I LOVE
BLACK STOCKINGS AND
GARTERS. JUST THINKING
ABOUT A NAKED MAN
MAKES MY TIGHT PUSSY ALL
WET. I LOVE IT ALL AND
I AM EAGER TO LEARN
SOMETHING NEW WITH
YOU. BIG COCKS A PLUS.
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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

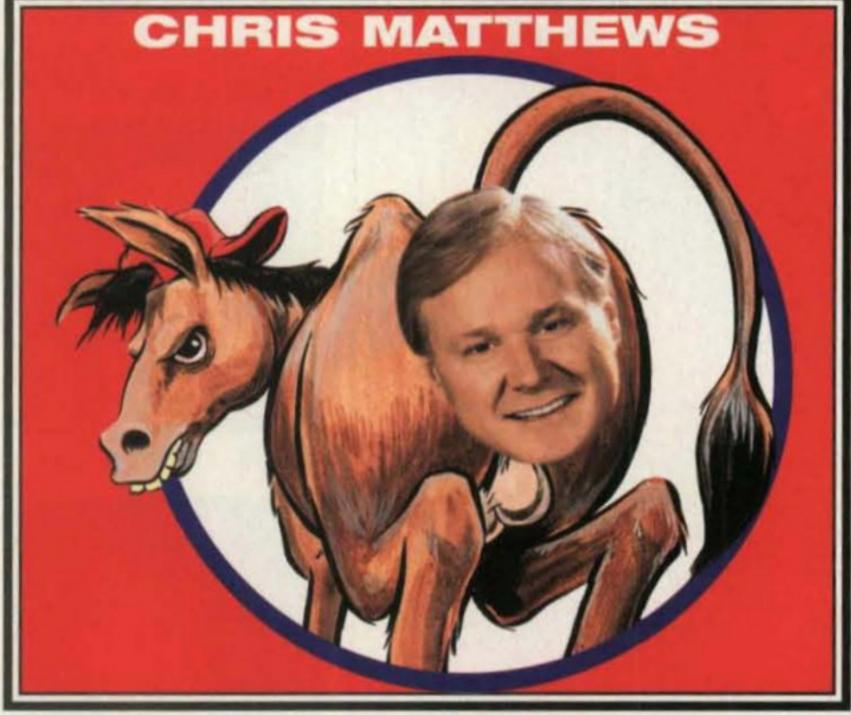
Cable television has opened the American living room to a flow of intellectual sewage unforeseen by our Founding Fathers. If George Washington had been channel surfing during the winter of 1777, while holed up with his troops in Valley Forge, and had witnessed the televised shit-slinging that passes for debate in today's D. C. media, he might have moaned, "What's the use?" and retreated to his farm.

In an ideal democracy, men of good faith disagree and coexist peacefully. But the hostile political hacks clogging the tabloid airwaves have replaced the civil exchange of ideas with the verbal equivalent of spitting feces into the public eye. The worst of cable TV's belching sphincters is HUSTLER's October 1999 Asshole of the Month, Chris Matthews.

Chris Matthews is the 54-year-old host of Hardball, a talk sewer on the CNBC network. As the show's "moderator," Matthews hunches over his desk, his jaw clenched in the manner of a man who is grinding excrement between his teeth and has bitten into a tough kernel of corn. Politicians, journalists and campaign consultants sit across from Matthews's fixed sneer and attempt to state opinions concerning the political landscape. At the first sign of coherent discussion, Matthews interrupts. His malicious yipping voices all the logic and reason of a wormy Jack Russell terrier.

"If Ben Franklin were alive today," says Matthews, "he'd be moderating my show."

By what warped form of selfdeception does Matthews see him-



self (the Jerry Springer of civic discourse) as a modern-day Benjamin Franklin (framer of the Constitution)? Chris's delusional thinking extends to his perception of his audience as "Knights-of-Columbus kinds of guys. They are not right-wing, but have traditional values."

In fact, Chris Matthews's core viewership includes the most lunatic fringe of the far Right.

On May 11, 1999, Kathleen Willey was a guest on Hardball. Willey, a famous witness against President Clinton, has long contended that a mysterious jogger approached her on January 8, 1998, and threatened her on behalf of the President.

"Who was that guy?" badgered Matthews. "I'm gonna ask you again

because I think you know."

"I think I know," hedged Willey.

"Is it someone in the President's family? Friends?" yipped Matthews. "Is it a Shearer?"

Willey shied away from making a public accusation. Undaunted, Matthews clenched his jaw and spat, "So it's Cody Shearer."

Cody Shearer runs the International Student Symposium on Negotiation and Conflict Resolution. His brother, Derek, is a former ambassador to Finland, and his twin sister, Brooke, is married to Clinton's Deputy Secretary of State, Strobe Talbott. Shearer has documented proof that he was in California on the day Kathleen Willey claims to have been menaced by a jogger in Virginia.

Willey, according to Matthews, had identified Shearer off camera as her attacker. At least half of this Hardball duo is lying or mistaken.

Shearer received dozens of death threats in the week following the Matthews smear. The scariest reaction came from Hank Buchanan, the 61-year-old brother of right-wing extremist Patrick Buchanan.

Hank Buchanan, a former accountant, has had what his sister, Bay, describes as "mental health problems for the better part of 30 years." One presumed symptom of Hank's illness is a pathological urge to take Chris Matthews seriously.

On May 16, according to criminal charges, Hank stormed Cody Shearer's Washington home and slashed the tires of three cars in Shearer's garage. Buchanan brandished a revolver at two of Shearer's students and menaced a neighbor.

"I now regret not having spoken with [Shearer] before I mentioned his name on the air," groveled Matthews. Such a precaution would have contradicted Chris's quick-yap philosophy. "Yeah, I talk too fast," he has bragged, "but I think you just have to be in cadence with the sound of the crowd."

Chris's crowd is a lynch mob.

As Washington Bureau Chief of the San Francisco Examiner, Matthews pens a column on politics. Sample title: "The Color of Dishonesty." "Honesty and fairness" are essential in "those who present commentary for a living," wrote Chris.

How can Matthews ignore his own standards? Simple. He claims an Asshole exemption.

Rosie O'Donnell: Big, fat blab hostess Rosie O'Donnell lured lunk Tom Selleck onto her chat show, then busted his balls for being affiliated with the National Rifle Association. Days later, O'Donnell insisted that the cast from Annie Get Your Gun reword a song in adherence to her "guns no" belief. O'Donnell is a paid shill for Kmart,

FARTS IN THE WIND

one of the nation's largest gun retailers, which proves that her conscience extends only as far as her Asshole.

George W. Bush: Texas Governor George W. Bush wants to be President, an office previously held by his father. Bush the Younger is running on a platform of censorship for opposing viewpoints. The Web site gwbush.com,
which pokes fun at the candidate's vapid policy articulations,
prompted him to assert, "There
ought to be limits to freedom."
There also ought to be sphincter
quotas in every family. G. W.
Bush's clan boasts more than the
allowable quantity of Assholes.

Meet Your HUSTLER Staff: BLOOD BEARDSLEY

Not only does Janitor RUFUS "BLOOD" BEARDSLEY keep the studio spotless, he also volunteers to clean out the models when they're on the rag. "You can't let these things get rusty," blushes the 16-year veteran. Blood's favorite movie? Crimson Tide, of course.





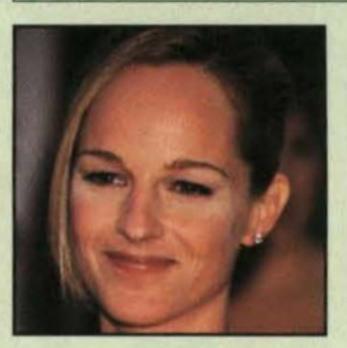
The only nationwide urinal network.

Stench Match

Why These TV Bitches Always Look Like Something Stinks

The facial expressions on some chicks as they mince through life make you wonder whether the rest of us have all wet-farted at once. The constant crap odors can't always be our fault. HUSTLER's researchers believe that behind every continually pinched nostril, there's a personal source of foulness. Match the skank with her probable stank:

SNATCHES:



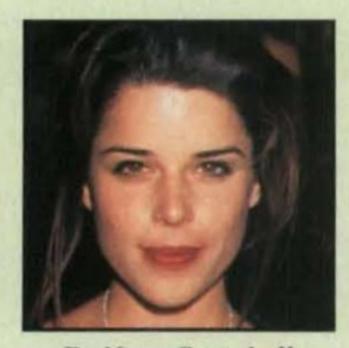
A. Helen Hunt



B. Calista Flockhart



C. Kirstie Alley

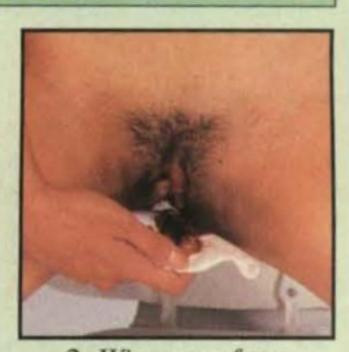


D. Neve Campbell

STENCHES:

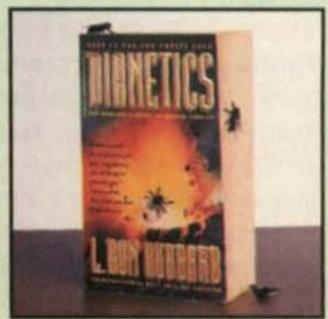


1. Her bulimic leavings



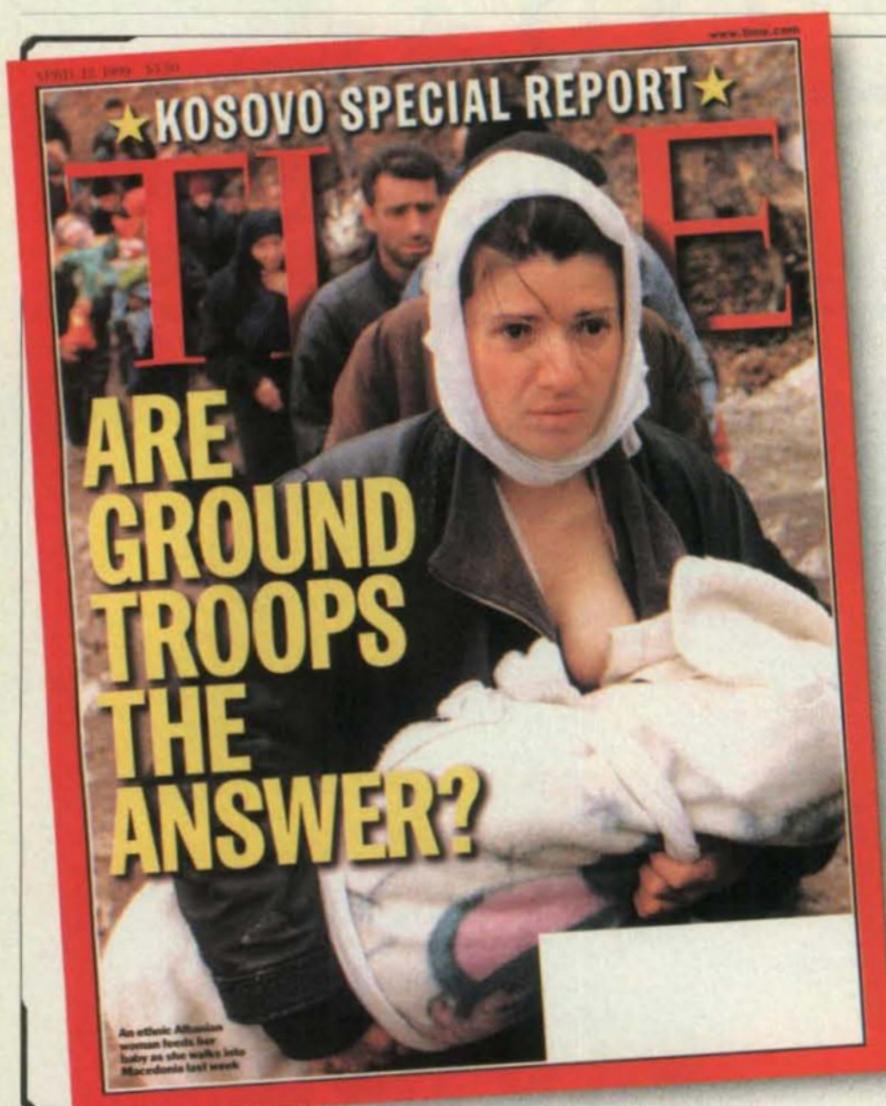
2. Wipes ass from back to front





4. Dianetics

3. Her shit on a fag's dick



Time's Exploits Abroad

Time magazine—that venerable weekly recap of TV news—has never been shy of calling Larry Flynt and HUSTLER sleazy. America's Magazine does push the boundary of honest filth, but when it comes to outright exploitation, *Time* leaves us in its self-righteous dust.

The newsmagazine's April 12 cover shows an ethnic Albanian, a refugee from atrocity, nursing her child. While the crisis in Kosovo is certainly news, the tit on display is only there to sell magazines. *Time*'s cover invades the Albanian woman's privacy, as surely as ethnic Serbs invaded her home.

HUSTLER usually flashes skin on its cover, but only the flesh of paid models. We do not exploit an individual's real pain on our cover to sell magazines, especially while the subject is unwittingly exposed to the camera. Let's hope *Time*'s covergirl never learns of her appearance as an unpaid, unclothed shill. She's suffered enough.

"MOST. TASTELESS CARTOON"



"Shit! This popcorn is stale! You knock off the bitch's cataract glasses. I'll peck her fuckin' eyes out!"



In the Golden Age, Zen master Ben-Wa taught girls to consider the whole universe in a grain of rice. This made his dick seem huge.

W. J. of Lodi, New Jersey, deepens his understanding by \$150 for this contemplative rice ball. Send the ancient secrets of Dad's toolshed to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a selfaddressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

THE PHANTOM MENSES Collectible Tampons

Bleedio"! You bear the mark of the Redeye Knight"! Have you mastered the Flow"?

Help me, O.B.
Wand ! The Flow of
Dork's Vage
is unstoppable!

Sonovabitch"!
I can see Comet
Kohoutex" from here!

THEY TALK
TO EACH OTHER!
Isn't that cool?
Isn't that useful?



(MENSES NOT INCLUDED)



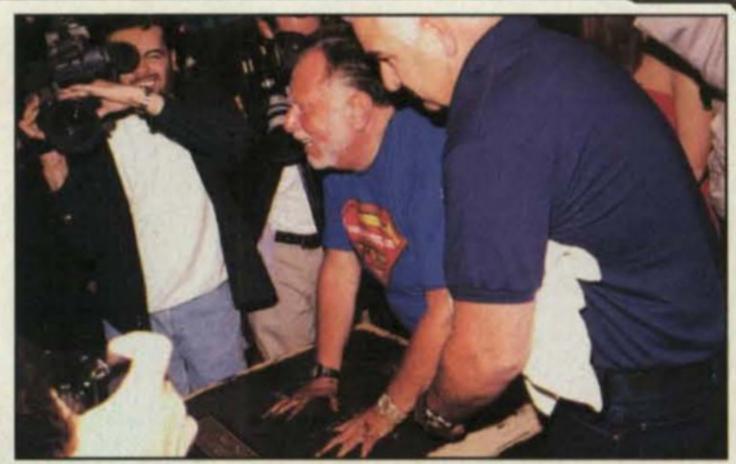
PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. NO SUCH PRODUCT EXISTS.

Flash in the Pantheon **Laying Concrete at HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD**

The Taj Mahal of erotic boutiques, HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD, recently added two more names to its illustrious Porn Walk of Fame. This April, the infamous publisher of Screw magazine, Al Goldstein, and golden-age porn superstar Seka placed their hands in wet cement for fucking posterity. To see the handprints—and more—of these all-time one-fisted greats, drop by HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD, 8920 Sunset Boulevard.



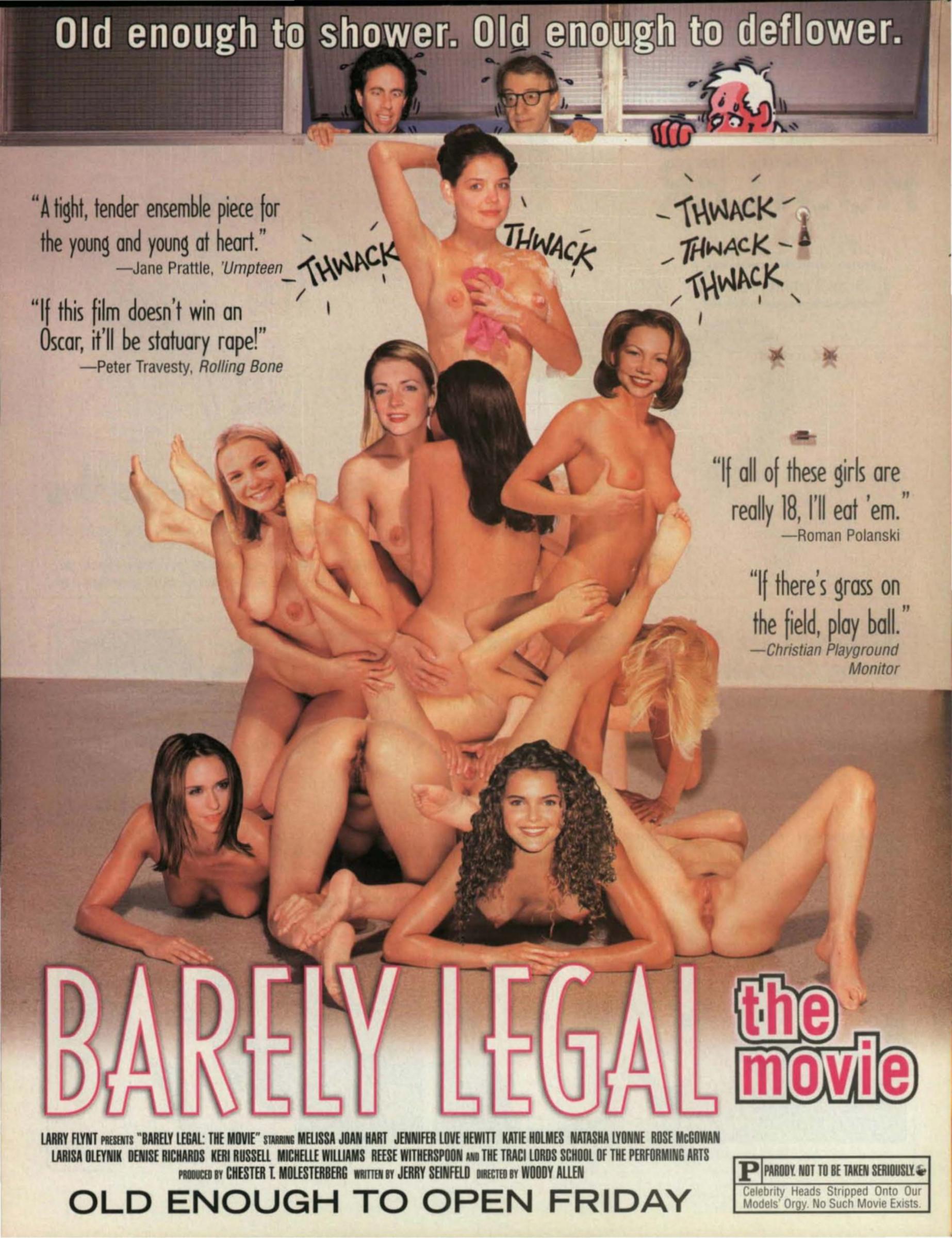
Still filthy after all these years, Seka's ready to wipe.



Schtuper-man Al Goldstein's prints are in great demand. He's been busted 19 times.



Mr. Flynt congratulates Seka on so many jobs well done.





Victorian Megapussy

Victoria, you are the most beautiful and sexy woman I have ever seen (Victoria: Almost a Virgin, June 1999). I bought the June issue to see the peeing photos advertised, but when I reached your centerfold layout, I nearly exploded. You have such a pretty face; lovely eyes; nice smile; fantastic, long, blond hair; and wonderful breasts with great, big nipples. What cranked my cock full throttle were your gigantic pussy lips—the biggest pussy lips on Earth! They are just huge. I would give anything to feel your wet, warm megamound wrapped around my veined and swollen blood bomber. —M. V. Walterville, Oregon

Victoria: Rutting Season

I just purchased your June 1999 issue-my first in several years. I'm into photos of women peeing, and when I read the coverline, GOT PEE? HOT PICTORIALS WITH A YELLOW STREAK, I just had to buy it. When I turned the page to the layout of Victoria (Victoria: Almost a Virgin), I nearly creamed my jeans. That girl is incredible. Not only is Victoria young and beautiful, but she has the biggest, pinkest, juiciest deer-in-heat pussy lips I have ever seen. Victoria's tight butthole matches her perfect ass. What I would give to bury my face in that wonderful pussy and ass. Yummy! If you feature Victoria again, please show her peeing. To see a yellow stream flowing out of her swollen pussy and down her ass would be pure bliss. How can I tell her how much I enjoyed her fantastic layout? -M. V.

via Internet

You just did.

Monica Pigsky

Congratulations on 25 years of honesty and integrity. In the 25th-Anniversary issue (July 1999), I was happy to see that you made Monica Lewinsky Asshole of the Quarter Century. This slut has done immeasurable harm to this country, yet people blindly applaud her as if she were actually someone to admire, someone to interview and turn into a celebrity. What is there to celebrate? Monica Lewinsky is



CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

a fat, giggly half-wit with the morals of a rabid swamp rat. Her mouth is as big and sloppy as a gang-raped asshole—she just can't keep that damn thing shut. Thanks for calling a spade a spade and a pig what she is: a pig.

—G. J.

Sterling, Illinois

Urine Luck

Please, please, please keep up the pee pictures in America's Best publication. I love close encounters of the extra-wet kind. I look



Victoria: Almost a Virgin

forward to watching women pee all over the floor—and each other. They can even pee on me! I beg of you, more pee.

—E. C.

Los Angeles, California

Does female ejaculate count as an acceptable pee substitute in your book? If so, check out HUSTLER's fist-happy model Alisha: Busy Body on page 150 for gushing golden delights.

More Pee-Pee Please

I've been an occasional HUSTLER reader for a number of years, but now that you've been regularly featuring beautiful girls peeing, I will not want to miss a single issue. What could possibly be more of a turn-on than gorgeous HUSTLER models squirting liquid gold? How about some extreme close-ups of open pussies pissing on the camera? Whether they are standing, sitting, kneeling or hanging upside down from ropes, squirting females always make me squirt the white stuff.

—P. S.

Sweden

You have some interesting angles on a fabulously wet and sticky topic. Perhaps you ought to peep out HUSTLER's sister publication, HUSTLER'S TABOO.

Former Idiot

I wish to confess my past stupidity. I am an ex-Republican, ex-moral-majority member, (continued on page 15)



Larry Flynt with brother Jimmy (left) and attorney Alan Isaacman in high spirits on the trial's final day.

ONE SMALL STEP FOR PORN FLYNT CUTS A DEAL IN CINCINNATI

BY DAVID BUCHBINDER

After nearly two years of highly publicized preparations, the stage was set for Cincinnati, Ohio, to be the site of a dramatic showdown between the First Amendment and the antipornography movement. On May 10, 1999, jury selection opened in the obscenity case brought by Hamilton County Prosecutor Mike Allen against Larry and Jimmy Flynt. The Flynts faced a host of charges, including pandering obscenity, disseminating materials harmful to a minor, conspiracy and engaging in a pattern of corrupt activity. One count charged the Flynts with selling hard-core videos to a 14-year-old boy. Represented by a bluechip team of defense attorneys, Larry and Jimmy Flynt dug in for a long, winner-takes-all fight.

On the morning of the third day of jury selection, Hustler News & Gifts pleaded guilty to two counts of pandering obscenity, one each for the hard-core videotapes Rocco More Than Ever, Part 2 and Jeff Stryker's Underground. Each count carried a \$5,000 fine. In return, prosecutors agreed to drop all charges against Larry and Jimmy Flynt. As part of the plea agreement, Larry Flynt promised to remove all hard-core videos from

his downtown Cincinnati store.

In press conferences held on the courthouse steps after the plea was entered, both Flynt and Cincinnati prosecutors claimed victory. Prosecutor Allen rejoiced that he had rid the city of hard-core videotapes. Flynt proclaimed that the plea would ensure that HUSTLER Magazine remains on sale in Hamilton County.

From his office in Beverly Hills, Flynt reflects on his most recent obscenity fight.

HUSTLER: Many of your supporters were mystified by your decision not to fight to the bitter end in Cincinnati. What would you say to them?

LARRY FLYNT: Well, I got what I wanted. I wanted my magazine distributed in Cincinnati, and it had not been for more than 20 years. To me, that was a major concession on the city's part. Also, it's one thing to put my ass on the line in terms of going to jail for the First Amendment, but it's another thing for me to put my brother in the same situation, because he was charged along with me. It's not really right for me to expect my brother to go to jail.

HUSTLER: The Cincinnati Enquirer

has reported that since the trial ended, HUSTLER has begun to appear on newsstands in Cincinnati. How does that make you feel?

FLYNT: Very good.

HUSTLER: Before the trial, you said you wanted to challenge the Supreme Court's obscenity standard. Did that objective change over the course of the trial?

FLYNT: I spent most of my life not listening to my attorneys. It didn't always work out for the best; I went to jail a couple of times. They advised me that this deal was too good to pass up, because I wasn't pleading guilty to anything and neither was my brother, only the local corporation.

HUSTLER: Would your ideal obscenity case involve HUSTLER, as opposed to the films of Rocco Siffredi and Jeff Stryker?

FLYNT: Obviously, I support pornography, and I think it should be afforded the protection of the First Amendment, but I've spent most of my life fighting my own battles for HUSTLER. The videos that we were charged with [selling] were not even videos that I produced. Why should I spend millions of dollars in attorneys' fees fighting someone else's



Al Goldstein cracks up the Flynt brothers at victory party.





Brett Harrelson and date with Theresa Flynt-Gaerke and her husband, Virgil.

Liz Flynt (left), Larry's wife, lights a victory cigar.



Headline-grabbing attorneys Isaacman and Doug Dalton with defendants.



Flynt's son, Larry Jr., and father, Claxton.

battle? Not that I don't care; not that it's unimportant. I believe in free expression, totally, whether it's in a magazine or a video, but the videos are the most difficult to defend—anywhere in the nation, not just Cincinnati. I can assure you one thing: If the prosecutor had said, "You've got to immediately remove HUSTLER Magazine from Hamilton County," we'd be picking a jury right now.

HUSTLER: So you haven't lost your taste for an obscenity fight?

FLYNT: No, not at all. I think enough people know my passion for the First Amendment, and that I'm not afraid to fight.

HUSTLER: Was the decision to plea bargain a business decision?

FLYNT: My attorneys and the jury consultants were costing me \$15,000 a day, and we felt the trial would have run four to six weeks. I'm no idiot when it comes to business. An obscenity trial is an expensive proposition; it's a risky proposition, and no one wants to go to jail.

HUSTLER: Why was the prosecution willing to cut a deal?

FLYNT: The prosecution knew its case was falling apart on the sale to the minor, because he'd been used about 50 previous times by the police department, and he

looked like no teenager—he looked like a Cincinnati Bengal. That, coupled with the fact that jury selection was not going very well for the prosecution, had a lot to do with it. You had people like nuns and guys that teach Sunday school every Sunday as prospective jurors, and when my attorneys explained that [the jurors] would have to watch 40 hours of pornographic videos-oral and anal sex, girl/girl sex, guy/guy sex-they were saying, "I don't want to do that. My mind is already made up. I can't be objective." So the prosecution was losing its good prospective jurors. We were much better off than they were. We hadn't had to use one single preemptive challenge. I also think the prosecutors took a look at my defense attorneys-I have no doubt they checked them all out-and knew who they were and what their reputations were. I really don't believe they wanted to tangle with them.

HUSTLER: Does the plea agreement forbid you from selling DVDs in the store?

FLYNT: That's an interesting proposition. No, I don't think DVDs are included as part of that agreement.

HUSTLER: Is the real battle still to come, over First Amendment rights and the Internet?

FLYNT: Without a doubt, because you can see more explicit material on the Internet than you can in print media. So far, the Justice Department has not chosen to prosecute these sites, but if it does not happen in this Administration, I see it happening in future administrations.

HUSTLER: Do you think the Internet will redefine the concept of community standards?

FLYNT: Yes, because, in 1973, when Miller v. California was decided by the Supreme Court, leaving it up to communities to set their own standards, a community was defined as a given geographical area. Now, if you have a PC, you can download any information that's available on the Internet, regardless of where it's posted, whether it be a foreign county, another state or whatever. I don't know if we're going to resort to Gestapo tactics, where they want to take the computers away from people in cities like Cincinnati, but the line on community standards is becoming blurred.

HUSTLER: Were you prepared to go to jail in Cincinnati?

FLYNT: I've always been prepared to go to jail, and I still am. I'm sure there will be more of these battles to fight.

TIE ME UP OR BEG ME TO TIE YOU DOWN



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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 11)

ex-700 Club member and ex-Republican National Committee member. I even sent money to Oliver North's legal-defense fund during the commander's Iran Contra trial. I voted for both Reagan and Bush, but, because of their policies, my job went overseas, and I've been an ex-machinist ever since. The Republicans never helped this working man. I've since become a Clinton supporter and would like to thank you, Larry Flynt, for your cash-for-trash deal that flushed all of those Republican hypocrites out of Capitol Hill. Congratulations on a job well done. I am disappointed to hear that you are an atheist, however. Just remember that the God of the Bible and the churches of -M.A.man are two separate things. Cleburne, Texas

Little Big Man

As a man of short stature, I would be delighted to see midgets and dwarves in HUSTLER photo-spreads. HUSTLER is the best stroke mag there is, but I'd love to see a little improvement in an upcoming issue.

—M. W.

via Internet

Bruno Is a Babe

I know that HUSTLER is a men's magazine, but if you'd put Bruno from the July couples pictorial (Bruno and Goldie: Blast Resort, July 1999) in your magazine again, I would certainly buy that issue too. His dark hair, dreamy eyes and the obvious way he takes great pride in and care of his body are truly incredible. He's inspired this SWF to grab the kind of man I truly desire instead of settling for the lump of a beer gut who's passed out on my couch. Bruno is so amazing and beautiful. I was wondering if you could ask him to write me—just a short note to say hi. I would be so very honored.

—H. F. Bangor, Maine

Bruno sends his regards, but he's far too busy traveling around the world with jettrash supermodels to write a personal note. Truth be told, Bruno can't be bothered to read or write and doesn't need to. He can barely talk. You're much better off with that lump on your couch.

Sergeant HUSTLER

I'm a sergeant in the U. S. Army, currently stationed in Albania. Our PX (military 7-Eleven) does not carry Larry Flynt's fine literature (or anybody else's, for that matter). As a proud infantryman protecting Albanians from Serbs all day, every day, I would like nothing more than to be able to sit down now and then and enjoy a nice, juicy HUSTLER. Anything you could do for us to increase our morale would be greatly appreciated.

—Sgt. J. R. U. S. Army, Albania

At ease, Sergeant. HUSTLER has received many letters from deployed personnel around the world asking for the same thing. We offer this simple advice: subscribe. We'll mail you and your pals some subscription forms. The rest is up to you. Vive le NATO!

Blurry Pictures

I'm a prison inmate. I love HUSTLER Magazine, but y'all need to try to shoot better angles of the folks fuckin' and the broads givin' head. That way, me and all of my fellow inmates can see a better picture of what's goin' on, y'know what I mean?

—L. A.

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

If our photographers shot the HUSTLER Honeys any closer, their cameras would be inside the models' pussies. There would be no light, and the pictures would be black. Maybe you and your buddies need to visit the prison optician so y'all

can clearly gander at the poontang. Y'know what I mean?

Loves FLYNT REPORT

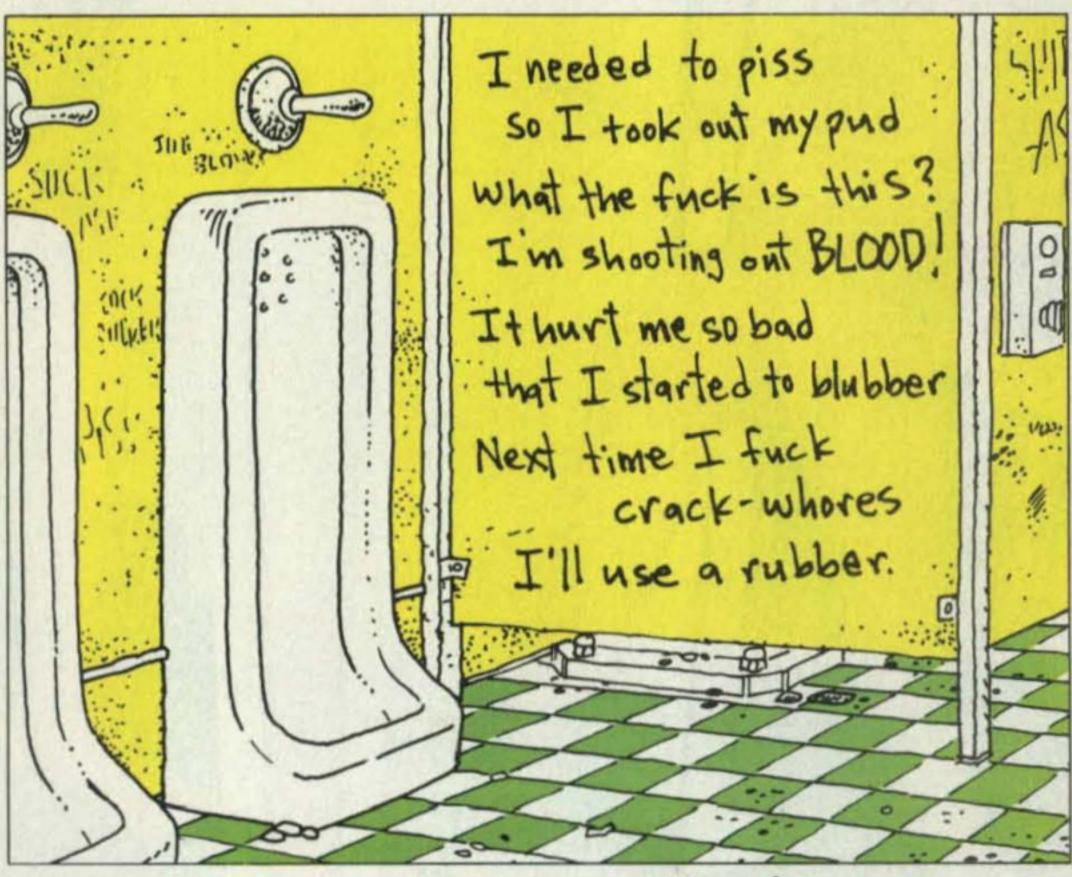
Bravo, Mr. Flynt. I'm a housewife who thinks you're the greatest. My husband and I picked up a copy of THE FLYNT REPORT and read it from cover to cover. I am so proud of you for having the courage to say what had to be said. Thank you for exposing the moral "right" as the liars and judgmental low-lifes that they really are. They are a controlling, oppressive lot, and they must be stopped. They claim to be good, but I only see evil. You have done what so many of us would like to do, but have neither the balls nor the finances to follow through with the plan. We support you and your tremendous efforts. It is a good day indeed. Kudos! -K. W.

via Internet

Fuck Evil Bastards

I just wanted to thank you and applaud you for your most excellent work to date: THE FLYNT REPORT. By exposing all of the self-righteous, bigoted, arrogant, lying, back-stabbing, whore-mongering, family-values-preaching, Bible-thumping, evil, disgusting, hypocrite Republican bastards, you've done a service to the American people. Thank you for fucking them over. You (continued on page 39)

GRAFFILLY.



Thanks and \$50 go to J.



USTLER's 1999 Beaver Hunt amateurs will be scrutinized six ways from Sunday by the readership before one lucky exhibitionist emerges from the jizz storm \$5,000 richer.

In a year brimming with prime pussy, Beaver Hunt salutes two early front-runners. Both of these Beaver princesses proved that their cuts are a cut above. Each is hereby awarded \$350 on top of the prize for her initial appearance in Beaver Hunt and a page of her own in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt Spotlight.



The Chesapeake Bay is renowned for its clams, and Stephanie's appears to be one of the best. At 23, this dancer keeps herself ultrafit "fulfilling others' most erotic fantasies." Stephanie, who first appeared in January's Beaver Hunt, numbers among her hobbies music, shopping, family, cleaning and just plain living.

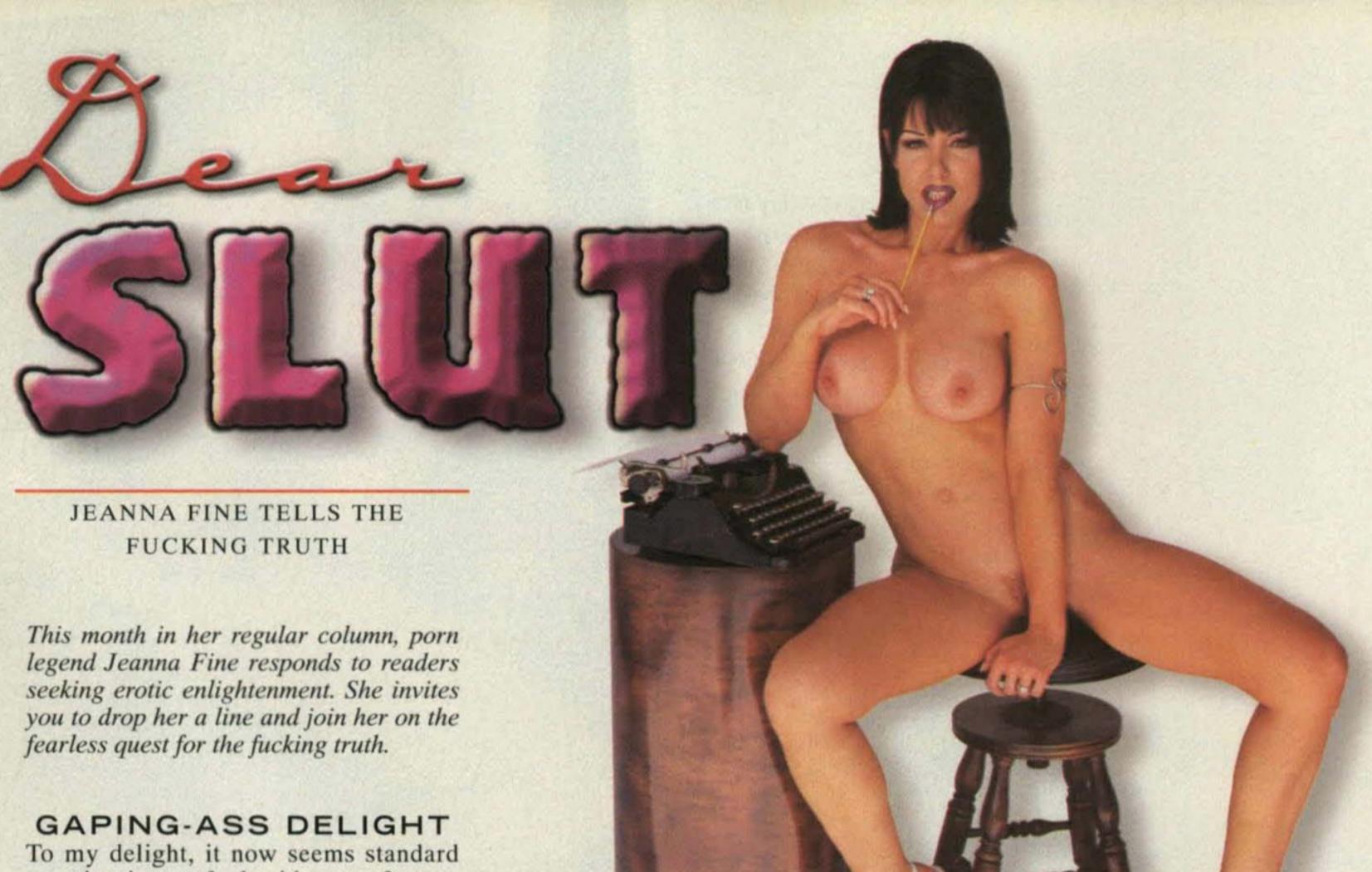
If she had only left out the shopping, she would be everybody's dream wife. Tough luck, Stephanie! At least HUSTLER readers can enjoy your cheerful, unspoiled slit without taking you on a trip to the store.



If you picked up the 1998 Holiday Issue,
you're already well-acquainted with
Crista's pursed flue. The 24-year-old stripper from North Carolina clerks in an
adult-video store, but she's no fucked-out
video slut. Unlike the droopy poon
Crista rents to local jerkoffs, her fuzzy,
pink pumper still displays plenty of
grab. Crista hopes one day to be fucked
with a banana. Good luck to the fruit
that tries! How can anything softer
than a crowbar hope to squeeze in?



Want to enter your Beaver's muff for a chance at five grand? See details on page 108.



To my delight, it now seems standard practice in ass-fuck videos to feature totally fucked-out, gaping buttholes in all their sink-hole glory. To what do you attribute this phenomenon, and to where do you trace its popularity? France? What are your thoughts on this practice? Do any of these ass tapes feature you?

-L. C. New York, New York

Somehow, I sense the popularity is simple American ingenuity. It stems from rigorous ass-fucking. Do any feature me? I've never done a gaping-butthole-bonanza compilation. There were times when I did sex videos where I asked the cameraman to hold on that precious moment in case my ass was in shock and locked open for all the world to see. This was long before gaping-asshole shots were the phenomenon they are today. At the time, I thought it was something different and nasty. A moment of peeking inside a woman's body is fascinating; however, 90 minutes to two hours of gaping, fucked-out sphincters is more than I personally need to see.

PERVERTED BY HUSTLER

My husband is a faithful reader of your column, and it gives him perverted ideas. A while ago, he began insisting that I have sex with other men while he joins in. In the past, I resisted, and he'd stomp around mad. Several nights ago, however, he invited several of his friends over to share beers and watch X-rated videotapes. I am partly to blame for what

happened next, because I started drinking with the guys. After much coaxing, I let my husband and his friends fuck me. Now I feel ashamed, because one of the men and I have become lovers. He is a much better man than my husband is in more ways than one. My husband is outraged that I'm having an affair with his friend. My husband has always had it his way, but now that it's my way, he can hit the highway. Reading HUSTLER put the perverted thoughts into my man's head. Now that he's given me a taste of gangbang sex, I will continue to fuck other men. Any comments? -N. J.

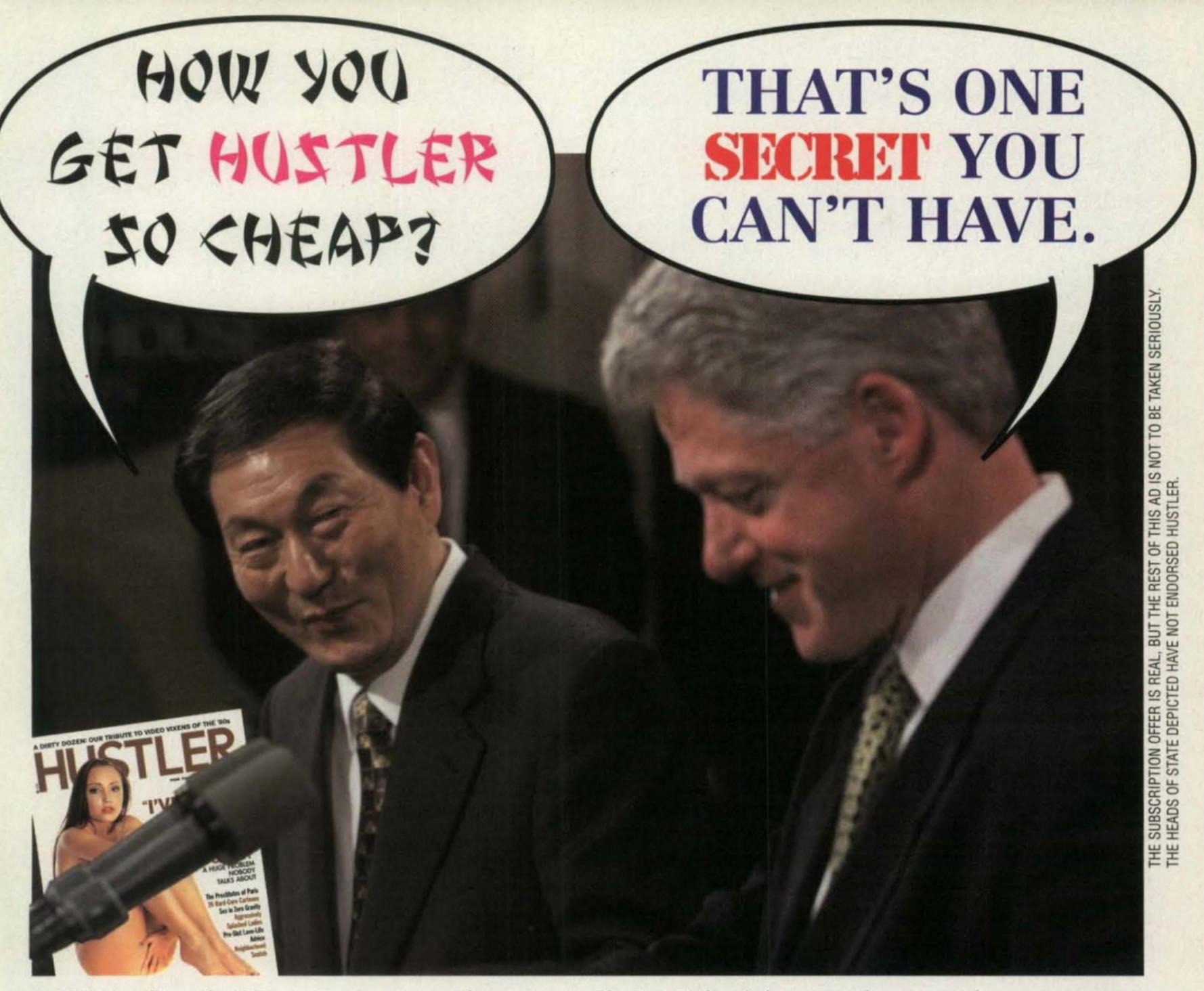
Cameron, Missouri

Your husband is a selfish pig. The first time you said no and he stomped around mad indicates how childish and selfish he is. Group sex is not something you can force on a mate. It can only occur in the most open, stable and secure marriages. Sharing your mate with others will often test how secure and stable the marriage actually is. When fantasy becomes reality, the truth can kick you upside the head. Your encounter has kicked your husband directly in the balls. This is

precisely why I tell couples interested in pursuing group sex to explore other fantasies as a couple alone. What happened to you is one of the most common results of gang-bang sex. It sounds to me that the damage to your marriage can never be repaired. To be unhappy with your marriage and be pressured into group sex is a recipe for disaster. Your husband expected you to be a sex toy he could control and command. You obviously need a man to respect and love you in a more traditional manner. You need to be careful with your new gang-bang freedom, because it sounds to me like you are hurting spiritually and are looking for ways to fill the holes in your soul. I don't think that multiple-partner sex is a healthy sexual activity for you. Good luck and God bless.

CONFUSED BY GIA

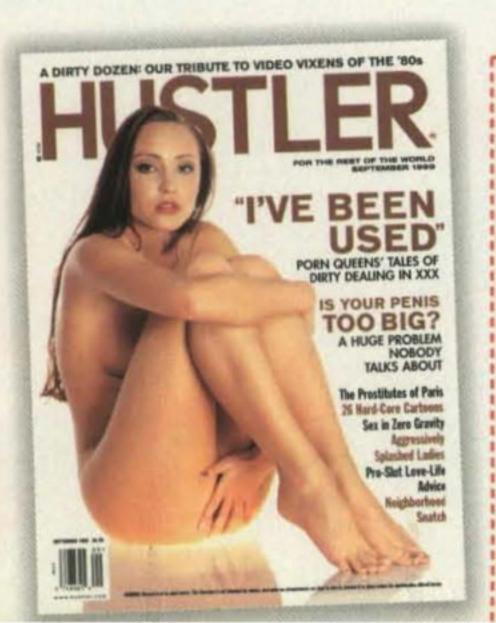
I am a 38-year-old lawyer in the middle of taking examinations to become a judge. I'm single and horny, which is becoming a problem as time goes on. I'm heterosexual and never imagined sexual relations with the same sex, which scares (continued on page 29)



HUSTLER is taking a hard line against espionage. Chinese Premier Zhu Rongji already has our nuclear secrets; there's no reason to let him buy a subscription at the same discounted rate enjoyed by U.S. residents.

If HUSTLER's 52% savings* offer were made available to the People's Republic of China, the editorial offices might be buried under a billion new subscription requests. There wouldn't be enough copies of America's Magazine to go around in America. Freedom of Thought may be the United States's greatest export, but Freedom of Twat is this country's greatest domestic resource. HUSTLER won't allow a poon shortage at home.

At less than half of the cover price, HUSTLER practically gives subscriptions away. As a foreign subscriber, Premier Zhu will have to pay \$10 more. That'll teach him!



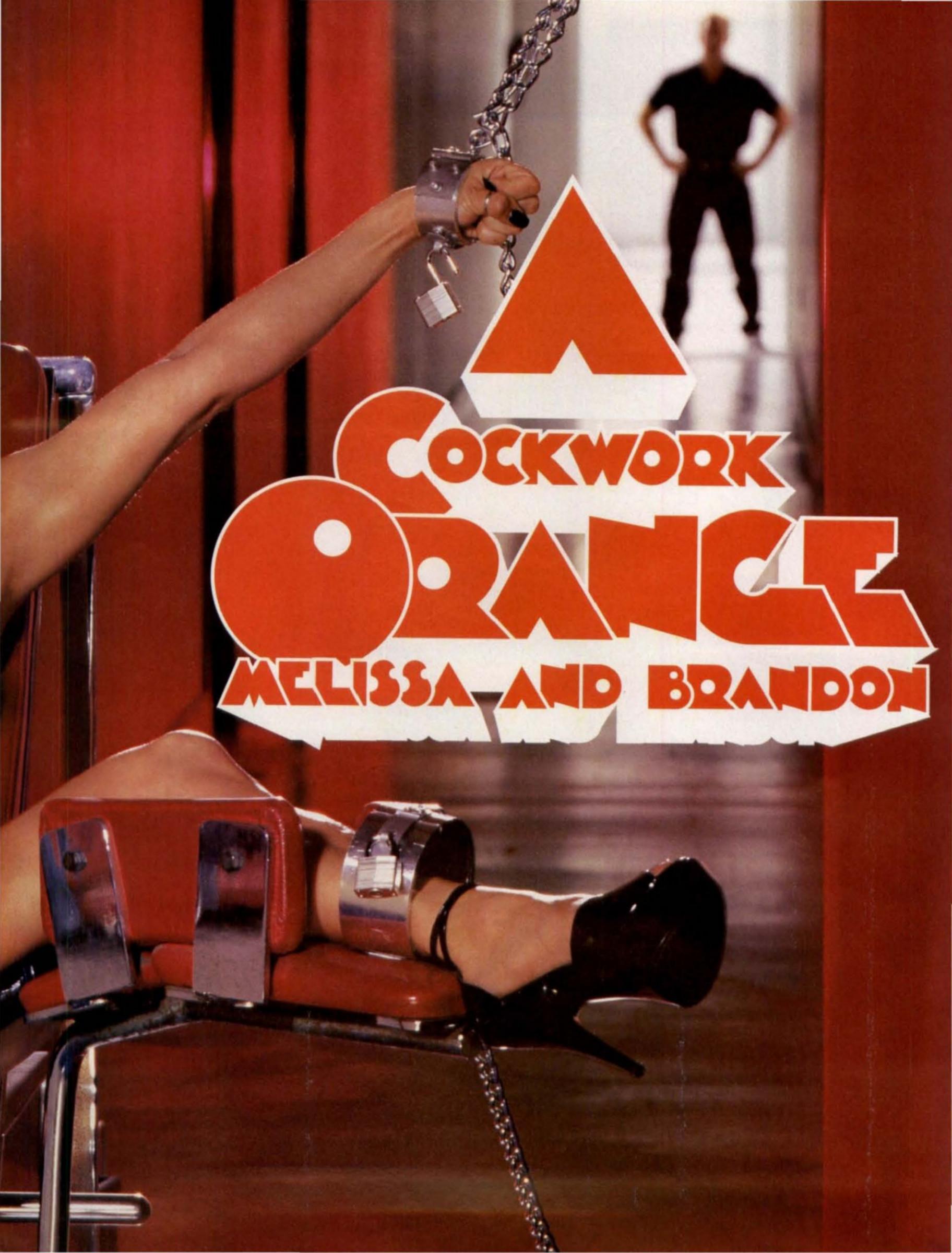
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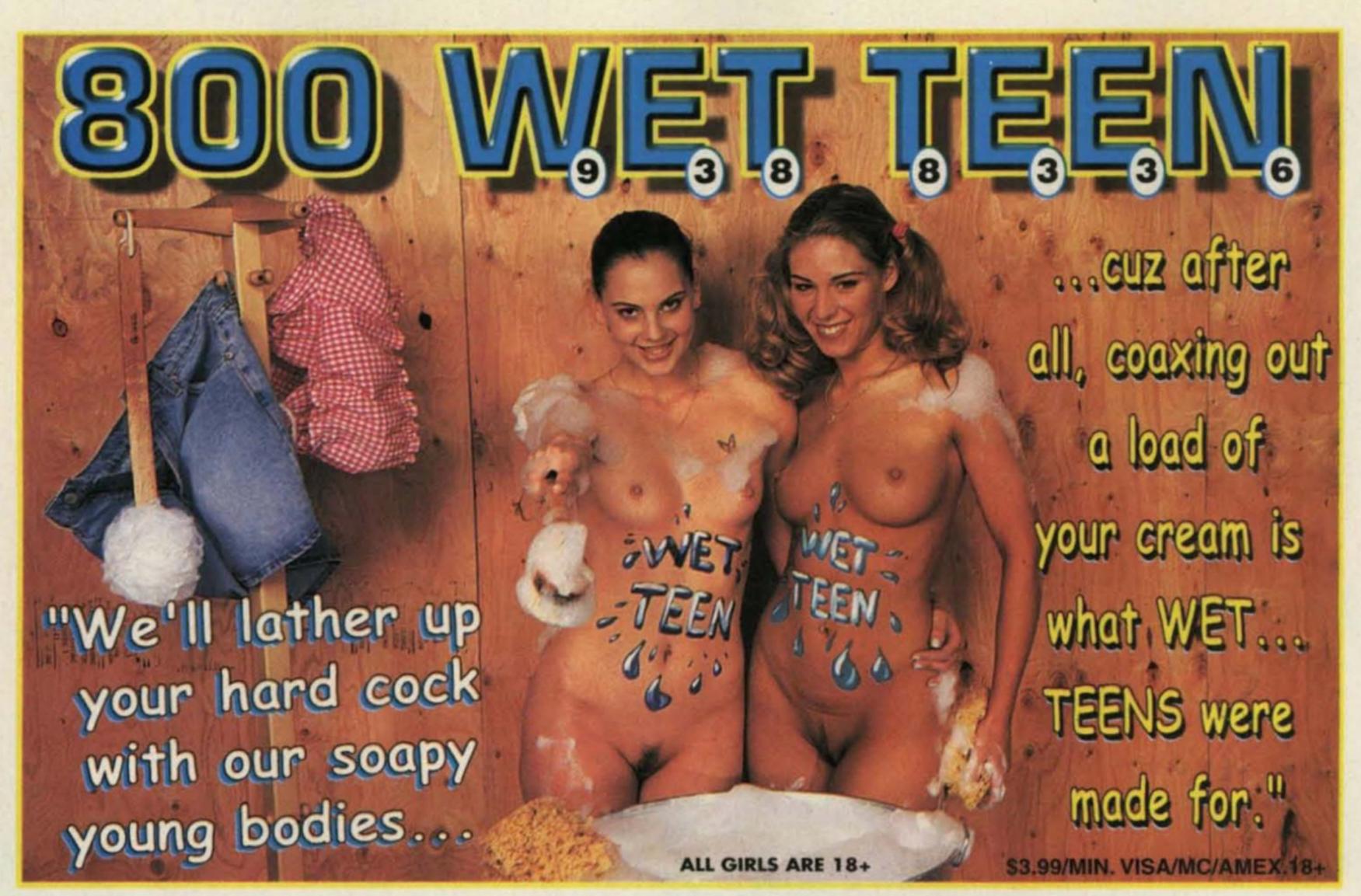














Dear Slut Stick to using your own flesh hose. If you blasted a surge of water into her womb with a garden hose, and air bubbles were forced past her cervix into her uterus, you could kill her.

and disgusts me, but I became astonished and stupefied after I discovered Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, April 1999). Upon seeing her, I sprouted an erection so intense, it hurt. Please help me, Jeanna Fine. I am confused and really turned-on. I would like to see Gia making love and imagine it was with me. I would do anything she asked to make her happy. I'm starting to not care about what the world would think about our love, and our love has not even begun. Is my problem desperation? -M. S.

Lisbon, Portugal

Your problem is not desperation, but I think you need to separate love from lust. While there are countless women who fall into the category of the transgendered, many are prostitutes who, unfortunately, sell themselves as freak shows. These individuals are looking for love inside and out, just as you are. I don't suggest you start cruising to pick up one of these fantasy ladies, mainly because of disease, but also because you say you are confused. Unfortunately, there isn't a church group where you can meet transvestites safely. In most big cities, there are nightclubs featuring female impersonators, where you can soak up an eyeful and possibly share a drink with one of these beautiful ladies. Take the fantasy—and I stress fantasy—home with you. You need to let go of the turmoil you feel inside about whether you're gay or straight. If there's one thing I hate in our society, it's the labels we force upon one another. We are sexual beings. Just because you fantasize about a beautiful woman who has a dick does not make you gay. Human beings are naturally curious about what they don't know. If we all suppressed our curiosity, we would still be living in caves. You are a normal, healthy male simply fantasizing about a sexual encounter. Let go of the labels, enjoy a female-impersonator show, go home and masturbate, and continue your studies without anguish.

BARE-NAKED PUSSY

I discovered the joy of a clean-shaven pussy back in high school, when I swam competitively for the school's swim team. I loved the feel of wet Spandex hugging my bare pussy lips. I have never gone back to a full bush, but I am tired of the twiceweekly shaving, occasional razor burn and inevitable stubble. Please, will you tell me how the beautiful women in your industry keep their slits so smooth? Who has the slipperiest snatch? -M. V. Tucson, Arizona

The natural blondes in the business are some of the smoothest because their hair is the finest, as opposed to thickhaired brunettes. I recall Jill Kelly being pretty slippery. I have very little pubic hair because of my American Indian heritage-native Americans have very sparse body hair, so I am lucky. The trick is to shave at all times, without exception, with the grain in which the hair grows. Never, never, never against the grain. This will ensure against the dreaded razor burn, bumps and whiteheads. A clean, sharp razor and a hot shower or bath are also important. Shave two or three times a week as needed. The only other option is electrolysis of the bikini area and pubic mound. Many women's cosmetic boutiques and spas specialize in hair waxing and hair removal by electrolysis. New techniques are developed all the time these days. Shop around, make some calls, be bold and ask for permanent pussy baldness. Bald is beautiful!

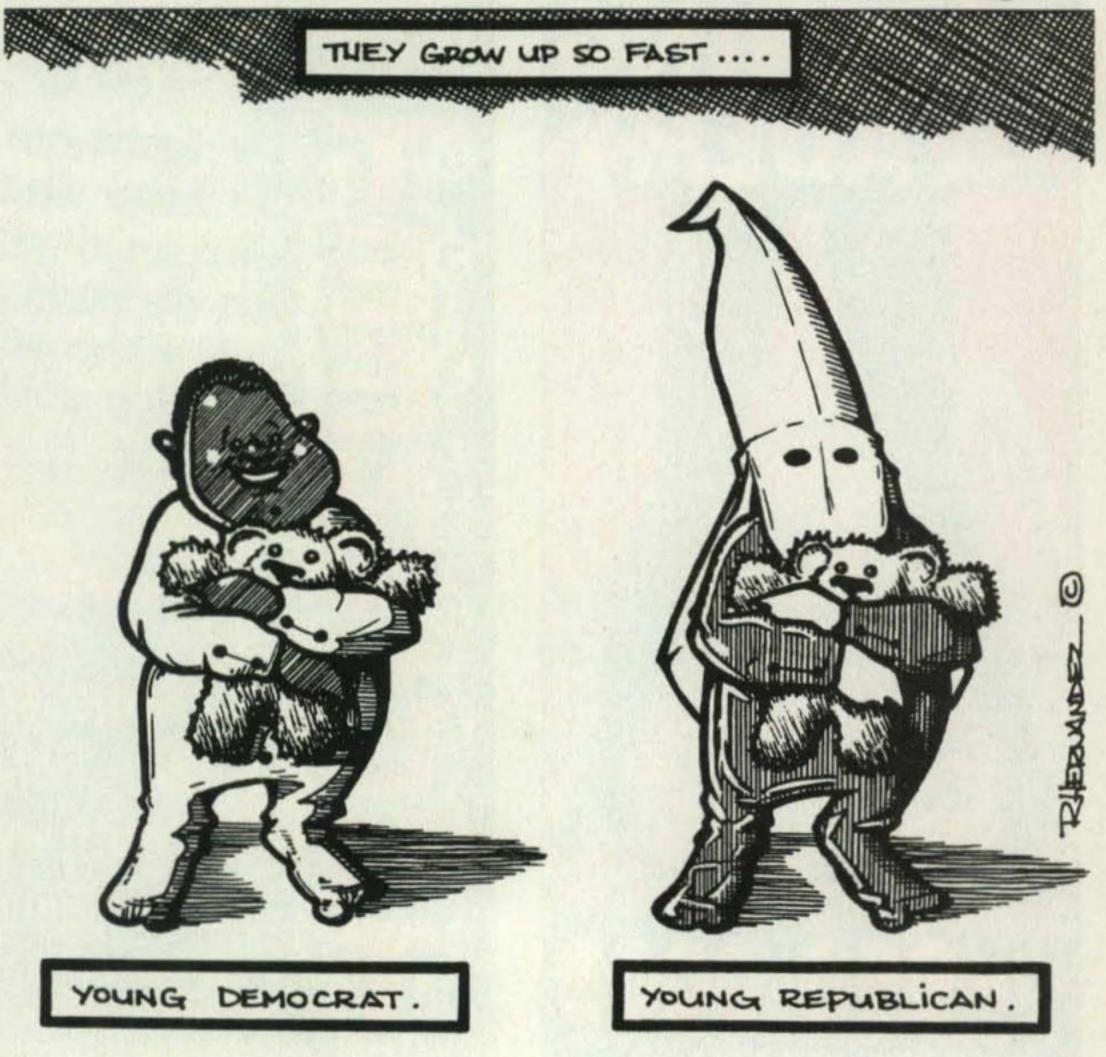
HOSE FUCKER

I'm a very horny man who loves to experiment with my fiancée. Recently, I've harbored the fantasy of fucking my lady with a garden hose while the water is on. I love her very much and don't want to hurt her. Have you tried this? Is it safe? —J. M. Beacon Falls, Connecticut

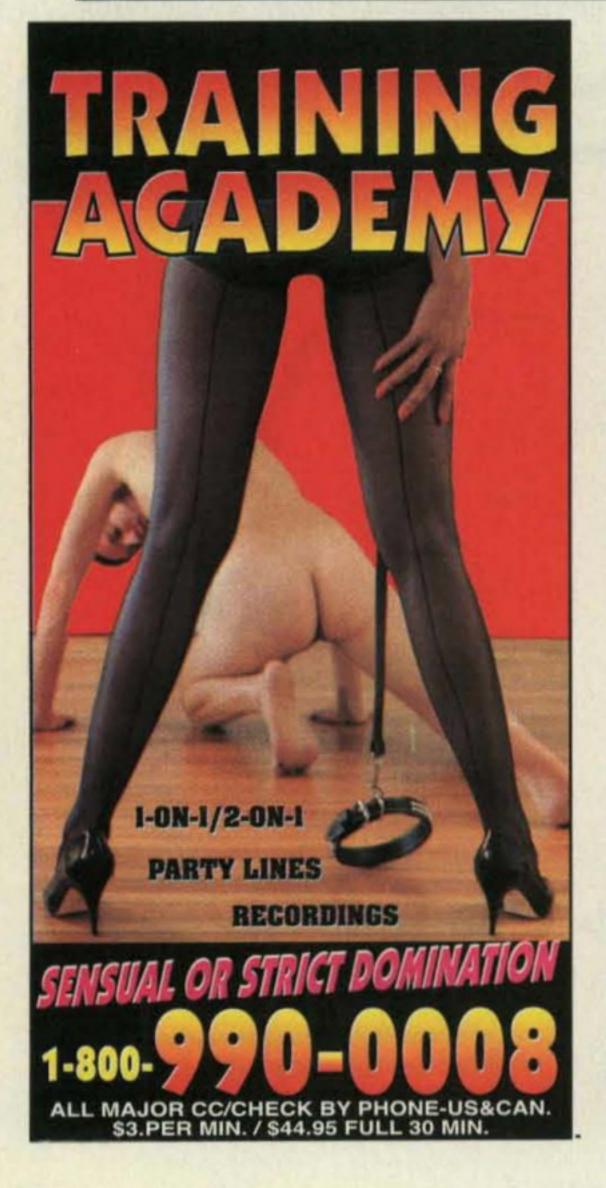
If you love her and don't want to hurt her, then do not attempt to blast her insides with a garden hose, except in the depths of your depraved mind. The variety of fantasies created in the human imagination never ceases to amaze me. Stick to using your own flesh hosethat's what it was designed for. If, heaven forbid, you blasted a surge of water into her womb with a garden hose, and air bubbles were forced past her cervix into her uterus, you could kill her. Modify your fantasy, please! You could experiment with a douche bag, which can be a fun, wet ride, but the power of the flow of a garden hose will certainly do damage to your lady friend.



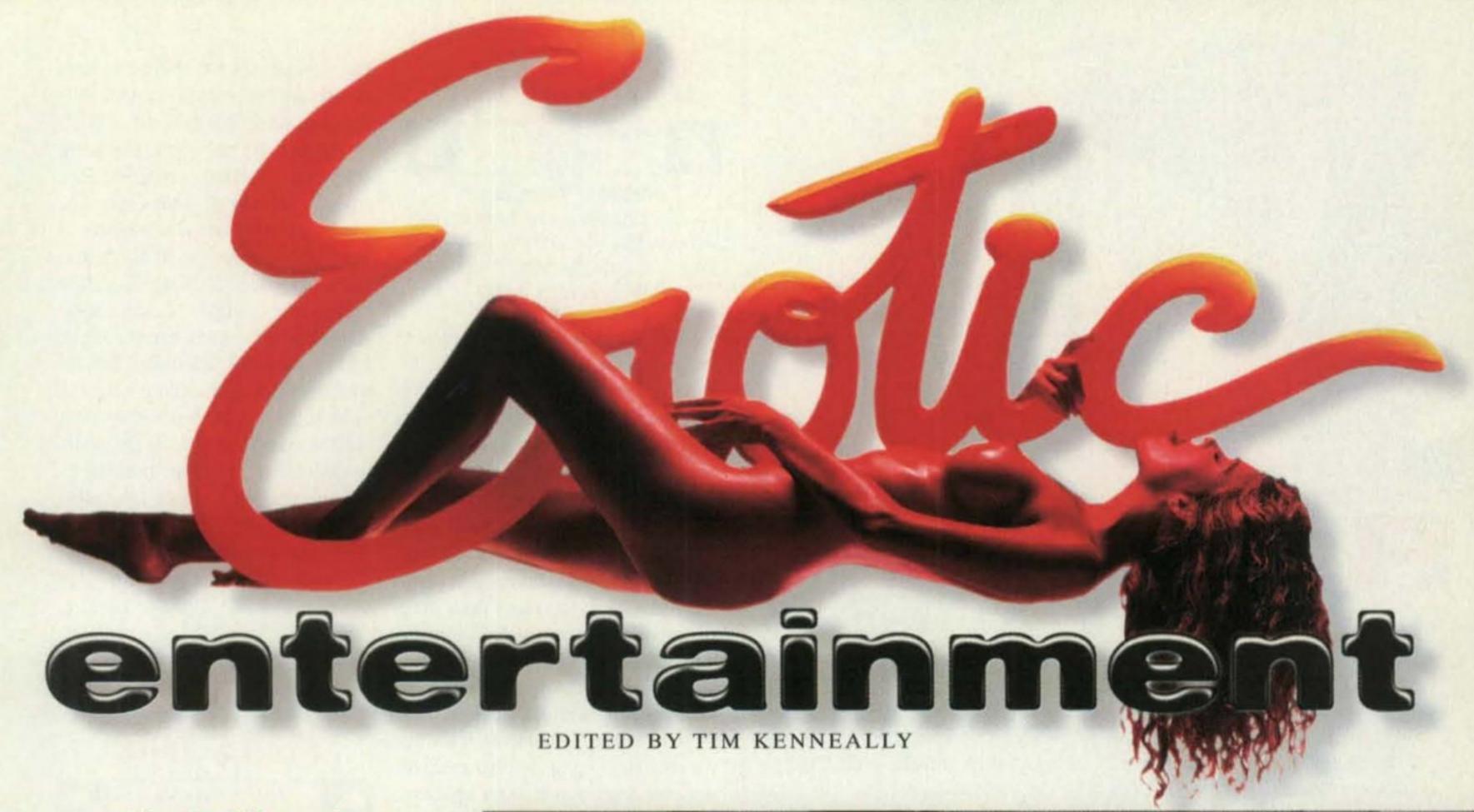
Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com.











Katja Kean's Sports Spectacular

FULLY ERECT

Directed by Brad Armstrong; starring Katja Kean, Stephanie Swift, Azlea Antistia, Sydnee Steele, Mikki Taylor, Brad Armstrong, Mickey G., Alex Sanders, Randy Spears, Eric Price and Herschel Savage. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Rejoice, sports fans: Katja Kean's Sports Spectacular is the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue come to life. Blond bombshell Katja Kean is an A-list player who stars in six high-scoring, sports-themed sex vignettes: boxing, football, bowling, golf and fencing, among others. No matter what the sport, Kean is the winner who takes all. Kean is the catcher during a sexually charged baseball game that quickly degenerates into a threeway orgy on home plate. Kean succeeds in catching a couple of loads from the opposing team and winning the game. Football cheerleaders subject Kean to lesbian hazing in the locker room in another heated event. This all-American, two-girls-for-every-girl threeway is a guaranteed crowd pleaser. An exceptionally beautiful brunette bites down on a dildo and face-fucks Kean's quim. She squirms and grinds against the plastic invader while spanking the ass of a blonde who straddles her head. Kean thumbs the blonde's puckered pooper-score! Katja Kean's Sports Spectacular is in a league of its own.

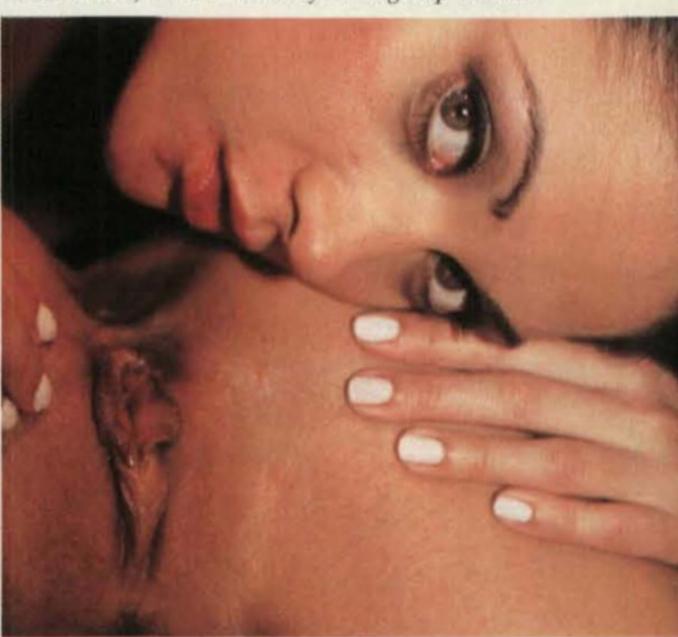
—Dan Panorama



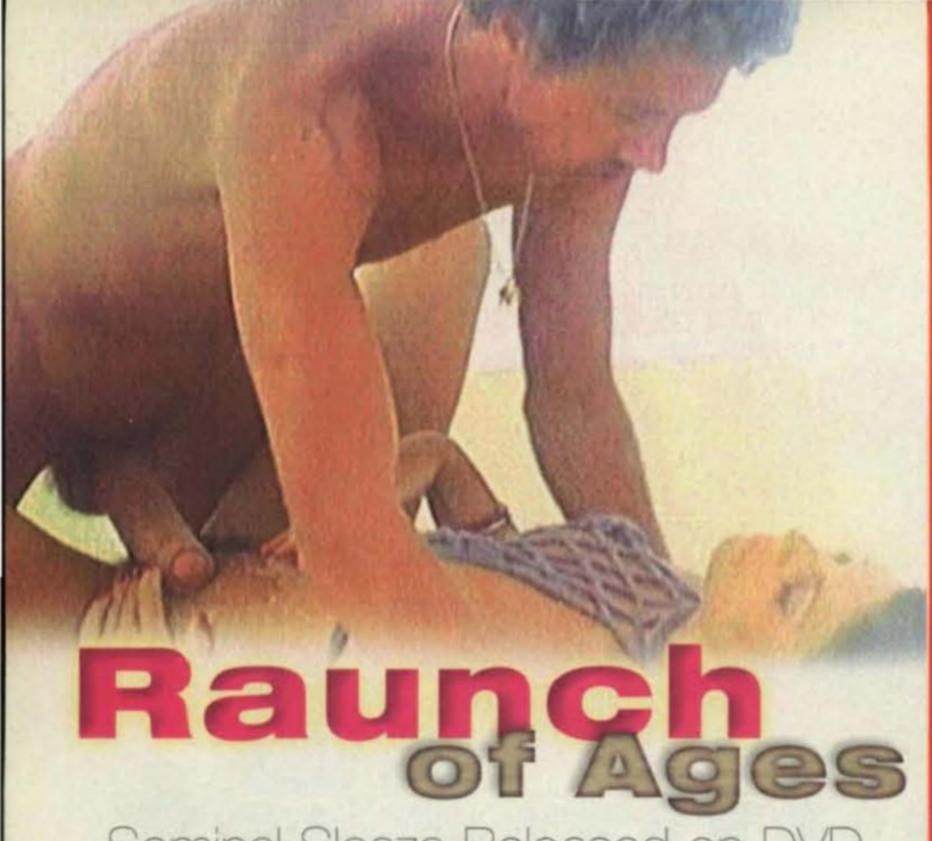
KATJA KEAN'S SPORTS SPECTACULAR: Kean, Antistia and Taylor in group huddle.



KATJA KEAN'S SPORTS SPECTACULAR: Kean chokes up on Armstrong's bat.



KATJA KEAN'S SPORTS SPECTACULAR: Swift improves Kean's slice.



Seminal Sleaze Released on DVD

These are good times for the consumer of jackoff videos. He has more choices than ever; competition is driving prices down and depravity levels up.

And yet, this blue-screen bounty has a downside. Amid the onslaught of contemporary offerings, it's easy to lose sight of the rich pornographic history that forms the bedrock of the adult-film industry.

As is often the case in this modern age, technology has provided the solution. NuTech Digital's recently launched Adult Classics series of Digital Video Discs restores a number of historical raunch movies in pristine digital clarity, allowing the smut connoisseur to bone up on the classics. So far, titles released in the series include the original Debbie Does Dallas, the John Holmes/Leslie Bovee chestnut Eruption, Nothing to Hide, Inside Candy Samples, the 1979 Jessie St. James vehicle Easy and the Legends of Porn compilation. (Following this lead, I-Candy Entertainment will be releasing cornerstone fuck flick Insatiable in July.)

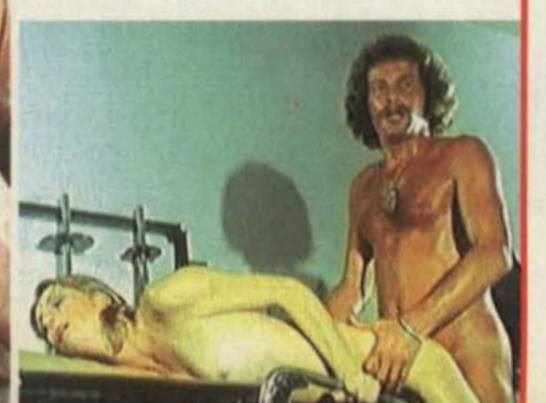
Taking advantage of the format's possibilities, the Adult Classics DVDs offer varying camera angles from which to stroke and convenient chapter headings to easily access favorite scenes. Should one wish to be educated while abusing oneself, seasoned slut Jill Kelly and director/porn historian Jim Holliday provide optional running commentary and analysis throughout the discs. ("There are people who will say that she had the raunchiest pussy in the history of the business," Holliday remarks of Easy co-star Laurien Dominique.)

Historical import aside, these raunchy nuggets from the era of Quaaludes and feathered hair hold up surprisingly well as onanistic fodder. Lacking the mercenary quality of many contemporary screen whores, the pre-silicone sluts of yore swallow choad with wholehearted fervor. If the often permed-and-mustached woodsmen don't possess the ultrasuave polish of, say, a Sean Michaels, nor do they display the narcissism and latent-homo tendencies that plague many latter-day screen studs.

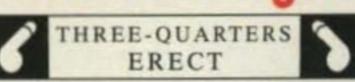
It's often said that those who don't study the past are condemned to repeat it. After studying the Adult Classics DVD series, it's tempting to conclude that repeating the past might not be such a bad thing at all.

Eruption's Holmes and Bovee (above);
Easy rider Jessie St. James (left);
Gabe Kaplan lookalike spears vintage vage in Eruption (below).





Devil or Angel



Directed by Jerome Tanner; starring Julie Meadows, Cheyenne Silver, Temptress, Micky Lynn, Julia Parton, Randy Spears, Evan Stone, Brick Majors and Chriss Cannon. Videocassette: Legend.

Julie Meadows plays Angelica, the good wife with a wild streak, in Devil or Angel. Angelica is horny and wants to spice up her vanilla sex life, but her husband, Randy Spears, disapproves of any nonprocreative sexplay. Sad and unfulfilled, the rabbit-faced blonde recoils into the recesses of her mind. A sexual feeding frenzy unfolds on a living-room floor that, in Angelica's dream state, has been transformed into a den of sin. In this alternate world, Angelica becomes Demonica. Demonica's eyes widen as fiery-maned Temptress rears up for the hard prong of a hardbodied mystery man. A stunning brunette joins in; the three heartily fornicate on the floor. Demonica receives loving attention from a strange man in black cowboy attire, who spills his prick porridge on Demonica's leg as she absorbs the overwhelmingly surreal scenario. A phone rings. "Will somebody answer the fucking phone?" she cries. Reality bites Demonica on the ass as she awakens from her wet dream: Her mother's on the line. "Angelica, is that you?" she asks. Whether she's Angelica or Demonica, Julie Meadows rules heaven and Earth in Devil or Angel. -D.P.

Crybabies 2



HALF ERECT



Directed by Gash Boy; starring Sabrina Johnson, Envy, Melodey Love, C. J. Bennett, Chriss Cannon, Steve Hatcher and Dave Hardman. Videocassette: Zane.

In Crybabies 2, four weepy sirens, emotionally distraught at being dumped by their beaus, seek solace in anal sex, bawling their eyes out as their cornholes are stuffed. Sadly, this intriguing premise is ultimately done in by flawed execution. British beauty Sabrina Johnson heaves and sobs, tears streaming from her coal-black eyes. Enter Chriss Cannon, who offers veiny consolation. Cannon bends

the wailing sexpot ankles to ears and wedges his spum shooter into her turd well, bringing on a fresh crying jag. He pulls out, exposing Johnson's dilated crapper. Her colon walls quiver with each sob, compelling the viewer's schlong to weep empathetic tears of nut butter. Alas, Crybabies 2's remaining sluts are no more adept at simulating tears than most porn bitches are at faking orgasms. Melodey Love's soulless yet bloodcurdling whine is only slightly less nauseating than chubby, blond tramp C. J. Bennett's tickled-retard gurgling; both thoroughly mar what would otherwise be perfectly serviceable anal romps. With such a promising beginning, it's a shame that Crybabies 2 is such a sad effort. - Shane Andalou

Another Man's Wife



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Toni English; starring Taylor Hayes, Johnni Black, Mila, Chloe, Tony Tedeschi, Vince Vouyer, Derrick Lane and Tony. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Another Man's Wife features Taylor Hayes, a Cindy Crawfordesque tramp forced to whore for husband/pimp Derrick Lane, the ringleader of a crooked law firm. As the firm's new accountant, Vince Vouyer is invited, along with fiancée Chloe, aboard the boss's yacht for a seemingly innocent afternoon cruise. The first inkling of Lane's shady nature emerges when he happens upon Vouyer's fiancée massaging lotion onto Hayes's backside. He brings the pair below deck to massage his scrotum pole and ends up scaring Chloe into Vouyer's arms. Rejected, he relieves his aggression through his wife, cramming his blood horn balls-deep into Hayes's bee-stung piehole. Hayes wedges three fingers into her shitpit while Lane plows her crotch wound. Lane uses Hayes to seduce Vouyer, blackmailing him into juggling the numbers along with his wife's tits. Toss in a scene where Tony Tedeschi double-fists blond pig slut Mila in her cooch and pooper at the same time, and Another Man's Wife's disturbing corruption insults on a spectrum of levels. -D.P.



DEVIL OR ANGEL: Spears bangs the hell out of Meadows.



CRYBABIES 2: Hatcher gives Love something to cry about.



ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE: Tedeschi nails Mila.

Perfect Pink #2: PurrFection



HALF



Directed by Jill Kelly; starring Jill Kelly, Deven Davis, Shayla LaVeaux, Alexandra Nice, Shasta, Daisy Chain, Sana Fey, Kate Moore, Kelly O'Rion, Wendi Knight, Chriss Cannon, Randy Spears, Mark Anthony, Evan Stone and Marc Davis. Videocassette: Jill Entertainment Inc./Astral Ocean.

Perfect Pink #2: PurrFection re-creates an aging porn queen's fantasies for all the world to see. Redolent of a slightly younger Angie Dickinson, helmswoman/star Jill Kelly is an archetype of the oldschool screen slut, right down to her bleached tresses and pneumatic chest rockets. Still, Kelly manages to inspire some petrified wood with her blonde-on-blonde 69 shenanigans in front of a roaring fire. Dildos are unsheathed; the softcore Kenny G soundtrack gives way to heavy-metal guitars that loudly punctuate a sapphic jam session performed with glow-in-thedark surrogate schlongs. The music-video approach is as dated as typical, late-'80s MTV fare, but highly appropriate for the atavistic nature of the writhing cock sockets involved. Hook-nosed, brunet hellion Alexandra Nice takes on Chriss Cannon and Evan Stone in a droolheavy threeway. With the zeal of Margaret Bourke-White, director Kelly slips in between the gyrating trio for slobbering close-ups. Perfect Pink #2: PurrFection isn't entirely perfect, but moments such as these come close. -D.P.

Kid Vegas Whoremaster

9

TOTALLY



Directed by Kid Vegas; starring Mara Pleasures, Jade, Priscilla Jane, Cinnamon, Nina Whett, Sonja Red, Rose Lee, Johnny Toxic and Kid Vegas. Videocassette: X-Traordinary.

Kid Vegas Whoremaster stars Kid Vegas! He's Gen X! He's selfaggrandizing to the extreme! Extreme, dude! He has bleachedblond hair and tattoos! He also has "a lot of money, a lot of power and a lot of girls"! He still can't make a decent porn video! He jumps around and yells a lot to prove how radical he is! He looks like a meth-addled queen instead! He shoots cars in the desert! He thinks he's Hunter S. Thompson! He's not! He should shoot himself instead! Johnny Toxic is his friend! He has funny hair and tattoos too! He thinks he's Sid Vicious! He's not! Too bad! Then he'd be dead! They take a lot of drugs-or so they say! Once in a while, they fuck girls! The girls are ugly! One looks like Perry Farrell with a missing front tooth! Another one's acne-pocked face looks like tapioca! She rollerskates naked! Hey, we saw Boogie Nights too! It was way better! Half the time, Vegas can't keep his Gen-X pronger hard! Too many drugs! Or maybe too much angst! He and Toxic try to use irony to mask their lameness! They fail! Miserably! Kid Vegas Whoremaster blows! Big time! -S. A.



PERFECT PINK #2: Kelly and friends play connect-the-twats.



KID VEGAS WHOREMASTER: Red caught in retard crossfire.



Identity Crises Sweep the Porn-Bitch Community

A slut by any other name is still a slut, but when a screen whore changes her nom de fuck mid-career, chaos often ensues. Jerkoffs scour the adult-videostore shelves, searching in vain for a tape featuring the object of their erection, only to skulk away in abject frustration.

Following in the footsteps of Jill Kelly (formerly Calista J., Seth Damian, Jill Roberts et al.) and Ingrid Elliott (a/k/a Penny Morgan, Rachel Ryan, Serina, Serena, etc.), a number of video vixens have shucked off their identities for alternate appellations in recent months. Much like in baseball, in porn, you can't tell the players without a whorecard. In



the interest of creating a confusion-free stroking environment, an update follows:

When the professional fucker formerly known as Madelyn Knight decided to resume her blue-screen career after a two-year sabbatical, she discovered that Web pirates had registered her stage name as a domain, leaving her largely unable to capitalize on her fan base in cyberspace. Now dubbed Madelyn Night, the rechristened cunt can be seen in Metro/Cal Vista's upcoming Deception.

Similarly beset, former Extreme Associates house slut Stryc-9 was forced to relinquish her name to Extreme honcho Rob Black, who claimed rights to it when she left the company earlier this year. After initially opting for a homophonous solution and appearing in several productions as Stryc-nine, the cherubic cocksucker has now settled on performing under her former stripping name, Cherry. "It's just easier this way," she explains. "I'm tired of being associated with Rob Black."

Sometimes a slut redesignates herself for more personal reasons. A relative newcomer to the jizz biz, baby-faced cum catcher Wildcat had already developed an enthusiastic following before she adopted the alias Cheyenne Silver, because, as she told Adult Video News, "I wanted to use a Native American name because that's what I am." Besides a slut, of course.

Cherry (above) and Cheyenne Silver (left): New names, same great taste.

Flesh Peddlers #5



THREE-QUARTERS SERECT



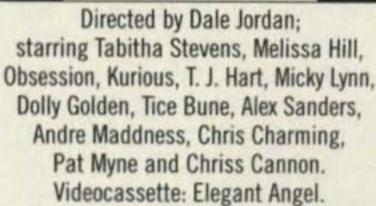
Directed by Greg Alves; starring Vanity, Tina Thomas, Inari Vachs, Selena Del Rey, Barett Moore, Charlie, Shaena Steel, Stryc-nine, Jake Steed, Marc Davis, Kyle Stone, Randy, and Vince Vouyer. Videocassette: Amazing/Metro.

If Flesh Peddlers #5 were a car, it would probably be a Hyundai. Neither sleek in design nor overly adorned with unnecessary options (i.e., plot or cunnilingus), it nonetheless provides reliable transportation to post-ejaculatory bliss. Milky-skinned nymph Stryc-nine, her cherubic face painted with makeup, resembles a junior-high student playing dress-up. This impression is fortified by the incandescent sheen of her baby-bald snatch, but a voracious assault on Kyle Stone's trunk belies her innocountenance. Stryc-nine cent lunges at the man root like a tigress at a pink canary; she inflates Stone's crotch rocket to full tumescence, then pogos furiously on the turgid wand. Forsaking protocol for passion, Shaena Steel simply pulls the crotch of her panties aside to facilitate Vince Vouyer's brutal flaying of her girl wound. Smokyeyed fellatrix Inari Vachs coughs up a bubbly coat of sputum on Marc Davis's beef baton prior to riding the spit-shined schlong with such ferocity that rivulets of sweat stream between her swaying tits. Flesh Peddlers #5 drives a hard bargain in viewers' pants. -S.A.

Wet Spots 7



HALF ERECT



Prior to becoming an XXX auteur, Wet Spots 7 helmsman Dale Jordan made rent as an actor in such action-adventure flicks as Rocky V and Die Hard 2. Given Jordan's resumé, it's not surprising that his directorial efforts boast a combative edge. Tabitha Stevens and Melissa Hill assault Tice Bune's front. Their eerily similar, equine countenances

thrust and parry with Bune's meat

sword before Bune relentlessly penetrates Hill's rear flanks with a doggy-style pussy pummeling. Bune burns a hand imprint onto the brunette's meaty ass with loud thwaps, then spritzes her palmwarmed buttock with angry seed, which Hill smears directly onto Stevens's silicone-swollen chest sacks. Bune has won the battle, but the war ain't over: Still adorned Bune's hand-me-down with splooge, Stevens mounts the recuperated swordsman's crotch rocket. The blond hellion bounces maniacally, digitally routing her own bung while issuing a battle cry of grunts and screeches. Most of Wet Spots 7's remaining footage falls short of this early high point, but still inspires a few bouts of hand-togland combat. -S.A.

Pickup Lines 37



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Tom Stone; starring Katie June, India, Violet, Caroline, Chocolate, Mariah, Leah, Charmane Star, Steve Drake, Jake Steed, Andrew Youngman, Lexington Steele, Billy Glide and Michael J. Coxx. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

In Pickup Lines 37's utopian worldview, racial barriers are mere trifles, easily hurdled with thrusting hips and bobbing heads. Swarthy, super-endowed bucks wedge their unearthly cudgels into honkie hootch; whitey wangs probe prime Nubian and Asian cooze. The pageant of miscegeny unfolds with a scorching fourway between Andrew Youngman and dusky empresses Mariah, Chocolate and India. Stunners all, this holy trinity of succulent Negresses forms a writhing flesh pretzel around the woodsman, engulfing his beef baton with their sopping trenches. They line up like baby birds at feeding time; Youngman skillfully administers a dollop of nut butter to each of their lovely yaps. Elsewhere, East European sprite Violet registers a squeak of genuine awe as she lowers her velvet-lined scabbard onto Lexington Steele's massive blood sword. Chestnut-maned, doll-faced Katie June furiously rides Jake Steed's rail on a pool table before he tosses man milk onto her glowing, farm-girl features. Pickup Lines 37 is a multicolored blueprint for a better tomorrow. -S.A.



FLESH PEDDLERS #5: Stone tastes Stryc-nine's pretty poison.

Cumback Pussy Number 16



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Bryan "Cheeks" Williams; starring Alexandra Nice, Audra Bliss, Elizabeth Starr, Envy, Sana Fey, Ashley Raine, Melanie Love, Dolly Golden, Sonja Red, Kyle Stone, Sledge Hammer, Tice Bune, Pat Myne and Cheeks. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Fans of sway-backed stripper chicks with overstuffed silicone chest balloons will love Cumback Pussy Number 16. Horse-faced Elizabeth Starr giggles, squeals and whinnies as she bounces her veiny chest watermelons for the camera. Canuck cunt Envy enters the picture and sucks Starr's nipples; slobber collects on the knotty scar tissue where the silicone stuffing was wedged in. Envy works her way down, slurping Starr's gash juice while gnawing on her clit. The resulting squawks and chipmunk chirps are as inauthentic as Starr's sweater sacks. Starr licks the outline of the tender bruises that riddle Envy's cottage-cheese thighs before unlucky fucker Kyle Stone cleaves Envy's shit rings with blood sausage. "Mmm-hmm, fuck that ass. Oh, yeah," chirps Starr. The peroxide prick gobbler pries Envy's ass cheeks apart, allowing Stone to plunge ever deeper into the foul, shit-lined chasm. Rife with anal pounding and pearl necklaces, the action in this two-hourplus video is laudably nasty. Unfortunately, its preponderance of skanks is distressing. Run far away from Cumback Pussy Number 16.





WET SPOTS 7: Obsession, rabid cocksucker.



PICKUP LINES 37: Star enjoys a Drake snake.



CUMBACK PUSSY NUMBER 16: Golden displays nugget factory.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

FULLY ERECT

Backseat Driver 6: Anal Whiplash (Toxxxic/Metro)

Wendi Knight, T. J. Hart, Jake Steed

Nothing to Hide 3: Justine's Daughter (Metro) Gwen Summers, Claudia Chase, Marc Davis

Private XXX Number 1 (Private) Mistress Katalyn, uncredited sluts and studs

Xtreme Desires (Private Video Deluxe) Monique Covet, Sylvia Saint, John Walton

THREE-OUARTERS

Archer's Last Day (Extreme Associates) Monique, Stryc-9, Tom Byron

Filthy Attitudes #4 (Elegant Angel) T. J. Hart, Bobbi Bliss, Jake Steed

Guttermouths 11 (J. M. Productions) Brigette Kerkove, Vivian Valentine, Kyle Stone

Puritan Video Magazine Number 23 (Legend Video)

Francesca Lipps, Rebecca Lord, Alec Metro

Sexual Addiction (Odyssey Group Video) Temptress, Alexandra Silk, Chriss Cannon

Stop! My Ass Is on Fire (Toxxxic/Metro) Azlea, Wendi Knight, Jake Steed

HALF ERECT

00

Dirty Secrets (Wicked) Rayveness, Kelsey Heart, Tony Tedeschi

Naked Angel (Arrow Productions) Capri Cameron, Johnni Black, John Decker

Revenge (Sin City Ultra) Erica Bella, Jill Kelly, Andrew Youngman

The Secrets of Kamasutra (Private) Helen Duval, Vanda, Andrew Youngman

Sex Commandos (VCA) Stacy Valentine, Flower, Julian

ONE-OUARTER

City of Anals (VCA Xplicit) Katie Gold, Barett Moore, Ian Daniels

Farmer's Daughters Do Hollywood (Legend)

Inari Vachs, Teri Starr, Eric Price For His Eyes Only (Legend)

Amber Michaels, Timber, Herschel Savage Hawaiian Blast (Vivid)

Heather Hunter, Lexus, Peter North Just Fuckin' N' Suckin' 2

(Elegant Angel) Victoria Del Rio, Jennifer Leigh, Alex Sanders

Whoriental 2 (J. M. Productions) Tokyo Rose, Saki, Dave Hardman

TOTALLY LIMP

Open Wide (Vivid) Jenteal, Ruby, Jon Dough

Search for the Snow Leopard (Adam & Eve)

Asia Carrera, Stephanie Swift, Alec Metro

Vortex (VCA Pictures) Shayla LaVeaux, Nikita, Tony Tedeschi

Jimmy Bone: The Search for Awesome Pussy



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by J. J. Michaels; starring Sylvia Saint, Nicole, Ellen, Cindy, Michelle Morrison, Jane, Renata, Martina, Eric Allen, Alex Ladd and J. J. Michaels. Videocassette: VCA Xplicit.

Diminutive porn man-child J. J. Michaels directs and stars in Jimmy Bone: The Search for Awesome Pussy, a James Bond spoof without thrills, chills or frills. This spy saga is more akin to a high-school drama skit with airport hookers instead of jettrash supermodels. Directing yourself is obviously the way to go in the porn world-the pick of the pussy litter is a great reward. Michaels is the only swordsman dipping into the poontang, which must've exhausted and delighted the little chimp, but the one-dickpony approach tends to dull viewers. Michaels curves his boomerang-shaped pickle into neighbor bitches, the spy boss's assistant, Russian double agents, cocktail-lounge girls and sauna seductresses. They all tower over the Hobbit-high Michaels like lampposts, but he manages to rabbit-fuck the Amazons like a horny gnome. In Jimmy Bone: The Search for Awesome Pussy, Michaels's spy character accomplishes his mission, but this porn gnome's vanity project is way off -D. P. target.

A Little Bit Pregnant #4



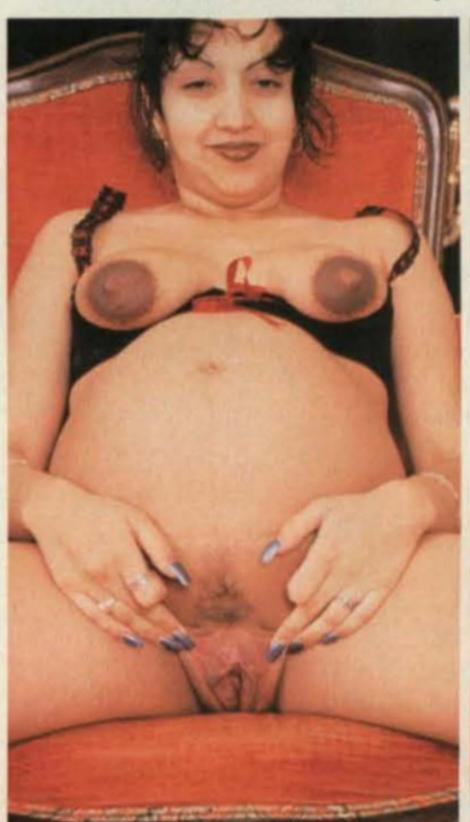
TOTALLY LIMP

Directed by Roman Pornaski; starring Elexa, Kali, Kathy, Sirena Lewis, Silver, Randy Detroit, John Janiero and Max Ronin. Videocassette: Soho/Metro.

It's often said that expectant mothers radiate a sexiness unparalleled by their nonpregnant counterparts. This fallacy, mostly perpetuated by reassuring relatives and cowed husbands of babybloated heifers, is wholly dispelled by A Little Bit Pregnant #4. The



JIMMY BONE: Michaels spears Saint's heavenly gash.





A LITTLE BIT PREGNANT #4: Elexa and Kali: Knocked up, bloated.

video's title itself is a misnomer, ill preparing the viewer for its parade of third-trimester travesties. Eight months along, Elexa services a pair of motherfuckers who plow her birth canal with gusto as her swollen abdomen jiggles with nausea-inducing waves. As a final blow to decency, Elexa smears the hired cocks' seed onto her bloated belly. Kathy is robbed of pregnancy's only benefit: Her term has added megagirth to every area of her body except her flat, drooping milk bags. Nonetheless, Kathy's partner climbs atop her whalish carriage and humps her mams until man milk douses her neck. Another woodsman caresses black mother-to-be Kali's stomach, feeling her embryo's heartbeat before threatening to impale it on his thrusting womb scraper. A Little Bit Pregnant #4 borders on child abuse, but its mistreatment of strokers is far more heinous. -S.A.





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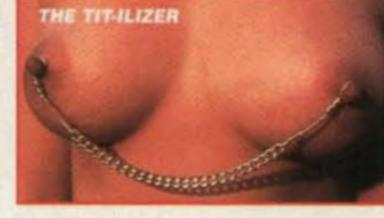
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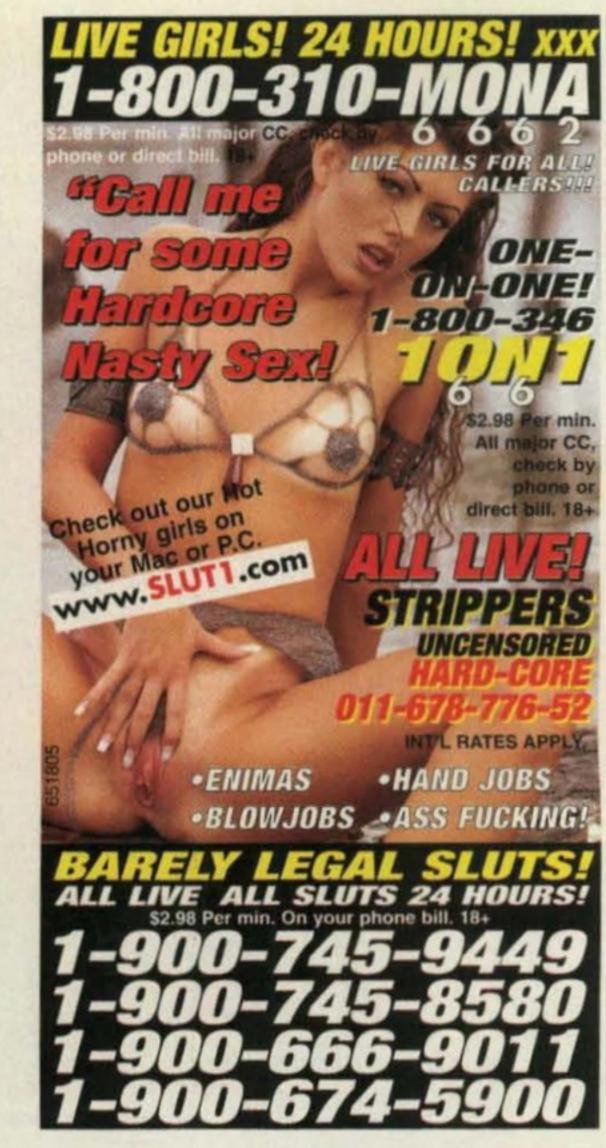
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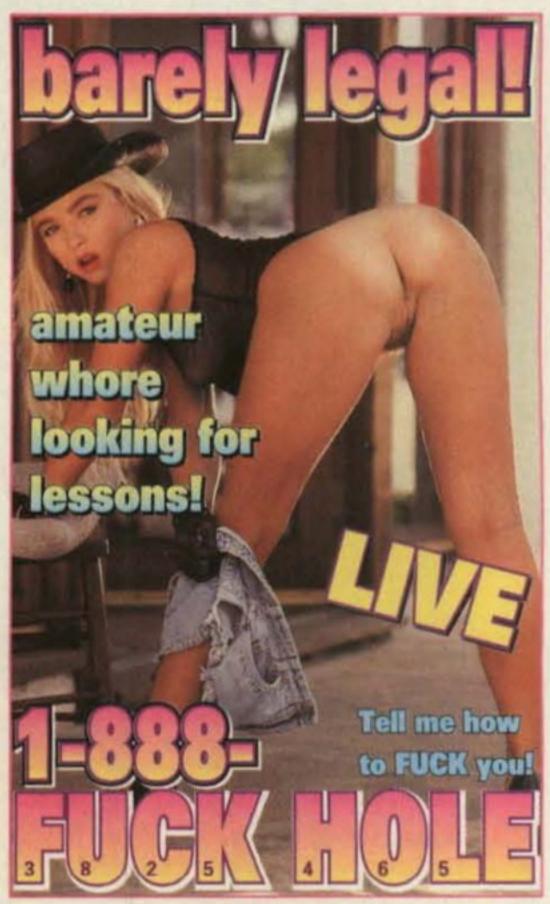
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 15)

are absolutely right on target. It sickens me that you are not given fair and just media coverage. Your opponents are always so rude, and the mediators always cut you off in favor of some blowhard bitch, like Sam Donaldson. It's very upsetting to see these Washington pundits disrespect you. You are a true American hero. I can't stand to lawless, blood-sucking these see Republicans dictate their control over the TV news stations—it's clear as day that they try to make you stumble as they disrespect you. Give them hell, Larry. I, myself, and everyone else I know are with you 100% and more. You are the Man. -P. C. Hollywood, California

Oklahoma: The Asshole State

I nominate the fucking state of Oklahoma for Asshole of the Month. Last November, the Tulsa police raided adult-book stores and arrested two clerks for selling that piece-of-shit magazine, Penthouse. Since then, all the copies of Penthouse and America's Best magazine, HUSTLER, have been removed from the shelves. Now, all we can do is buy censored copies of these magazines. All the good pussy pictures have stickers all over them. The Asshole State struck again, and a clerk in Claremore was arrested. I want to subscribe, but I am afraid I will be arrested. Please, Larry, fight these antifuckers and make Oklahoma safe for pornography again. Playboy is not an option. -R. H. Tulsa, Oklahoma

Here is yet another reminder that if you don't fight back, some yahoo will make it his mission to suck away your rights. Rest assured that HUSTLER's legal staff is aware of the problem in Tulsa and is weighing legal options. As for subscribing, don't be afraid. Are you a man, or are you an Okla-homo?

No Fight Left, Larry?

I need to express my utter disappointment and disbelief that Larry Flynt accepted a plea bargain instead of going through with his highly publicized obscenity trial in Cincinnati. It wouldn't have been so bad if Larry Flynt hadn't built up this trial for the past year in HUSTLER and in the media, saying that he was looking forward to the trial, and that he wanted to "get even" with Cincinnati officials for convicting him on obscenity charges more than 20 years ago. What's made this even worse is that, as part of the plea bargain, Larry has to pay a

\$10,000 fine. Why did Larry do this when he refused to pay a penny when Jerry Falwell first won his libel suit against him? Larry fought that bloated hypocrite all the way to the Supreme Court! Unfortunately, Larry's current plea bargain will give his critics who say that Larry doesn't give a damn about the First Amendment even more ammunition. Larry Flynt has never been known to back away from a fight. Why now?

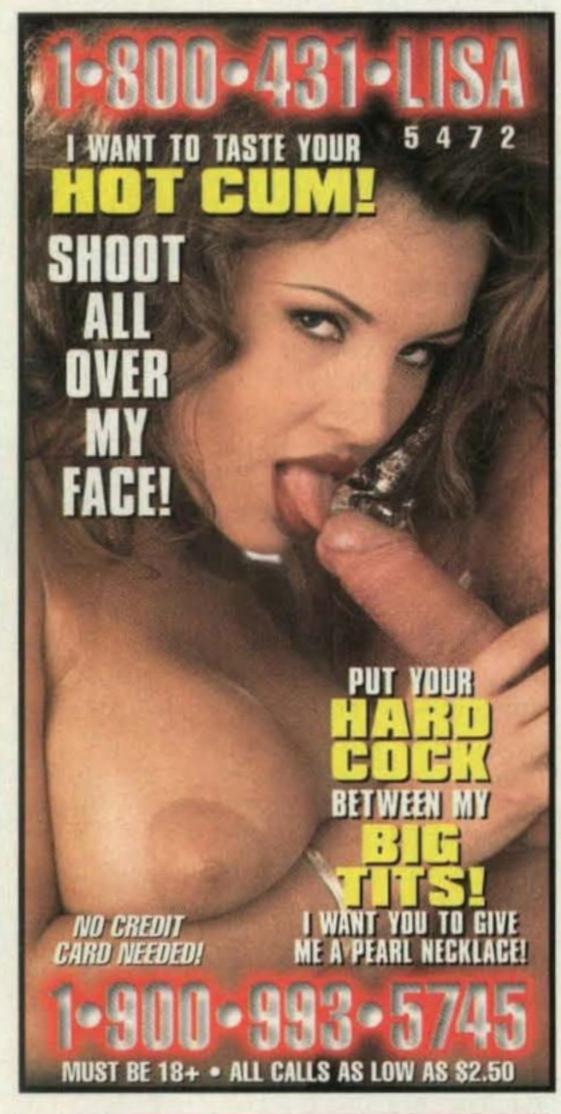
—T. B.

Spokane, Missouri

If you can win the battle without an expensive fight, why jump into the ring? Larry accomplished what he set out to do without spending more than a meager \$10,000 fine. Every day he would've been on trial, he

would've had to pay nearly double that amount in lawyers' fees alone. Larry also faced real jail time (24 years), and so did his brother, Jimmy. As a result of winning the trial, HUSTLER is available in Cincinnati for the first time in more than 20 years. Check out Larry's own explanation in his interview, One Small Step for Porn: Flynt Cuts a Deal in Cincinnati, on page 12.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.











BLACK HOT WAX

There's this female disc jockey with an incredibly sexy voice on the only black radio station in town. I listen to her show, "The Princess Cocoa Explosion of Soul," while driving home from work—one hand on the steering wheel and one on my personal stick shift. Recently, I was pulled over for wanking and driving. Thank God the cop was black; he heard Cocoa's voice and let me off with a shiteating grin.

Most folks around here wouldn't be so sympathetic to my chocolate tastes. This is an extremely conservative area with a sudden boom in the black population and concurrent aftershocks in my pants. You can't imagine the pain of being a white boy with jungle fever, working on a construction site with a crew of angry racists. I'll be at my perch, hammering away, when some bombastic Nubian princess walks below me in a revealing shirt and shorts. From my vantage point, I can see straight between her massive, heaving titties to the brown valley within. Suddenly the nail I've been working on seems a lot less important; it's the spike in my crotch that demands to be hammered. I want to scream every filthy thought that crosses my mind, as construction workers have done to hot chicks since the time of the pyramids.

Yet the homunculus working next to me will turn off his drill to mutter, "Fuckin' niggers." Sure, I could argue for the natural supremacy of big, round, succulent black ass versus dry, flat, flavorless white tail—but why bother? I'm a horndog, not a civil-rights activist. I need to concentrate on scoring Afro-pussy.

The perfect opportunity for tasting melanin-tainted taint arose during Princess Cocoa's weekly contest. She cooed and honey-dripped her way through the usual assortment of traffic and weather reports. (I pray for rain; hearing Cocoa say the word wet is a guaranteed rush-hour pop.) Then the self-described fine, foxy mama announced her latest call-in gimmick. One fucking lucky caller would be chosen to spend a night in a soon-to-be-opened hotel—alone with Cocoa. The winning candidate would be the listener with the best qualifications. As I drove at a reckless speed

toward the nearest public phone, I heard Cocoa turn down one nerdy-sounding loser after another.

A black caller was dismissed with the subtle putdown, "Too spooky—sounds like a stalker." Although the comment was carefully worded to avoid charges of discrimination, Cocoa's message came through the airwaves loud and clear: The bitch loves Caucasian cock. I decided to give her all 11 inches of my qualifications. My hand shook as I dropped 35 cents into a pay phone and dialed Cocoa's number.

"Soul Explosion," she breathed into the receiver. I felt a twitch that can only be described as an *eargasm*.

I blurted, "I'm a 29-yearold white boy who is hung like a fucking horse." There was silence from the other end; then bells, buzzers and whistles. Cocoa had a winner—and I had a chance to lay eyes on my Negro dream girl in the dark, stanky flesh. One week later, when I arrived at the partially completed Royale Hotel, I hoped more body parts than my eyes would have a chance to get laid. Especially once Cocoa answered the door to the front office.

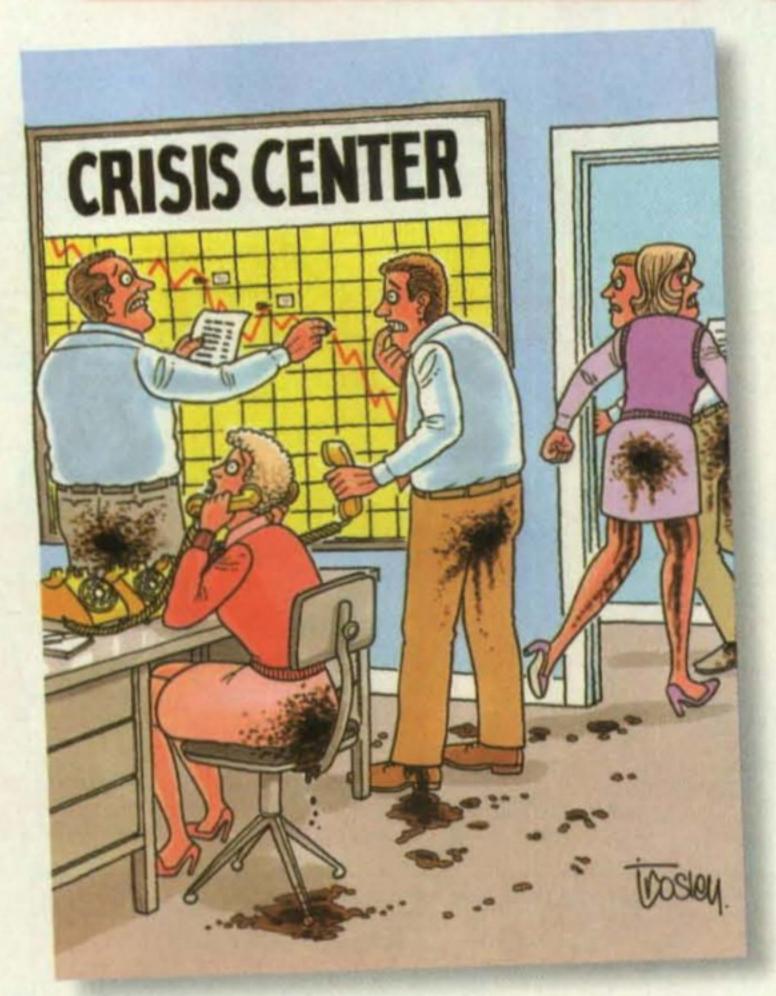
THETTERS

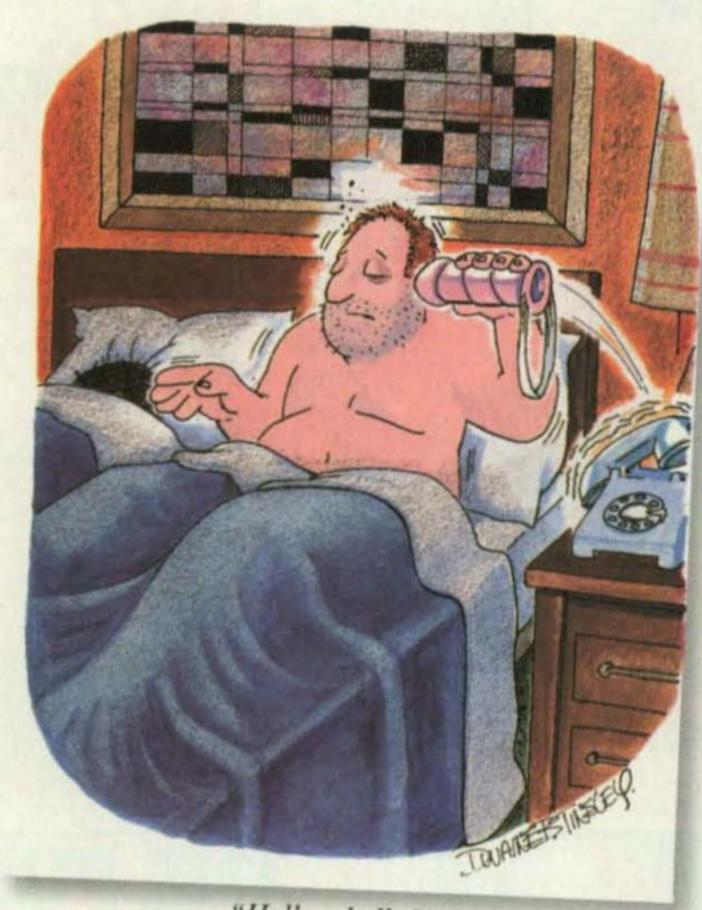
The woman who seduced me aurally to the sounds of Marvin Gaye, Al Green and Curtis Mayfield was now filling the rest of my senses with her earthy funk. She looked like a tall, African goddess—a real black sister with broad features and a giant ass. She smelled of musk and the faintest, raunchiest hint of sweat. She tasted sweet yet spicy when I politely kissed her cheek. Before allowing me to enter a luxurious suite, Cocoa sized me up with a long, hard, horny gaze.

"Not bad," she stated flatly. Her next three words would have provoked an

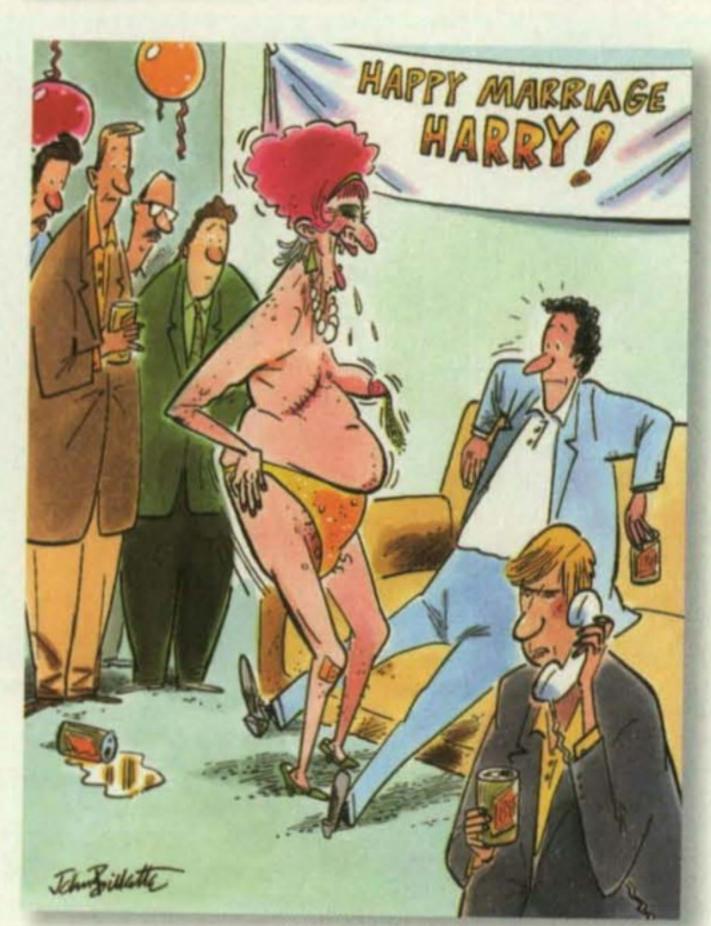


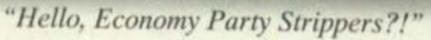
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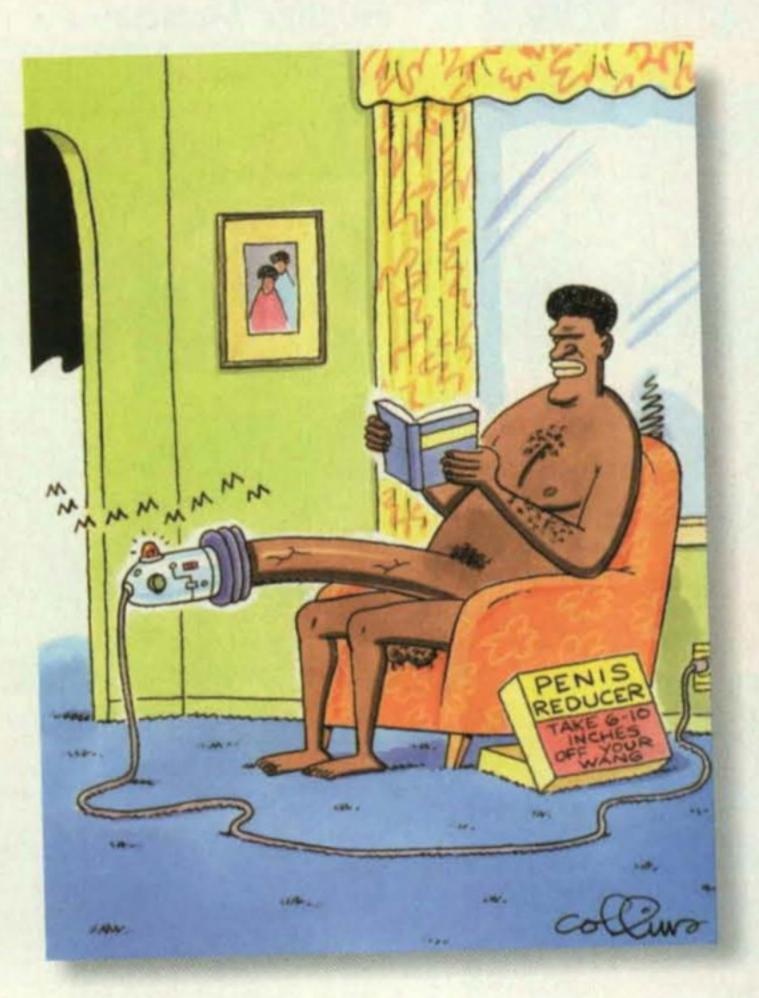


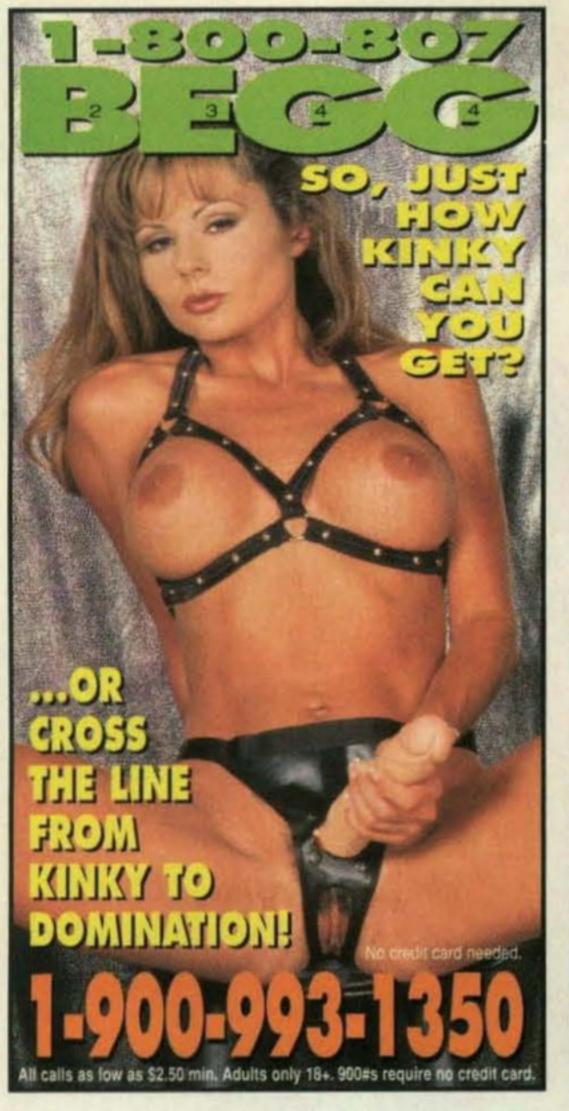


"Hello...hello?"

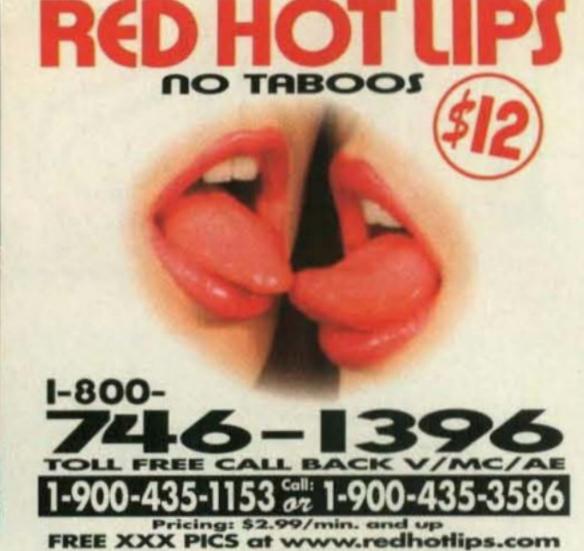


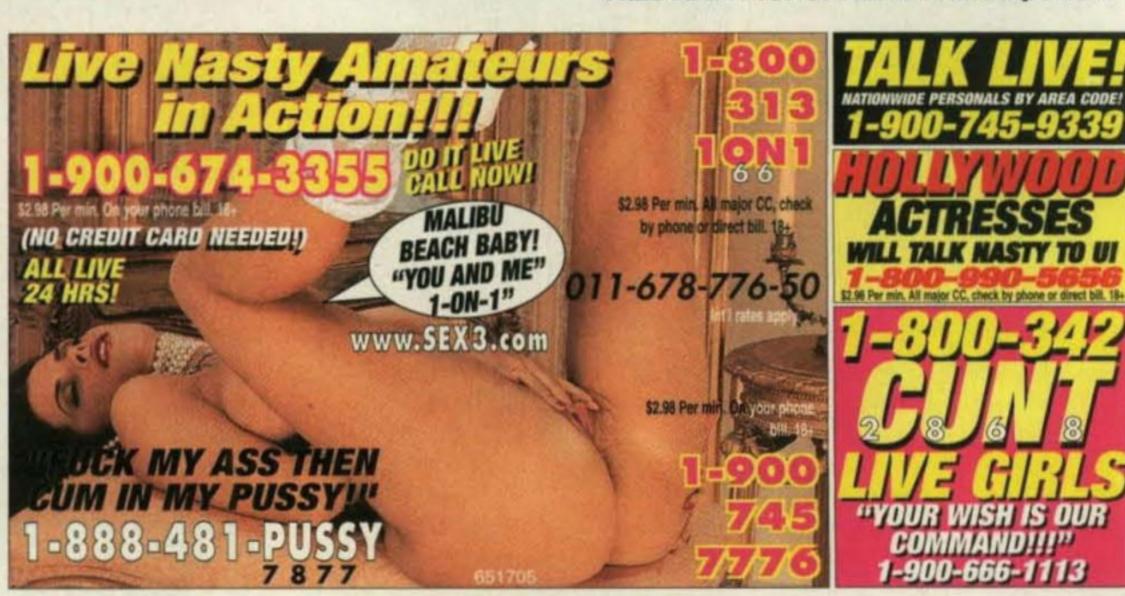














Hot Letters "Yeah," she gasped. "Fuck the slit and jack the clit, bitch!" My left hand continued to close around the bucking Negress's neck, holding her in place for my punishing penile blows.

instant, safety-threateningly messy climax if they had been spoken through the speakers of my car stereo: "Drop them drawers." I fumbled to obey, displaying the long dong that won me a chance to sip Cocoa. She broke into a big, blindingly white smile, displaying so many perfect teeth I was almost afraid to imagine my dick in her mouth. Almost.

Perhaps I was distracted from my nervousness by the twin, brown globes before me. Amazing—Cocoa had popped out of her clothes in such a flash, my brain didn't register the fact until she was squatting nude before me! The horny mammy couldn't wait another second to suck my johnson. I grabbed the back of her nappy head and watched a foot of limp meat sink beneath her lips. Cocoa gagged, spit out my length and hocked gooey gobs of saliva onto the shaft. Immediately, she quaffed the entire length, and I thrilled to smack her tonsils with the head.

"Gerrrb guh-gahhh," she gurgled incoherently. Although nothing in the world made me as happy as the sound of Cocoa's voice, at that particular moment, I cared less what she had to say. I wanted to reward her magical vocal cords for all the pleasure they provided by reciprocating with a coat of chum. Ejaculating so fast didn't bother me; one look at Cocoa's enormous butt cheeks, and I would be hard again in a matter of seconds. However, Cocoa had different plans. While I used her partial dreadlocks for face-fucking handlebars, she sharply slapped my legs. I thought she was simply into rough stuff-until the bronze beauty knocked me flat on my ass. Her shoulders looked broad and imposing as she stood above me, gagging.

She wheezed, "Goddamn, white boy," and rasped to catch her breath. Finally, Cocoa clutched her chest—something I couldn't wait to do—and choked: "I was trying to tell you it's too big! Shit. I thought pricks that huge didn't grow much bigger when they hard." I grabbed one of Cocoa's powerful, ebony legs and pulled her off balance. The big bitch fell next to me with a distinctive *splat*—her brown-sugar snatch was soaking wet.

"Maybe black dick comes in one size,"
I grunted while mounting her mighty form. The tip of my pride lanced her meaty, oversize labes. "But this vanilla stick just keeps going...and going... and...." Cocoa writhed beneath me, desperate for the best position to accept my extra-wide delivery. After a few sexy moments of wriggling, she gave up, threw her head back and screamed.

I pushed my first six inches inside that scorching, muddy pit. Cocoa was wet enough to take more, but so tight the walls of her womb seemed to rip. Undaunted, I pushed further; I'm sure if she suffered any real internal injury, the mean ho would hardly hesitate to let me know.

"Fuck my mother," burst Cocoa, moaning ecstatically even as tears streamed down her face of coal. "Work the clit, bitch! Work it!" There's one thing I've learned about black women: They are the bossiest bedmates, no matter how domineering or sadistic you behave. A 22-year-old model from Jamaica who blew me at a club the other night explained that black men are usually so brief and insensitive, their women jump at the chance for a fuck buddy to push around. That's another story, of course; my balls were slapping against Cocoa's butthole, and all I could think about was the triumph of making her body convulse with climax.

I flipped Cocoa onto all fours. Doing so was not easy, but well worth the effort. She quivered before me, plunging two fingers in and out of her throbbing, upside-down clam. I grabbed her by the wrist and sucked on her buttery digits, carefully savoring the succulence. Her greedy hole was finally satisfied by my

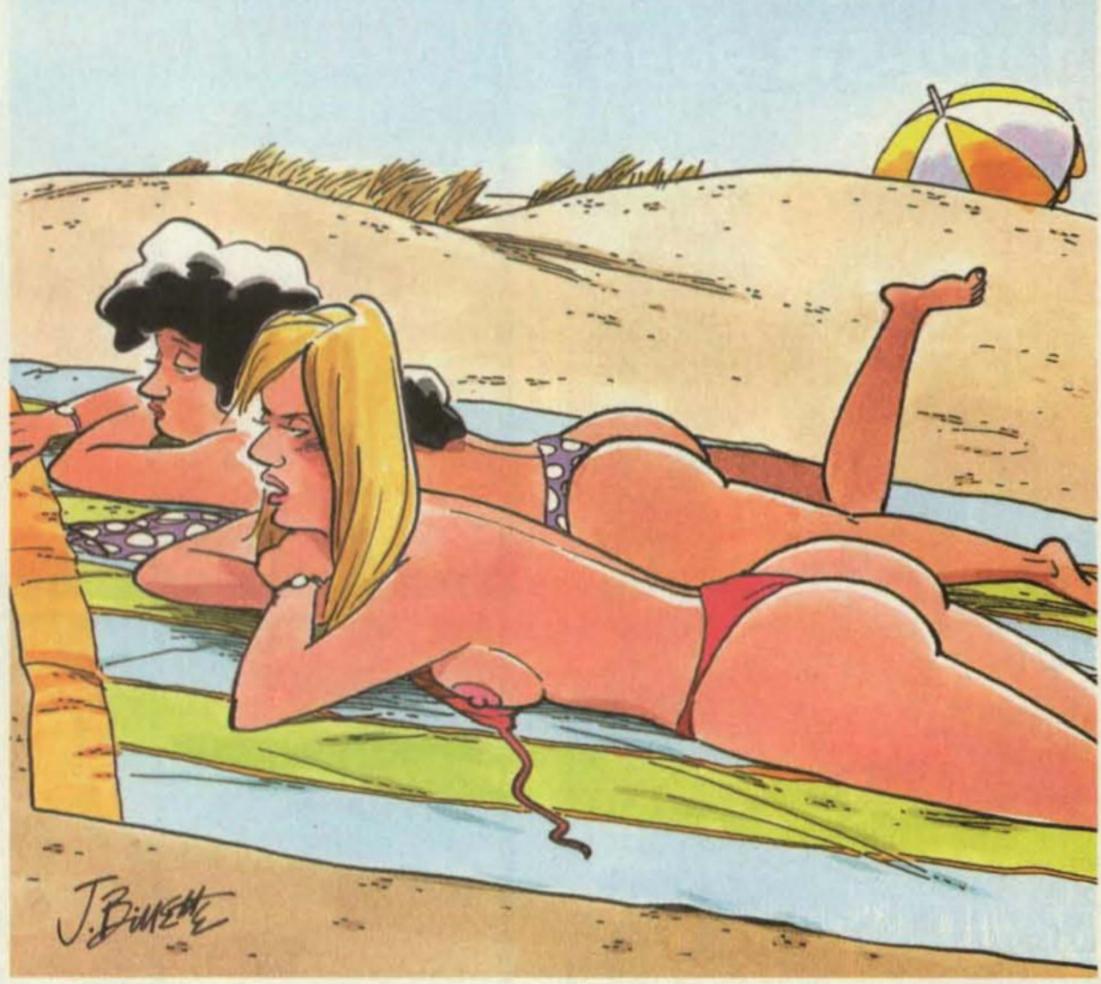
girth. Cocoa rocked back against me, whipping her cords of midnight hair majestically. I wrapped a hand around her neck to pull her mouth closer. Mission accomplished—my fingers explored her tongue, eventually employing the warm spit to stimulate her pronounced clitty.

"Yeah," she gasped. "Fuck the slit and jack the clit. Jack it like a tiny dick, bitch!" I should have known that a trained radio professional such as Cocoa would provide the most creative dirty talk of my life. My left hand continued to close around the bucking Negress's neck, holding her in place for my punishing penile blows. I wished I had an extra hand so I could choke her, diddle her love button and slap her fat ass at the same time. (I mean "fat" in the African-American slang sense of the word, if Cocoa is reading this.)

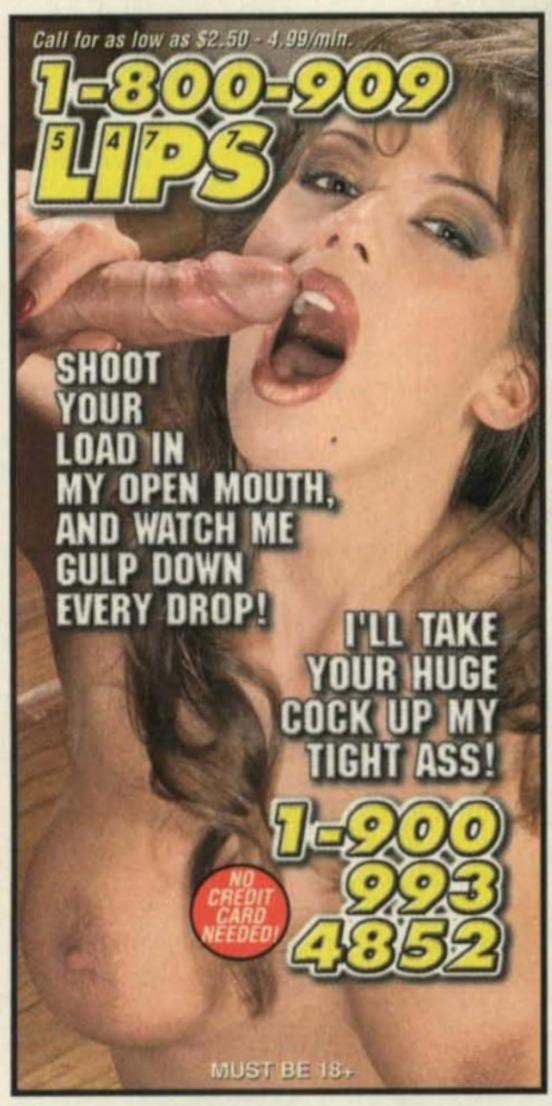
The tingle of my groin warned me that a debilitating sac-drain was imminent. I didn't want to leave Cocoa unsatisfied, but I couldn't wait any longer.

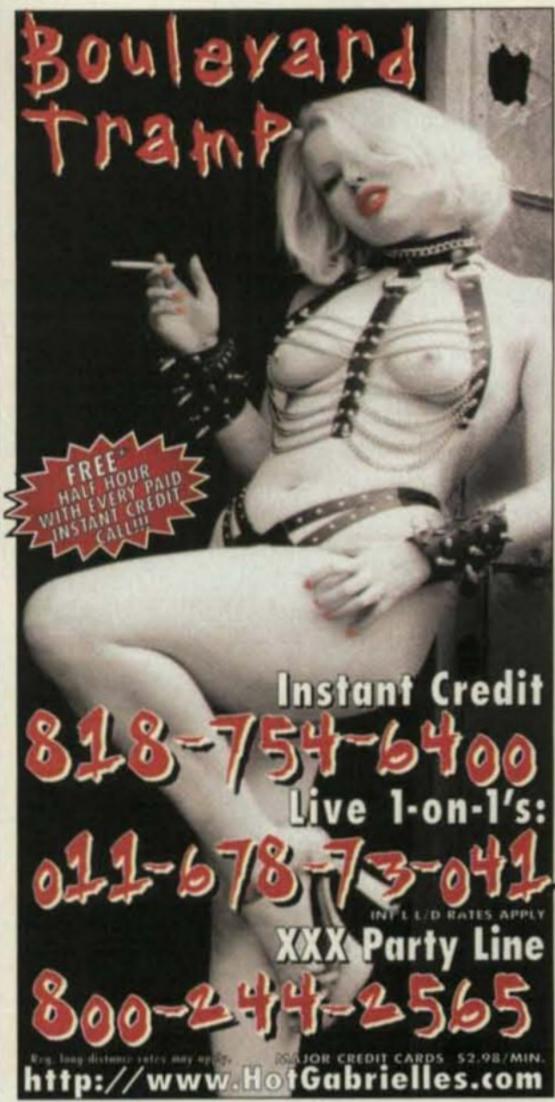
"My white cock is coming in your black pussy," I roared. A hot gush filled her already drenched sugar walls with my jizz. I grabbed two mittfuls of ass and bore down on the punani, jerking in tortured ecstasy.

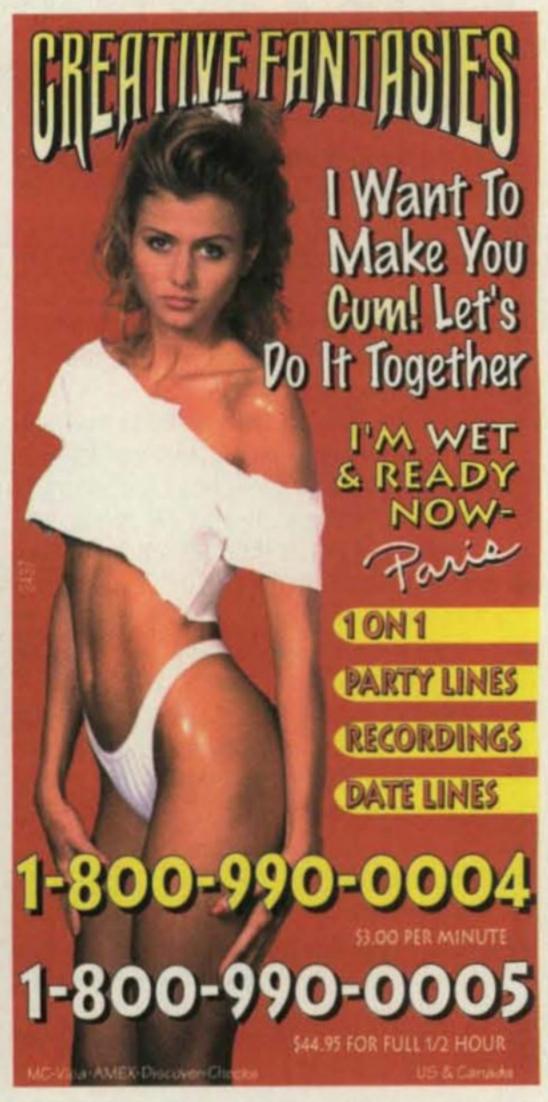
carefully savoring the succulence. Her "Uh-uhhh, motherfucker," Cocoa greedy hole was finally satisfied by my yelled. Due to the sweat-dripping nature

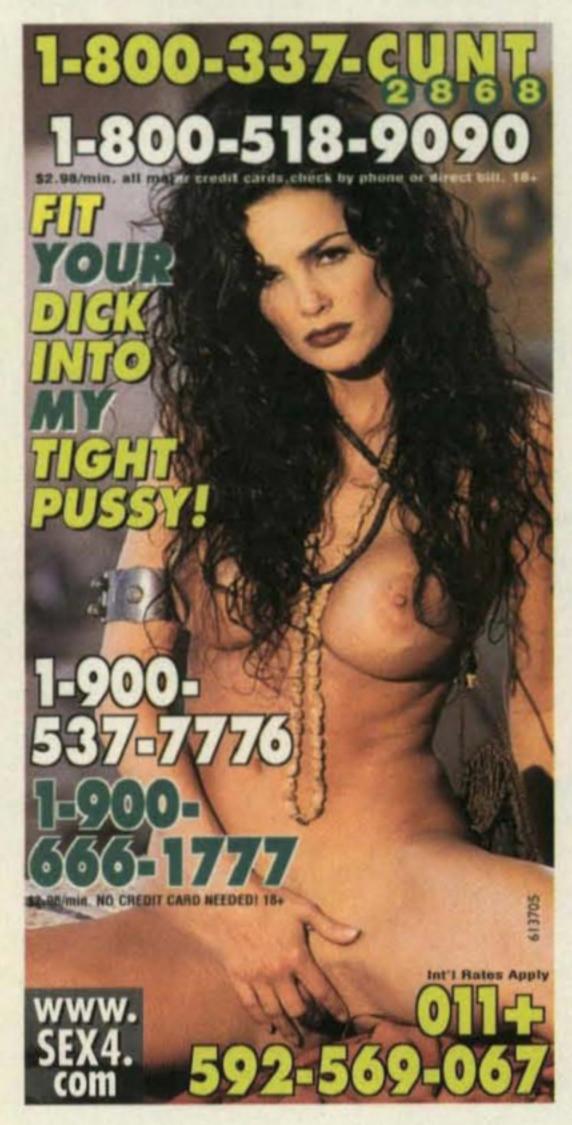


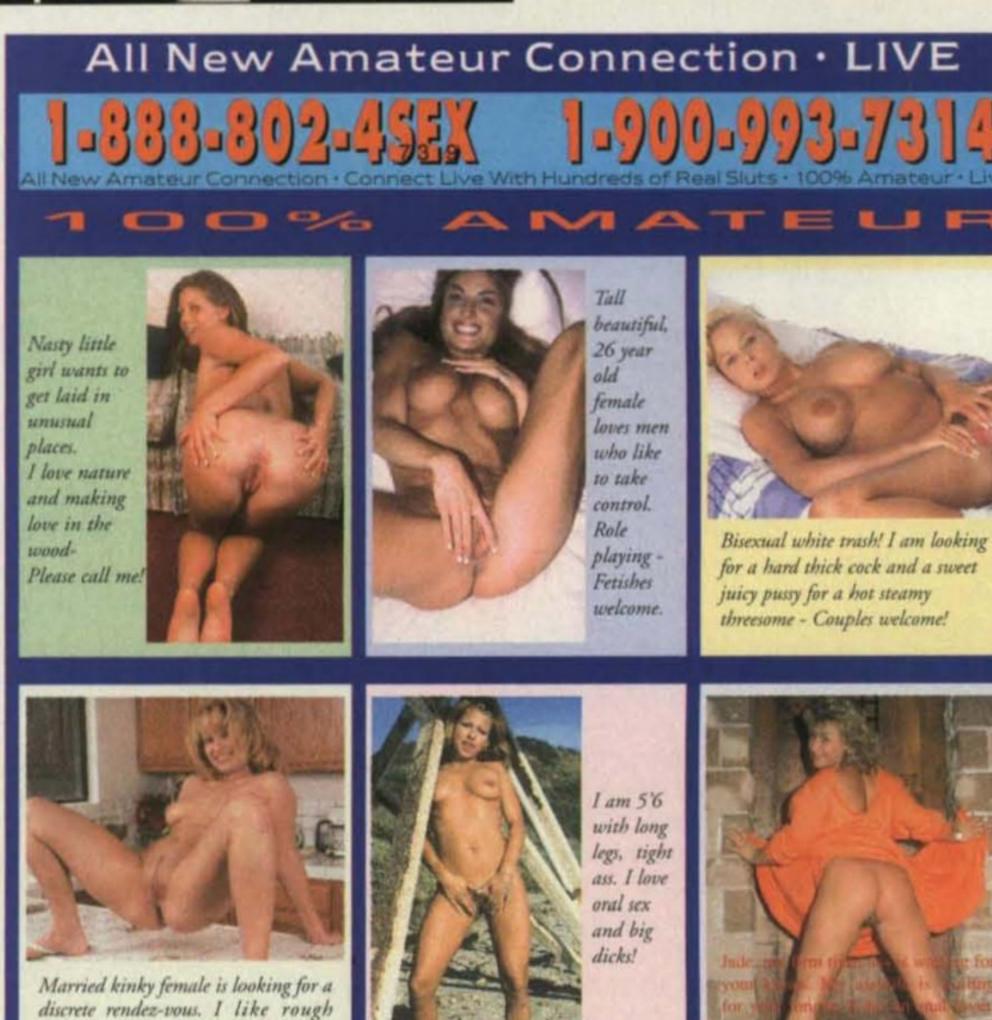
"My boyfriend demanded anal sex last night. I hate wearing that damn strap-on!"











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sex. I love men with hairy chests

and big, fat dicks. Call me.

Hot Letters The sultry brunette looked at me as if I just asked to fuck her mother.

Suddenly, her fists landed on my chest, pounding me repeatedly as she screamed incoherently.

of her hind end, my colored receptacle had no problem pulling her can away from me. "You ain't coming in this pussy until I get mine-owww!" Cocoa should have known my gun was going off halfcocked. A thick rope of spunk flew up and hit her in the eye. Sadly, she was wearing a blue contact lens, causing too much discomfort to continue our interracial adventure. I left with my tail between my legs and narrowly dodged the lamp Cocoa threw at my head.

Maybe the racists in town are right: We can't all get along. Any black chicks who care to strike a blow for equality, write to me in care of HUSTLER. -T. I. Cando, North Dakota

WHORNADO

I think everybody in Oklahoma remembers where they were when the terrible storms first hit. Personally, I was sitting on my couch with my pants around my ankles and my middle finger up my assnot exactly the way you want to be found by paramedics. Don't judge; if you were watching the porn tape I was glued to on that fateful day, you would have gone for the spit-palm and pointer technique too.

I mean, the blond bitch on this tape was hot! I can't remember her name. Some whore with giant, natural breasts, a perfect rump and a fucking evil snarl on her face. The title of the splooge epic in question was Girls Who Blow Cum-Bubbles Out the Anus Volume 12. Boy, did my slutty little honey live up to the video's vile concept. After one particularly brutal ass-fucking by a frighteningly endowed retard, she spread her red, raw, dripping cheeks with both hands and farted a sticky hot-air balloon bigger than her head. I've never seen anything like that amazing rectal display-and I've seen a whole lot of porn. In fact, I probably owned the greatest porn archive next to Larry Flynt's private stock.

I use the past tense, however, because the forces of nature robbed me of my spunk-encrusted pride and joy. I heard the winds start up, but I ignored them and reached for the generic-brand petroleum jelly. When I realized the rafters of my house were shaking, I turned up the television's volume so I could better hear every greasy queef. When the roof literally flew away, I whacked faster; in my mind, I ought to be able to peel off one good pop before fleeing for the basement. Then I realized the folly of my ways. I watched my entire smut trove take flight.

"No," I cried as issues of HUSTLER, BARELY LEGAL, LEG WORLD, CHIC

and TABOO flapped into the sky like brightly colored birds. "Noooo!" My videotapes were next to go. The box of bondage titles sitting on top was gone with the wind. I watched in frozen horror, realizing the anal section was next. I could not allow God to take back my precious butt tapes. Somehow, my feet found the power to move, fighting against incredible wind pressure. The struggle was a moot point; I was immediately thrown against a wall and blacked out.

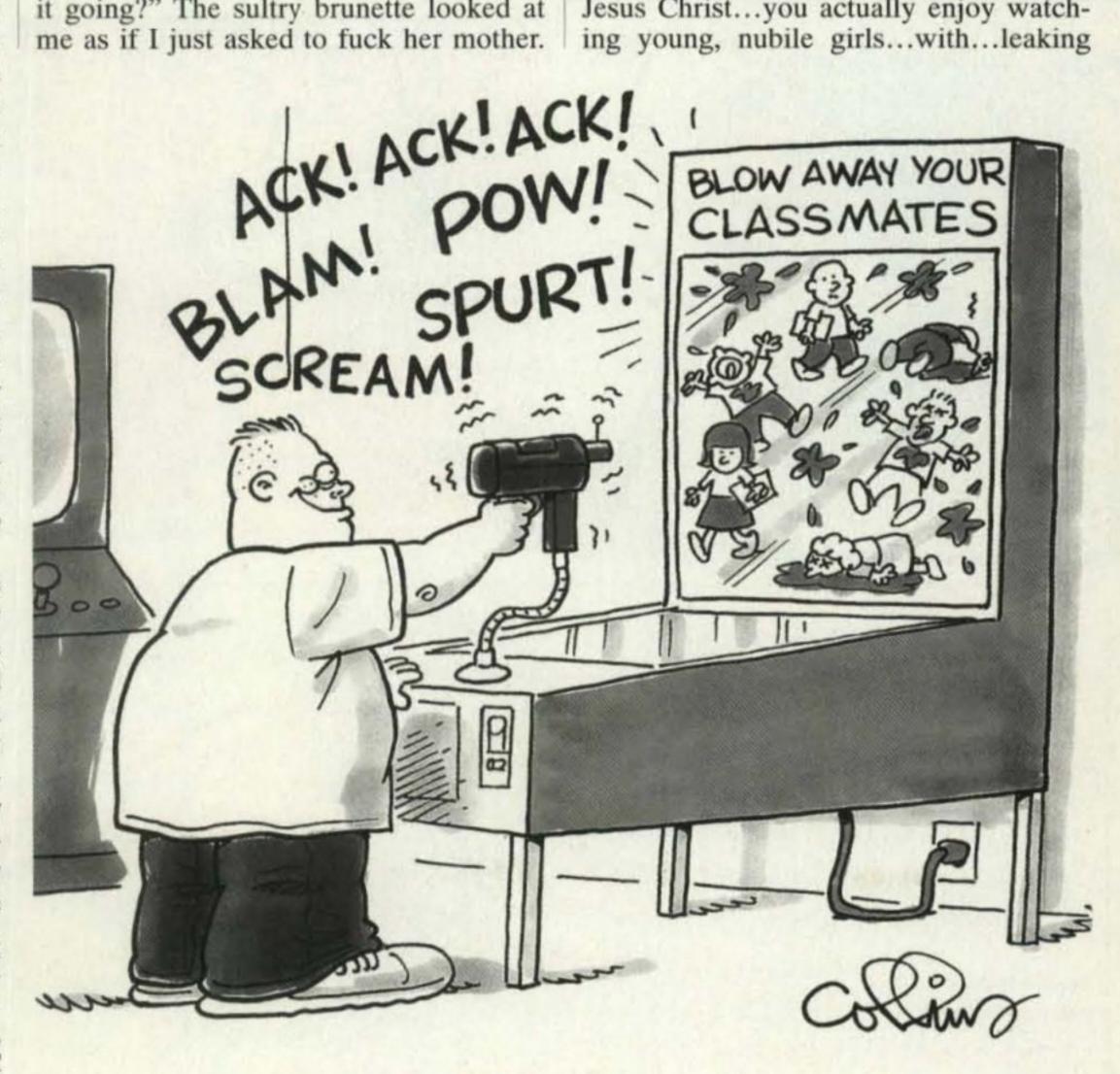
I awoke to discover my home was utterly destroyed. My pet cat was impaled by a car antenna. I didn't care. I only cared about my porn-which was nowhere in sight. Like a man possessed, I ran through the apocalyptic streets of my suburban neighborhood, sobbing uncontrollably. Then I saw a rather foxy, trashy-looking survivor chick on the corner and composed myself. Her bodacious body was quite visible through her torn clothes. In fact, a single, heavy udder flopped loose as she approached me. The chick was pretty, despite the fact that her makeup was tearstained and her head was bleeding.

"Hey," I said as coolly as possible, hoping she hadn't caught my previous bout of hysterical, girlish crying. "How's it going?" The sultry brunette looked at me as if I just asked to fuck her mother. ing young, nubile girls...with...leaking

Suddenly, her fists landed on my chest, pounding me repeatedly as she screamed incoherently. I managed to grab her wrists, which allowed me an even better view of that exposed boob.

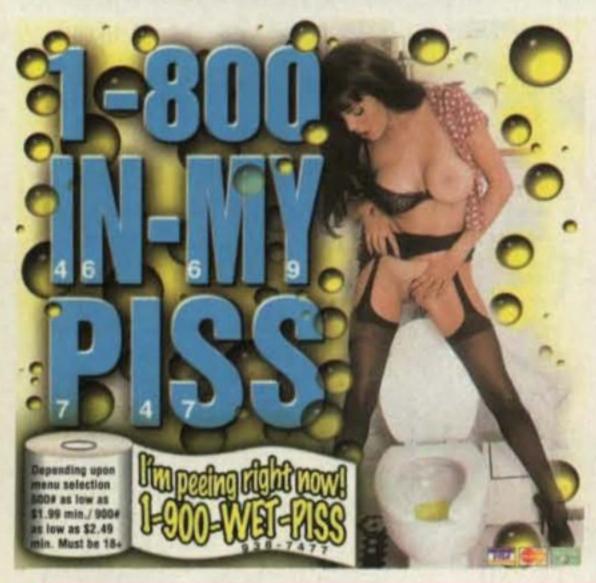
She screeched, "How's it going? My fucking house was leveled, you asshole! I nearly died-and I have nothing to live for! The only shit that wasn't destroyed are these fucking disgusting porn tapes that landed on my lawn." Could it be? My attention had been so focused on memorizing her bare, pink spout for masturbation fodder that I hadn't noticed my entire collection surrounding us. Again, I burst into tears-but this time, a joyful cry of release. Maybe I looked kind of gay running around the yard and picking up tapes while blubbering. I didn't care. I was about to recover my beloved Girls Who Blow Cum-Bubbles installment when the devastated, big-chested hottie yanked the tape away from me.

"This vile garbage is yours?" she asked incredulously. A wicked laugh erupted from her curled lips, which reminded me of my favorite screen slut's scowl. "I should have known. Anyone who would try to pick up on a tornado victim has to be a sick fucking puppy. Jesus Christ...you actually enjoy watch-















Hot Letters she screamed at the near-fisting. After thoroughly reaming her asshole, I withdrew my hand with a slurping sound. Promptly, I popped the fingers back in her cunny...and back in her ass.

from their...." She was utterly absorbed in the box cover, examining each picture like a work of fine art. Of course, that's my critical assessment of the Cum-Bubbles series too; perhaps I could make a convert of the sexpot with the nasty head wound.

I demanded, "What's your name?" She looked at me for a puzzled moment.

"I can't remember." Again, she examined the box. "I think it's Vixxen."

"Okay, Vixxen," I said, leading her behind the wreckage of a former toolshed. "Take your clothes off. I want to make sure you didn't suffer any major injuries." To my delight, she ripped off the remains of her shirt and bra, setting both creamy jugs free. They wobbled before my dazzled eyes, the aroused nipples jutting forward like pokers.

She slipped out of her jeans and explained, "I may be delirious enough to fuck you, but I haven't lost so much blood that I'm stupid. Now whip out your cock and make me blow butt bubbles-that is, if you still remember how to do it with another person, jackoff. If you're good, I might let you have your tape back." I liked those odds. If she wanted to be treated like a porn skank, I was just the guy to deliver the goods. I frantically reached for my six-inch cock, which was already rock-hard.

"Think you can handle all of this manhood, bitch?" I growled. My right hand forced Vixxen's head toward my open zipper.

She snickered. "Uhhh...yeah. I think I can handle six inches. I've certainly had bigger." To prove the point, she administered a deep-throat humjob with suction greater than any natural disaster. I was stunned by the head-bobbing suckoff. Vixxen was absolutely starved for dick. The initial esophagus dip was followed by licks and butterfly kisses from my pisshole to my sweaty sac. Since a true porn stud never shows too much enjoyment, I pushed her away and laid her toned, freckled body upon the grass.

"Lift up your feet," I ordered. Vixxen obliged, allowing me access to her shy, snug brownhole. I jammed four fingers into her damp cunt and sawed my hand until her juices flowed freely. The vaginal slime served as a fitting butt lube when those same four fingers were crammed up Vixxen's turd factory.

She screamed at the near-fisting. Hey, Vixxen's the one who asked me for porn treatment. After thoroughly reaming her asshole, I withdrew my hand with a slurpy sound. Promptly, I popped the fingers back in her cunny...and back in her ass.

Back and forth, like hitting a fleshy, oozing punching bag. At one point, I sensed a familiar clench between Vixxen's thighs and realized she was coming. My fingers allowed for an extra tickle or two. When the spasming passed, I stood and took Vixxen's ankles along with me.

The dripping harlot begged, "What are you doing? I can't stand on my head; all the blood will rush oww...oww...ohhhhh...." Her protestations were silenced by the entrance of my rigid schween into her bunghole. I stood above her and drilled downward into the ripe ass, drilling for sphincters and coming up brown. Hopping up and down caused her twat to open and close like an angry, meaty hand puppet.

Once Vixxen found her balance, I could let go of her shapely feet and spread her gash open with two fingers. I spit into the gaping, pink maw and dipped a few knuckles inside, thrilling to the tremors of my anal explorations. Vixxen's sex sounds became positively animal; she emitted a long, low moan, like a woodland creature caught in a trap. I pulled out and manually stretched her rectum open almost as wide as her quim.

"Jam your fingers back in my pussy," she pleaded. "I'm going to come again...uhh-ahh-hurrrgh!" I watched in

snapped shut in climax. They were forced right back open by the intrusion of my member; I jabbed my deep-buried fingers at her G spot. Her quaking climax triggered my scum valve.

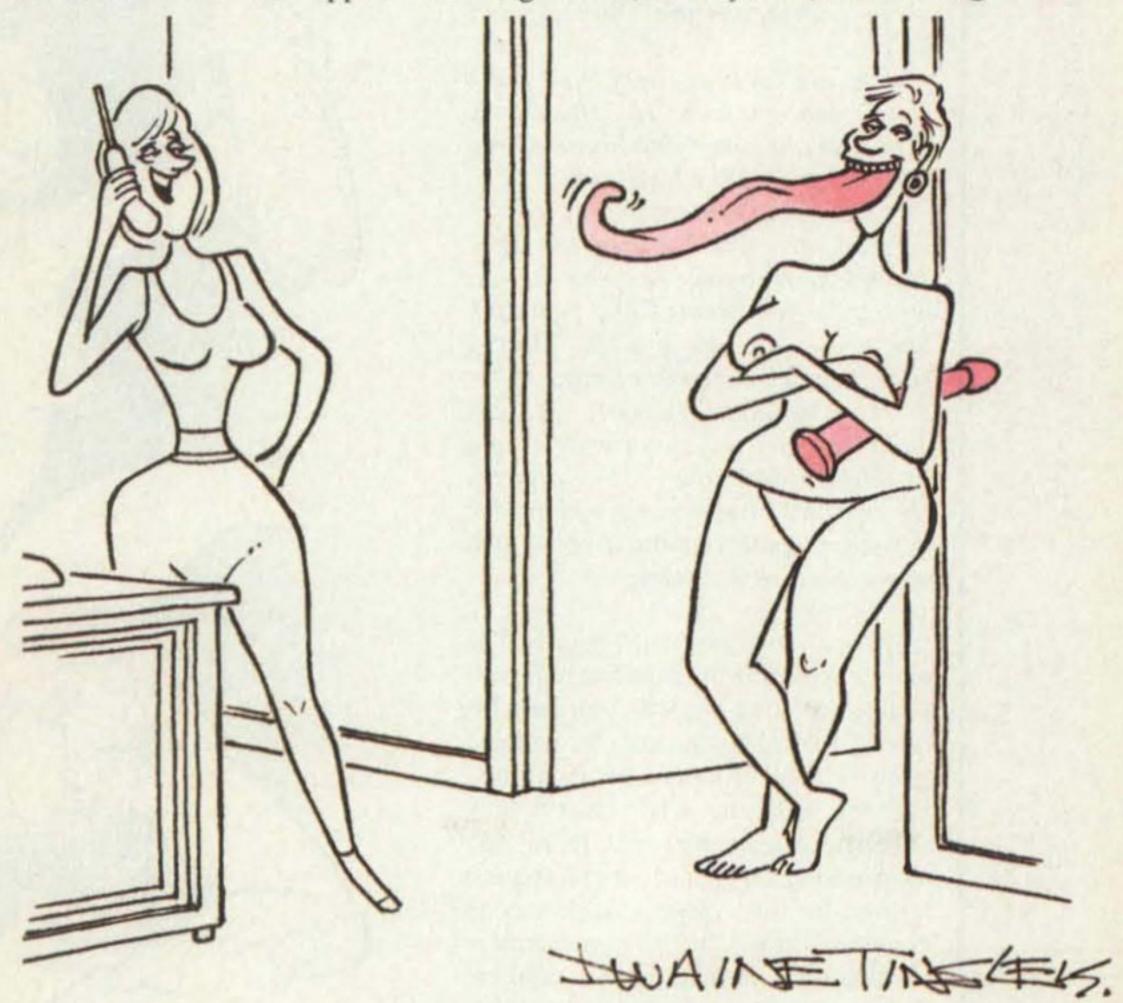
"Coming," I barked. "Shooting into your ass...." I pulled out in midspew and splattered splooge onto Vixxen's contorted face. Promptly, I fell to my knees and slid the squirting tool past her lips and gums. She swallowed the rest of my load

with wild-eyed glee.

At least, I thought the reaction was glee. She passed out immediately afterward; so that look could have been some involuntary response. No matter; ambulances were already lining the stormravaged street, and I was considered a hero for pulling her naked body from the wreckage. And guess what? While the attendants were lifting the comatose Vixxen onto a stretcher, I saw a teeny, tiny sperm bubble blow out of her ass, and she gave me a sly wink from where her face poked out from under the blanket. I like to think that means her wish came true.

> -L. M. Bridge Creek, Oklahoma

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite amazement as her ripped shit rings 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Gotta go, Mom. Cynthia wants me...."



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Hot Stumps

AMPUTEES AND THEIR ADMIRERS

BY BRENDA MEYER * ILLUSTRATION BY SUPERCORN

Janet's plastic leg lies on the livingroom floor, with a frilly, white sock and a black-patent-leather shoe still on the fake foot. Marcus, her husband, massages the red marks left on Janet's hips by the prosthetic's elastic bands. Marcus hates to rush the preliminaries, but, with Janet's leg removed, his animal instincts have a way of taking over.

"I want to touch your stump," he tells his wife.

"I know what you want," she says. Janet's red, full lips and button nose crinkle in a demure smile. She swings the stub of her left leg into her husband's crotch.

Marcus's hands trace lazy circles on Janet's thigh, a few inches above where her knee used to be. His other hand finds her snatch. Marcus works Janet's slit with his fingers, but he is distracted by her stump, tapered and smooth like the long end of an egg. Soon, both hands are caressing her half-leg.

"You need me to carry you, don't you?" Marcus asks. He effortlessly hefts his young wife into his arms and carries her into the bedroom.

"I want you," he says.

From here, Janet knows the drill. Though monotonous, sex with Marcus makes her feel wanted and beautiful. She opens her mouth wide; Marcus slides his dick across her tongue. After a slow, smooth blowjob, Marcus mounts Janet missionary-style and works her cooze to a rousing orgasm. He refrains from coming within her; instead, he pulls out and drops a load of nut juice on her stump.

There are two kinds of leg men. The one most people are familiar with will follow a long-legged woman for blocks, fixated on her smooth, sculpted gams. The other fantasizes about having sex with the wheelchair-bound, with crutch users and with those who are wearing casts. The single greatest turn-on for this category of perv is an amputated limb. In the nomenclature of abnormal psychologists, admirers of gimpy girls are *amelotatists*. Lost-

limb lovers prefer to call themselves devotees.

Even in an age when bestiality, shemales, extreme fisting, watersports and pregnant chicks are very familiar to everyday consumers of hard-core pornography, stump love seems especially bizarre.

However, "handiporn" is surprisingly easy to find.

"Awareness is growing," says Mike, a 20-year admirer of amputees and founder of Ampix, an organization that distributes material on amputees. "There are more people who are fascinated by amputees than you might think."

A trip to the local adult-video store

might net a video starring Long Jean Silver, a one-legged, golden-age female porn star; or Older and Anal 6, starring Stumpman, a handless woodsman whose forearm doubles as a monster schlong. A quick search of the World Wide Web reveals dozens of national and international Internet sites devoted to all aspects of handicapped sex. Some Internet providers sell their videos of handicapped girls hopping and crawling on the floor as sick and shocking titillation. Other sites act as outreach resources and dating and social services, orchestrating shoe exchanges, providing information about prosthetic devices and linking women with missing limbs to their admirers or devotees.

admirers or devotees.

Centerfolds on ampix.com provide jackoff fodder for the severed-limb sensualist. A petite brunette sits in a













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Sex Play "Touching the stump is so sexy. It's the thrill of doing something forbidden. But it's also about trust, like touching other body parts, but more extreme. It's a shared secret."

tight T-shirt with her leg folded under her stump, both hands provocatively posed on her stubby thigh meat. A Latina stands with the help of wooden crutches; her dark stump peeks from under a yellow sundress.

Why would anybody find a person with an amputated limb-or, more specifically, the amputated limb itself—attractive?

For Julian, an admirer in his 20s whose girlfriend is a below-the-elbow amputee, less is more. "When she takes the prosthesis off, it's a turn-on. It's like she's more naked, more vulnerable than just having her clothes off."

"Touching the stump is so sexy," says James, a computer programmer in his 30s. "It's the thrill of doing something forbidden. But it's also about trust, like touching other body parts, but more extreme. It's a shared secret."

While some men fetishize prosthetics, going bonkers for molded-plastic toenails and the hollow ring of fake limbs, most devotees see prosthetics the way a tit man sees bras: They are a necessary evil.

"Men are attracted to amputees because of the physical differences," says Jama Bennett, a 48-year-old, single, above-theknee amputee woman who runs Amputee Support Coalition of the World, or ASCOT-World. "Some are attracted to the asymmetry, the look of a person missing a leg or arm; some are attracted to the crutch-walking; some are attracted to the stump itself. But they are also attracted to the people we are because of being amputees. The way we overcome, the way we cope, the way we have adapted."

In the cant of amelotatists, every imaginable physical trauma that results in the loss of a limb is identified by an abbreviation. A right-hip disarticulation (amputation at the hip) is known as RHD; a double amputation below the elbow is known as DBE; single above the knee is SAK. Some men are attracted only to leg amputees; others only fancy arm amputees. Some are specifically right-leg or left-leg enthusiasts. Double-below-the-knee amputees are in particular demand among devotees.

Perhaps because the handicapped are viewed as helpless and dependent, like overgrown children, devotees often feel guilt and shame, associating their attraction with exploitation.

"It's sad they feel such shame," says Caroline, an ash-blonde who lost both arms to an electrical accident. "I was delighted to find that there are men out there who dig this stuff."

Shirly D., a below-the-knee amputee, bristles at being objectified. "I want to be wanted because of who I am, not because

of what limb I'm missing," she says. "I personally don't see anything sexy about my stump."

The how and why of this attraction is not known. Sigmund Freud treated a patient with amelotasis and speculated that the fetish was related to a fascination with symbolic castration.

Theories put forward by modern sexologists suggest that amelotasis starts with an early childhood experience, such as seeing a handicapped woman and finding her strangeness fascinating. This early fascination may have "imprinted" the fetishistic psyche and become an unforgettable experience. Often combined with a feeling of repressed guilt over the fascination, the obsession may, with time, turn into a strong sexual attraction. In this sense, Julian is a textbook case.

"When I was about eight, my parents took me to a Dodgers' game, and I saw an amputee woman in a wheelchair," he says. "I couldn't stop staring. My parents were really embarrassed. My dad gave me a big lecture on how some people are different. Later, when I was an adolescent, I found out that, for me, fantasizing about amputees was very sexually arousing."

"Lots of these guys have a white-knight

ing we're vulnerable," says Lisa, who lost her right leg in a car accident. "What they don't realize is that handicapped people, precisely because of our handicap, are often stronger and more independent than those who have had less traumatic lives."

Some admirers end up marrying amputees or working in professions, such as physical therapy, that keep them in close contact with amputees, but many are ashamed of their sexualized interest and keep it closeted, satisfying their desire with photographs and fantasies. For the shame-based devotees, the fact that they take pleasure in something that caused a woman so much pain and trauma results in overwhelming guilt.

"My wife found a picture of a DBK [double below-the-knee amputee] model I had downloaded off the Net," says Steven J., a closeted admirer. "Did I tell her the truth? Not on your life. To her, it would be like cheating, but even worse-sicker. It would be the end of the marriage."

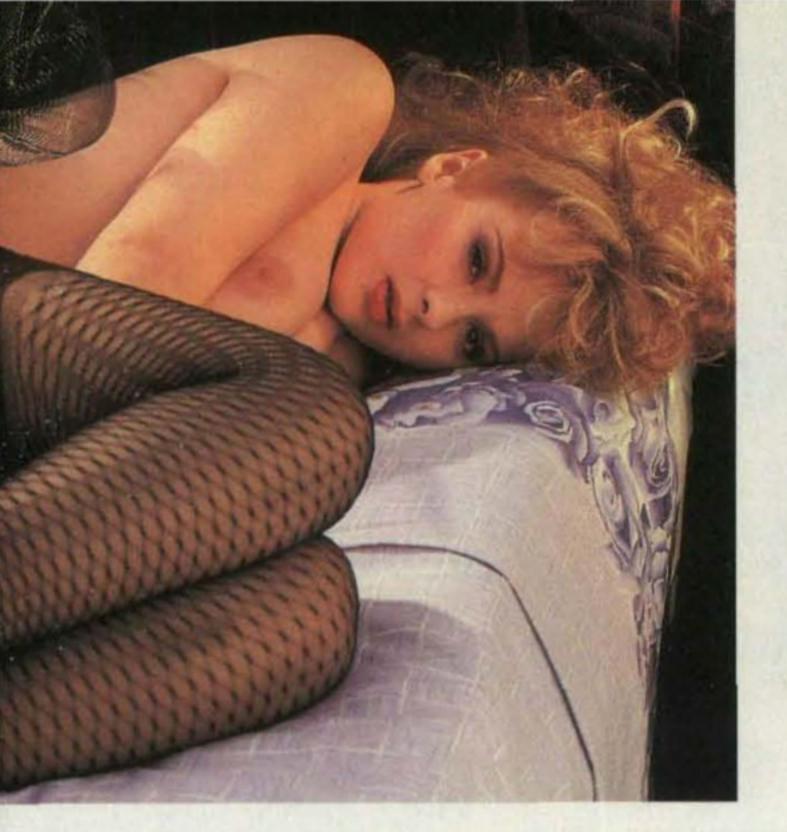
Will today's taboo become tomorrow's fashion? Will Stumpman replace Ron Jeremy as America's favorite porn star? Probably not. But as long as there are birth defects, blood clots, car accidents and machine tools to leave people limbless, complex, and they're turned on by think- devotees will worship their strange fetish.





THE INSIDE ME PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES Times aren't easy for professional widow Betsy. Health consciousness and medical advances have made it harder for the 18-year-old to ply her trade. "Old, rich dudes don't drop dead as quickly as they used to," the redhead laments, doffing her black mourning ensemble after yet another funeral. "It took forever for Albert, this last one, to croak. I had to fuck the shit out of him for three whole weeks until he finally checked out from exhaustion." Betsy caresses the pale, soft contours of her killer bod. "People can call me a gold digger if they want—and the relatives usually do—but I'm doing these geezers a favor. They always die with smiles on their faces, and they don't have to worry about getting into heaven; after wallowing in my sweet, young snatch, they've already been there."



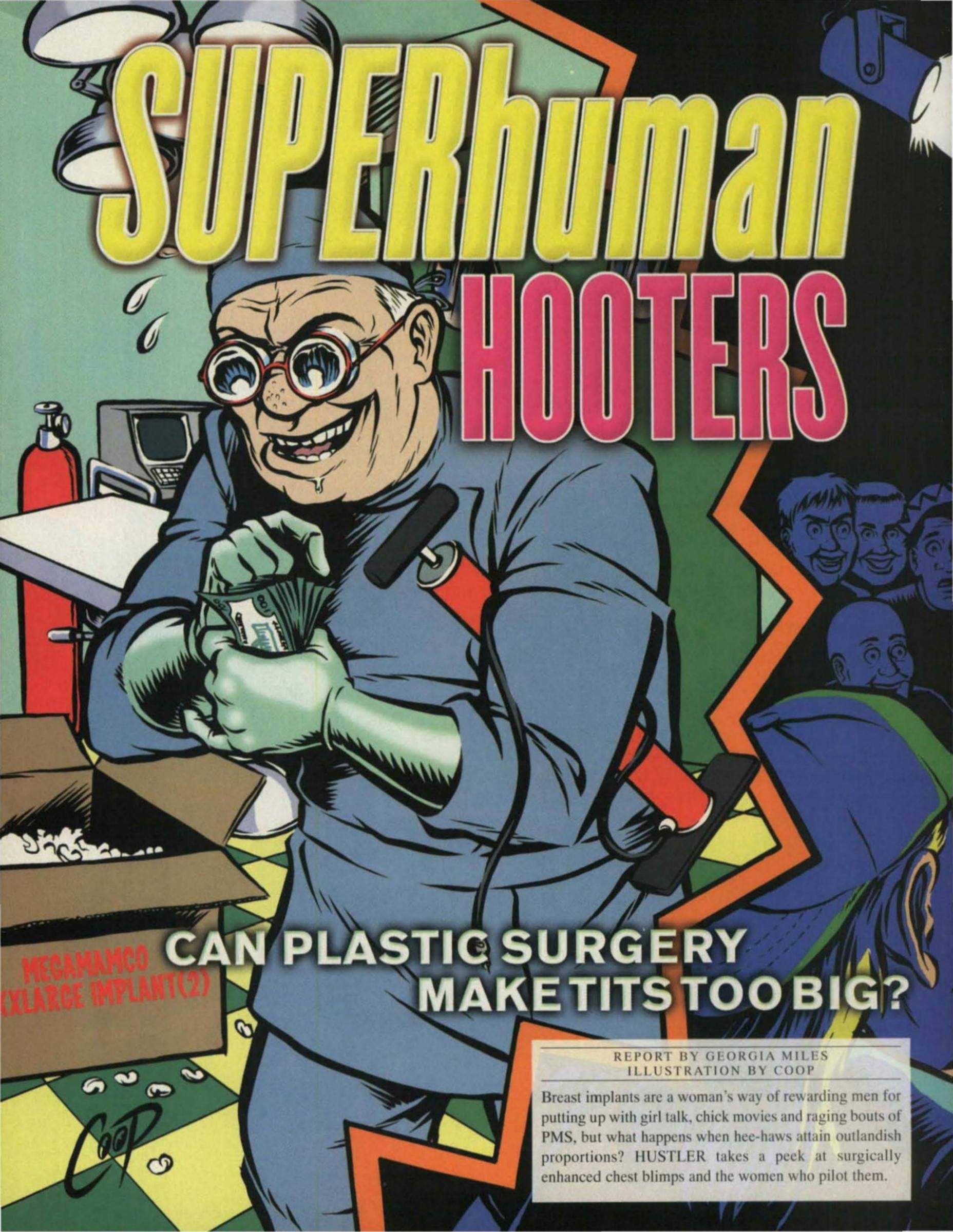


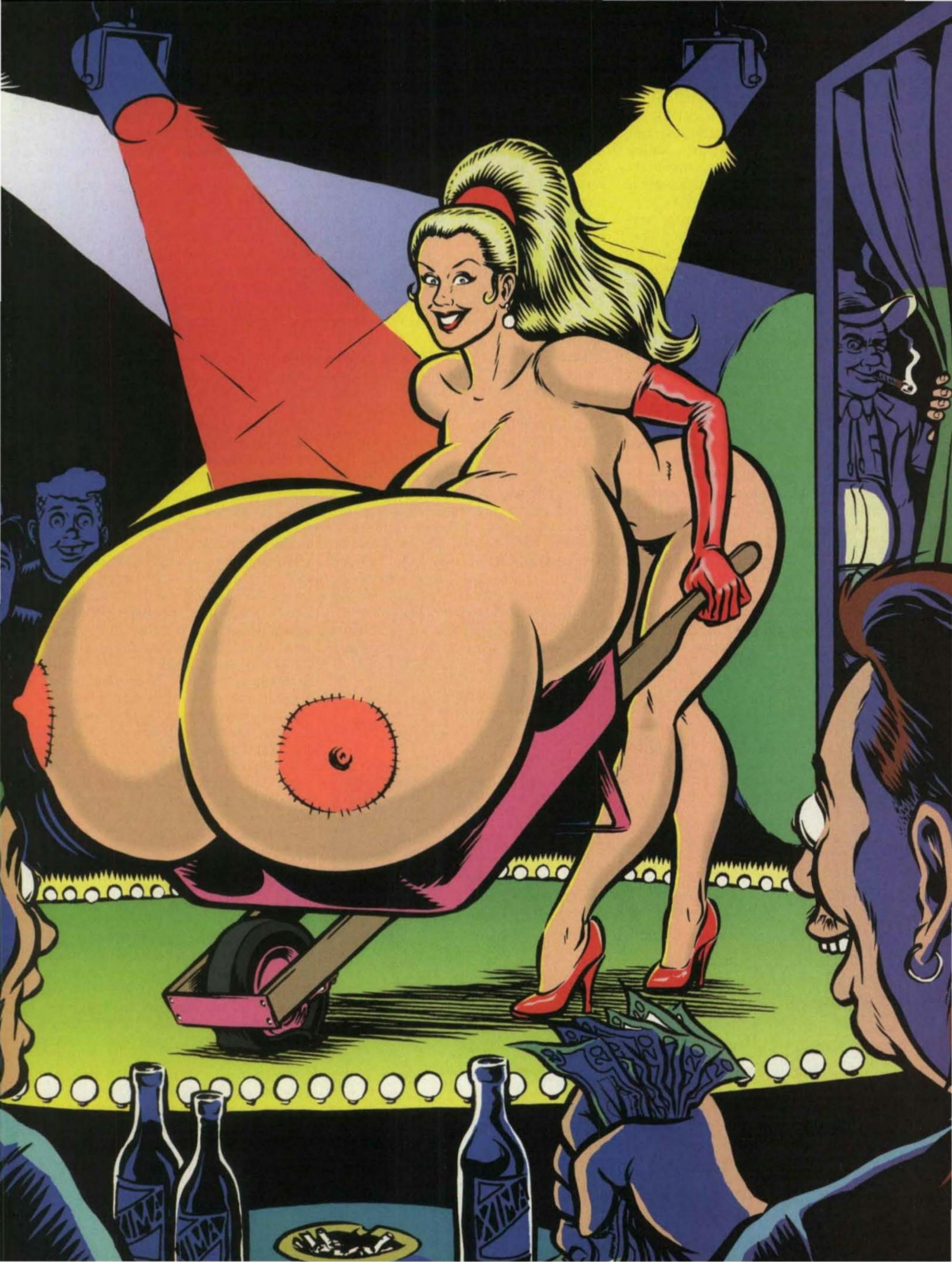












Boobs "I can't understand what a man would see in a chick with small tits. I don't understand the ass man or the leg man either—guys have legs and asses, but only a woman has tits."

A long line of fans stretches outside the Spearmint Rhino, a nondescript strip club in Los Angeles's San Fernando Valley. The smut-hungry men wait patiently, even after the hefty bouncer manning the red-velvet rope stops checking IDs.

"We're waiting on the head count," says Mark Jones, a suspiciously young-looking strip-club enthusiast standing toward the end of the queue with a shiny-faced crew. "It doesn't look good for the first show; we may have to come back for the second show at 11:30."

Jones and his friends drove from Riverside, a desert city an hour east of Los Angeles, and they are eager to throw down the \$20 cover. Such devotion is a standard reaction to tonight's headliners, Keisha and Kim Chambers, both queens of the extra-large-chest-pillow scene. Mark, along with every sweaty hard-on in line, is a devoted big-tit man.

"Tits are what makes a woman a woman," says Bernie, a security guard who works nights, but rearranged his schedule to see Keisha and Chambers in the flesh. "I can't understand what a man would see in a chick with small tits. I don't understand the ass man or the leg man either—guys have legs and asses, but only a woman has tits. The more tits she's got, the more of a woman she is."

"I've been following Kim Chambers's career since she started making movies," says Farhad, who made the two-hour drive from his home in Santa Barbara to watch Chambers's boobies jiggle. "If I don't get in, I'll come back tomorrow. If I stay for the second show, it'll be hard to convince my wife that I was just working all that time."

A half hour later, the line has shrunk considerably. Jones and his peach-fuzz friends are within ten feet of the velvet rope and the imposing bouncer working the door.

Inside, the Spearmint Rhino is supercharged with testosterone. A disco ball casts glints of light about the room, which is packed to capacity. Men watch the stage and sip beers.

Kim Chambers leans lazily against a brass bar under a battery of hot lights. She has stripped to a glittering, red-white-and-blue thong; her sequined top strains to rein in her mammoth milk melons. This crowd is raucous, hooting and cheering after each bawdy gesture from the icon onstage. Chambers sinks to the floor, spins on her ass, then slithers back up the rail, her impossibly large, zero-G breasts on either side of the bar. The room stiffens palpably as Chambers reaches behind her shoulder blades. A savvy showgirl,

Chambers prolongs the tease, grinding her hips and smiling naughtily. Finally, she unhooks her bra and peels the cups from her chest mounds. Her 44JJ boobs loll loose, igniting a roar of approval. One-, five- and some ten-dollar bills rain upon the stage.

"I don't know what it is about big boobs—I just love 'em," says Marco, a patron with an excellent seat at the foot of the stage. He is treated to a faceful of mammary flesh in return for his generous tip. "I don't care if they're real or not."

Pinup queens Jayne Mansfield and Jane Russell set the standard for tit worship in the 1950s, but, thanks to the ingenuity of surgeons, big tits have never been bigger. Perhaps due to the ascendance of big-knockered knockouts such as Pamela Anderson Lee, this is true now more than ever. The American Society for Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery has recorded a 275% increase in the number of breast-enhancement surgeries in the last five years.

Women who work the exotic dance circuit are best served by the largest possible breast size. Supposedly, due to the smoky haze of strip clubs, superlarge breasts are easiest to see and, therefore, bring in the most cash. While this reasoning is unsatisfactory-strip clubs are specifically designed to afford a clear view of the stage to every seat in the house, and the most any pair of eyes could be expected to stretch is 20 or 30 feet-it is indeed true that big breasts tend to milk the most dollars out of strip-club aficionados, even when the dancing is listless and uninspired. "Large breasts have always been part of my selling point," says Keisha. "I was blessed to have real ones."

For those strippers less fortunate than Keisha, medical science has progressed by leaps and bounds in endowing women with what Mother Nature only doles out capriciously.

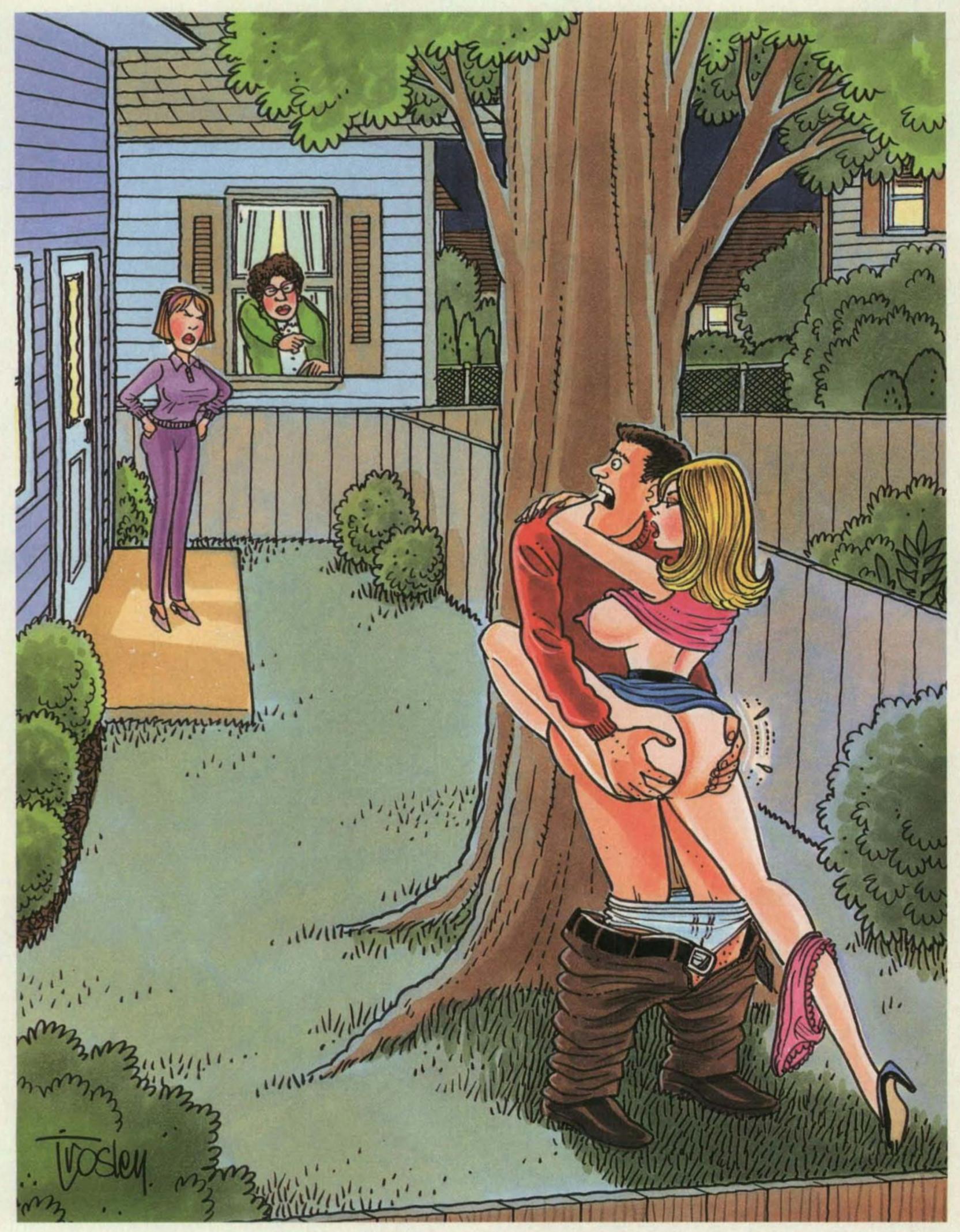
Minka, the Korean-born porn star and stripper, moved to America six years ago to be a tennis instructor. When a job in Hawaii fell through, she turned to work in girlie magazines and then dancing. A relatively modest investment in a boob job has returned costs faster than a Boris Becker serve.

"I make four to five times more money," says Minka, who has undergone a string of enhancement surgeries. Each of her current 47JJ bazongas holds 3,300 cc. (The largest breast implants on the market only hold 1,000 cc; for larger jobs, doctors simply increase the fluid in the boob bags.

(continued on page 70)

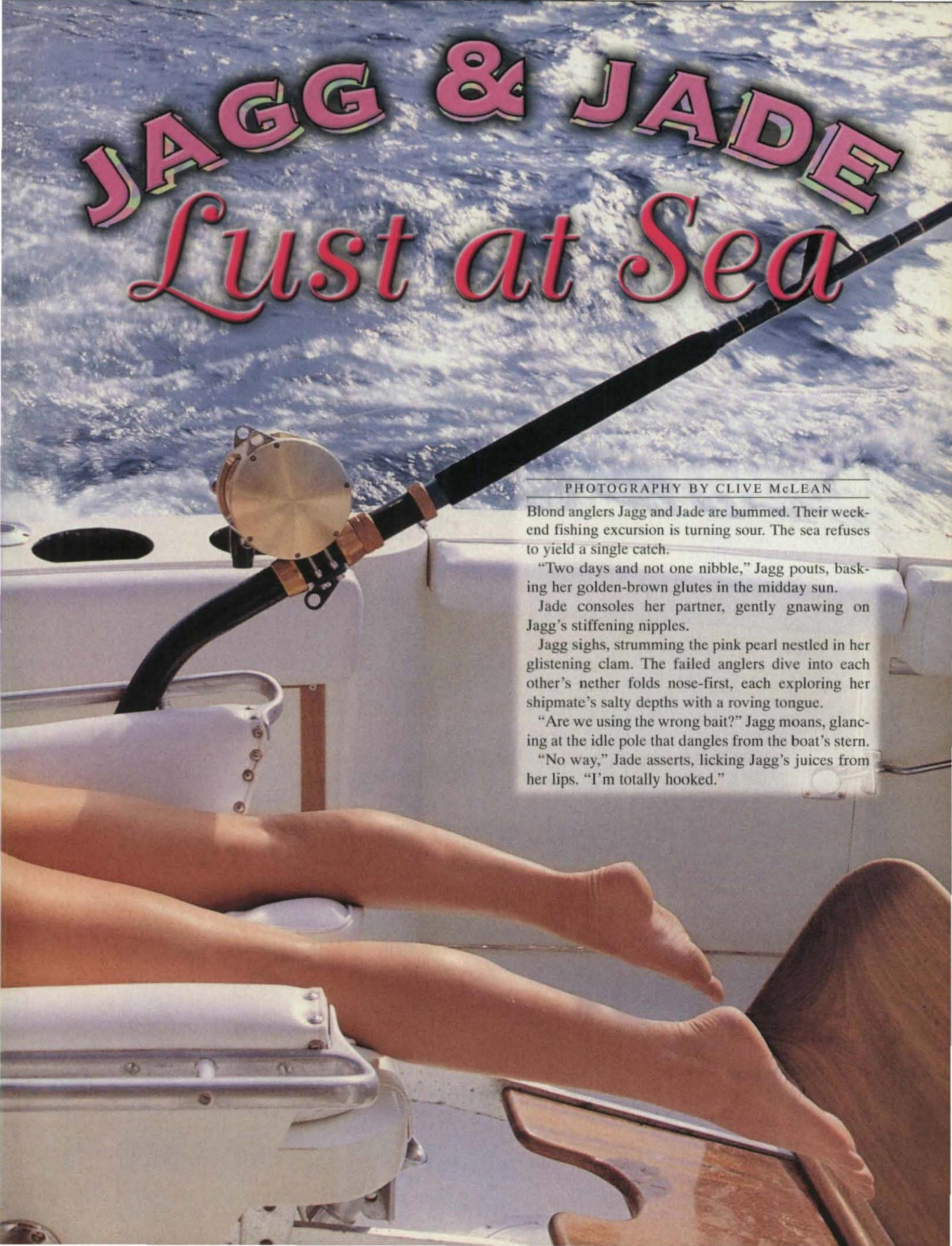


"If you died, I'd like to fuck you just once. I'm betting it would feel exactly the same."



"Oh, shit-I've been Flynted by that nosy Mrs. DiVario!"











Girl.

20







Boobs Sofia Staks is happy with her plus-size tits, but boobs as big as hers elicit frowns of disapproval from some cosmetic surgeons. One doctor approached her at a strip club, spitting mad.

"The size is bigger than your head," Minka says.

The first breast-implant surgery was performed in 1895, when a lipoma, a benign, fatty tumor, was removed from a woman's thigh and inserted into her breast. Before World War II, sea sponges were experimented with; after the war, prostitutes in Japan, wanting to appeal to American GIs, had silicone injected into their breasts. Fifty years later, breast augmentation is a \$450-million-a-year business. Demand for the procedure is so great that companies have sprung up that specialize specifically in financing plastic surgery for those who would otherwise not be able to afford it.

"Women wanted larger breasts from day one," says Dr. William H. Canada, a cosmetic surgeon based in Las Vegas whose practice predominantly specializes in boob jobs. "Right after God took a rib from Adam and made Eve, one of the first things she said was, 'Can you make my breasts bigger?' Women equate their femininity and sexuality with their breasts, just as men equate their masculinity with the size of their penis."

"I love my titties!" says Lisa Lipps, a bodacious porn star and dancer with sevenpound 44DDD jugs. "Guys always ask, 'Are those real?' I'm actually bigger than 44DDD, but I wear a tight bra for more cleavage."

Lisa's tits are not, in fact, real, but their income potential is as real as cold, hard cash. "I make 100% more money," she says. "The first week after my surgery, I got 12 layouts."

Ericka Lockette is tiny, barely five feet tall and a size two. "My first boob job was done years ago; my mom and I had it done together," says the big-titted dancer and porn star. "I've only got 800 cc—that's the most I could handle carrying around. When I was at the Detroit Playhouse, the talent manager told me, 'You've got to get bigger boobs if you expect to make the money the other girls do; guys like big boobs.' So I did, and I doubled my money."

In spite of compelling evidence to the contrary, Lockette isn't necessarily convinced that her surgical procedure was responsible for the dramatic increase in her income.

"To be honest, I'm not sure if it was my big boobs or my sense of self-assurance and confidence that I projected," she says.

Boob jobs have poured scads of cash into the pocketbooks of dancers and porn stars and have been a source of self-confidence for millions of others. However, a woman with large enough bazookas may have to kiss sleeping on her stomach goodbye forever.

"I haven't seen my feet in years," Minka says of her overstuffed chest bags, "but men love them."

"I've got to sleep with a pillow between my breasts, and I've got to wear a sports bra," says Ericka Lockette. "In the beginning, the extra weight gave me horrible back, neck and shoulder pain. It took months of serious working out for me to be able to carry them without it being painful. I'm still in search of a great bra, but the implants were worth it."

Superlarge breast implants excite some controversy in the plastic-surgery community. While some doctors insist that they are merely complying with the wishes of their patients, others feel that the surgeons responsible for inserting very large implants disregard their Hippocratic oath to "do no harm."

After being told by her dance agent that big-bust acts were in, Sofia Staks went out in search of a plastic surgeon willing to implant 2,400 cc of saline in each breast. She contacted five doctors, all of whom refused to perform the surgery.

Finally, Staks found Dr. Peter A. Vogt of Minneapolis, Minnesota, who had to put tissue expanders into this size-three girl to accommodate all of the extra fluid.

"These men can't be board-certified," says Dr. William H. Canada of doctors who perform massive boob jobs. "Twenty-two hundred cc in one breast is bad medicine. It tears down the breast tissue. These women are doing a lot of damage to themselves."

"There are a lot of people who do this surgery, but really few who do it well," says Dr. Ronald E. Moser of AesthetiCare, a plastic-surgery clinic in San Juan Capistrano, California. "Anyone who has breast implants that size will eventually have a problem."

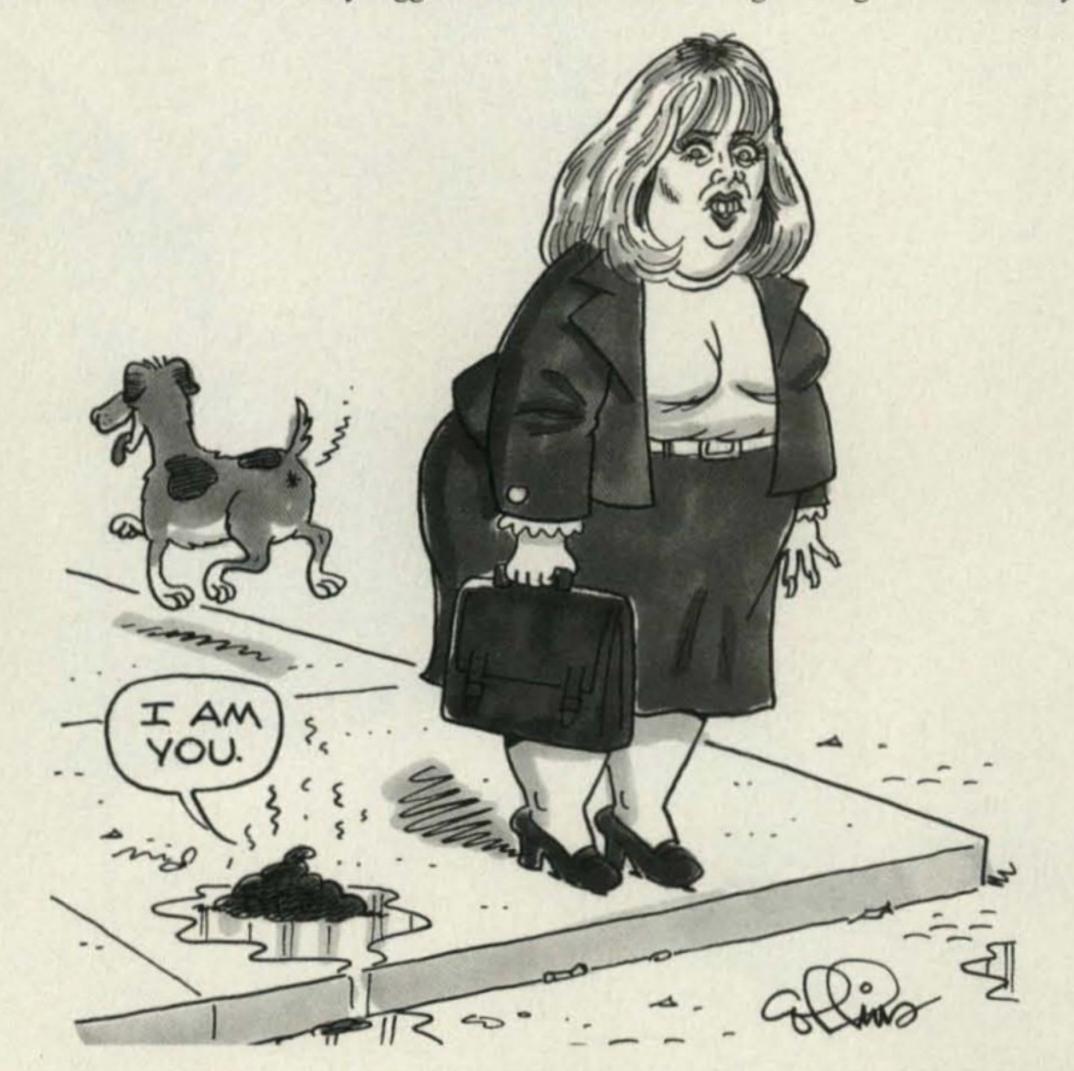
Sofia Staks is happy with her plus-size tits, but boobs as big as hers elicit frowns of disapproval from some cosmetic surgeons. One doctor approached her at a strip club, spitting mad.

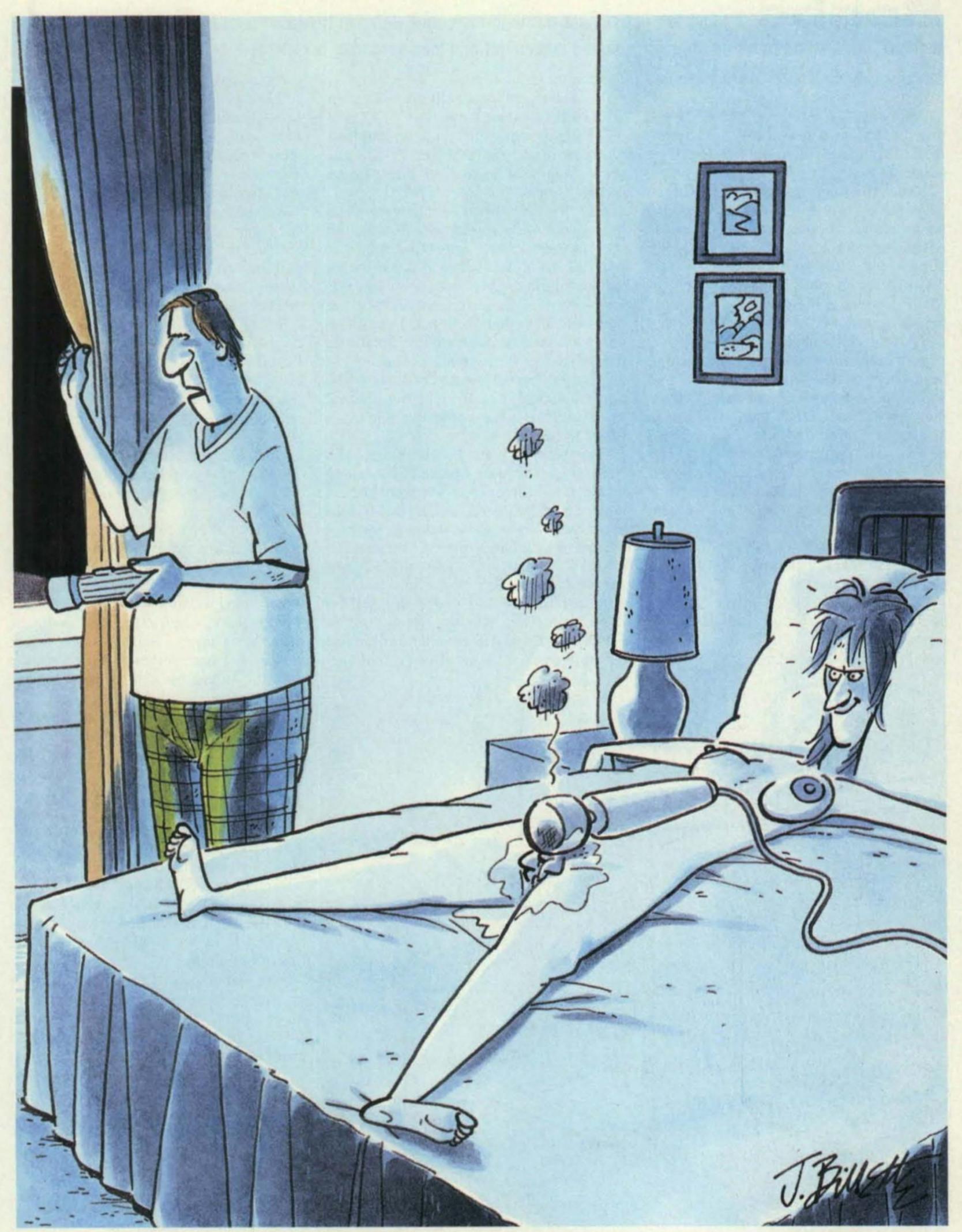
"He was outraged," Staks says. "He wanted to know the name of the guy who did this to me."

Doctor Vogt maintains that his patients are informed and know what to expect from an implant procedure.

"With Sofia, we had a lot of discussions," says Vogt. "Her [implants] were for entertainment purposes. She was very factual that they'd only last a few years and then she'd have to reduce her size. I think she was quite logical in her approach."

For her part, Staks insists that her moti-





"Nice goin', Gristle-clit. You've blacked out the neighborhood again."

Boobs "I had one patient who came to me complaining of irregular periods. She was convinced that her implant had ruptured, and silicone had leaked out and then spread to her uterus."

vation was more wholesome than simple cash lust.

"I always wanted to have larger breasts," she says, now a 45-23-33 bombshell. "My daddy liked big breasts. They make me feel very sexy."

While the vast majority of women never have a problem with their implants, horror stories abound. Adult-film actress Nikki Sinn almost died trying to keep her implants.

Two years into the business, Sinn decided to become a bigger star; she bought bigger breasts. Nikki went to Dr. Wesley G. Harline's clinic in Ogden, Utah.

"A month after surgery, I was getting headaches, then I became run-down and had flulike symptoms," says Sinn. "Even though I had pain in my breast and severe headaches, I refused to believe that it could be my breast implants. It took a 102° fever and being delirious to get me to the hospital. After days of not being able to get rid of the infection, I finally gave in and let them remove my implants."

After four and a half months of healing, Nikki Sinn went back to Dr. Harline and had him put in another implant.

"Dr. Harline explained to me that my body rejected the implant, and that's why I got the infection," Nikki says. "I also had them made a little larger and my nose done at the same time."

Dr. Moser of AesthetiCare disagrees with Nikki's explanation.

"The body only surrounds the implants with scar tissue," says Moser. "There's no such thing as rejection in the classical medical sense."

"My first time, I had a lot to learn about breast jobs—I was stupid and went for the cheapest price," says Lisa Lipps, a 44DDD with the help of 2,000 cc of saline solution. "My first boob job was my worst one. They were only 600 cc, but one was higher than the other. I was dumb and went back to the same doctor to fix them. This time, I woke up midsurgery, and before I was completely awake, [the doctor] shoved me off to a hotel because there were ten other women waiting in his office to be done next.

"The third implants, I took my time and researched. This time I picked [Texas doctor Gerald W.] Johnson. He looked shocked when I told him what I wanted. My idea was a very skinny waist and huge boobs. I wanted to look like a cartoon character."

Kim Chambers was a natural 36E when she went to Dr. Harline's clinic in Utah. Kim got 500 cc and ended up with an infection in her stitches. According to Chambers, Dr. Harline cut her milk ducts out and never told her. Her second surgeon caused yet another infection.

"I had to decide if all this was worth it," says Chambers. "Were these breasts what I was really about? I decided I wasn't just these breasts and had them removed. They are no longer about my self-esteem, and I'm much happier now."

Women have attributed all sorts of unrelated ailments to their boob jobs, especially in the wake of the settlement of the multibillion-dollar class-action lawsuit against Dow Corning, one of the primary makers of silicone-gel implants.

"I had one patient who came to me complaining of irregular periods," says a Beverly Hills, California, cosmetic surgeon who wishes to remain anonymous. "She was convinced that her implant had ruptured, and silicone had leaked out and then spread to her uterus and was affecting her menstrual cycle. I reassured her that there was no relationship whatsoever between her irregular periods and her implants."

Millions of American women have had breast implants, but most are happy to jump from an A to a C cup. What makes a girl aspire to a bra size toward the middle of the alphabet?

Nikki Sinn's inspiration may have come from her parents. Sinn's father was a clown, and her mother did aerial ballet with the circus. "It kind of prepared me for this business," she says.

"Women who get larger breasts usually have a traumatic abuse problem [stemming] from childhood, or their father was a breast man, and they are seeking approval," says Dr. Mace Beckson, Clinical Assistant Professor of Psychiatry at UCLA. "They have no sense of self-assurance. In their need to be someone, they've chosen this identity."

Stripper Lee Carol might be diagnosed as a plastic-surgery junkie. Carol stands only five feet tall, but she stretches almost two feet from her shoulder blades to the tips of her nipples.

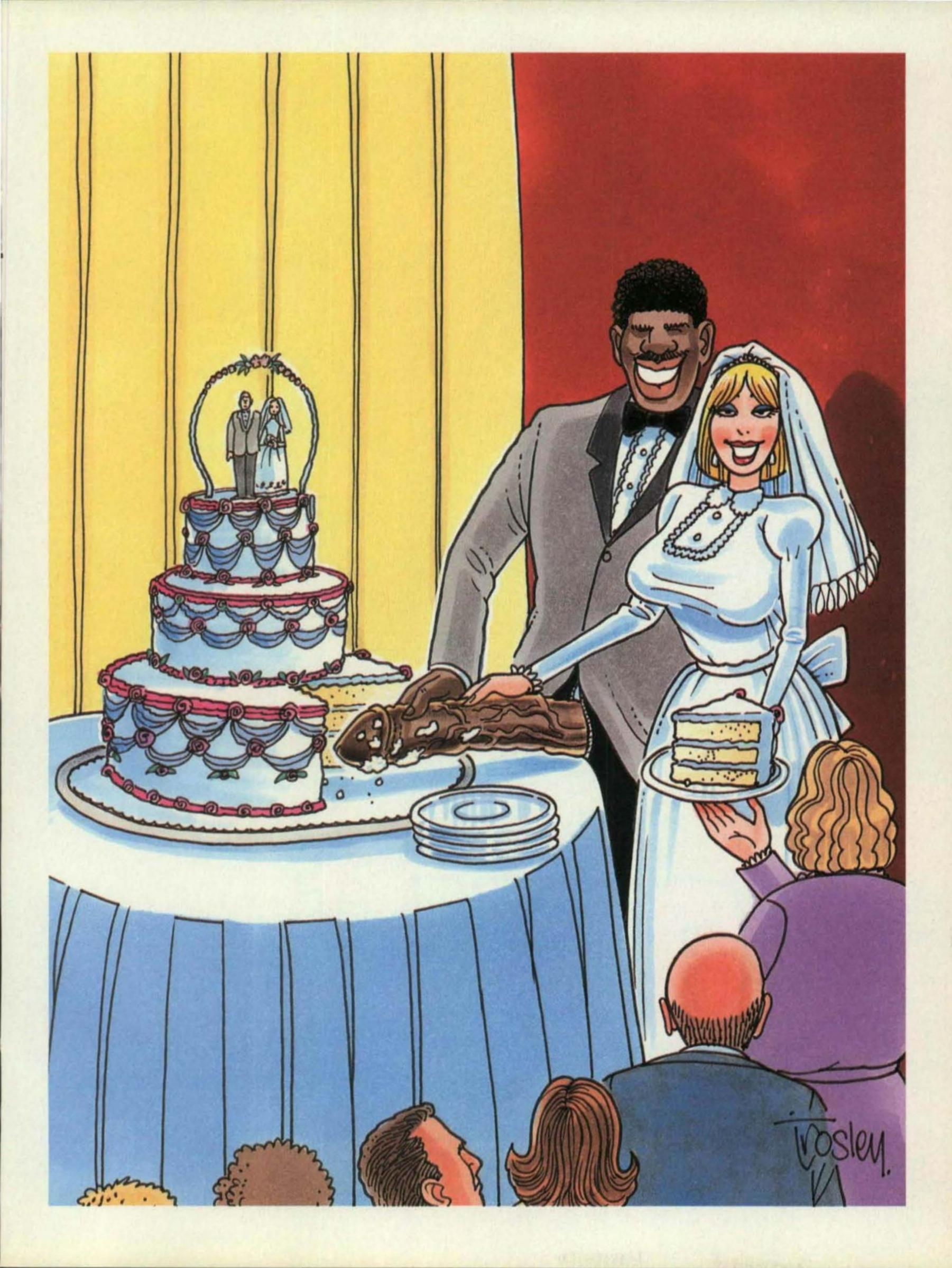
Once flat-chested, Carol first opted for an enlargement procedure as a career move. After her first breast-implant surgery, she returned to have a ruptured implant removed. While she was at it, she decided to have both breasts increased in size and tossed in some liposuction for good measure.

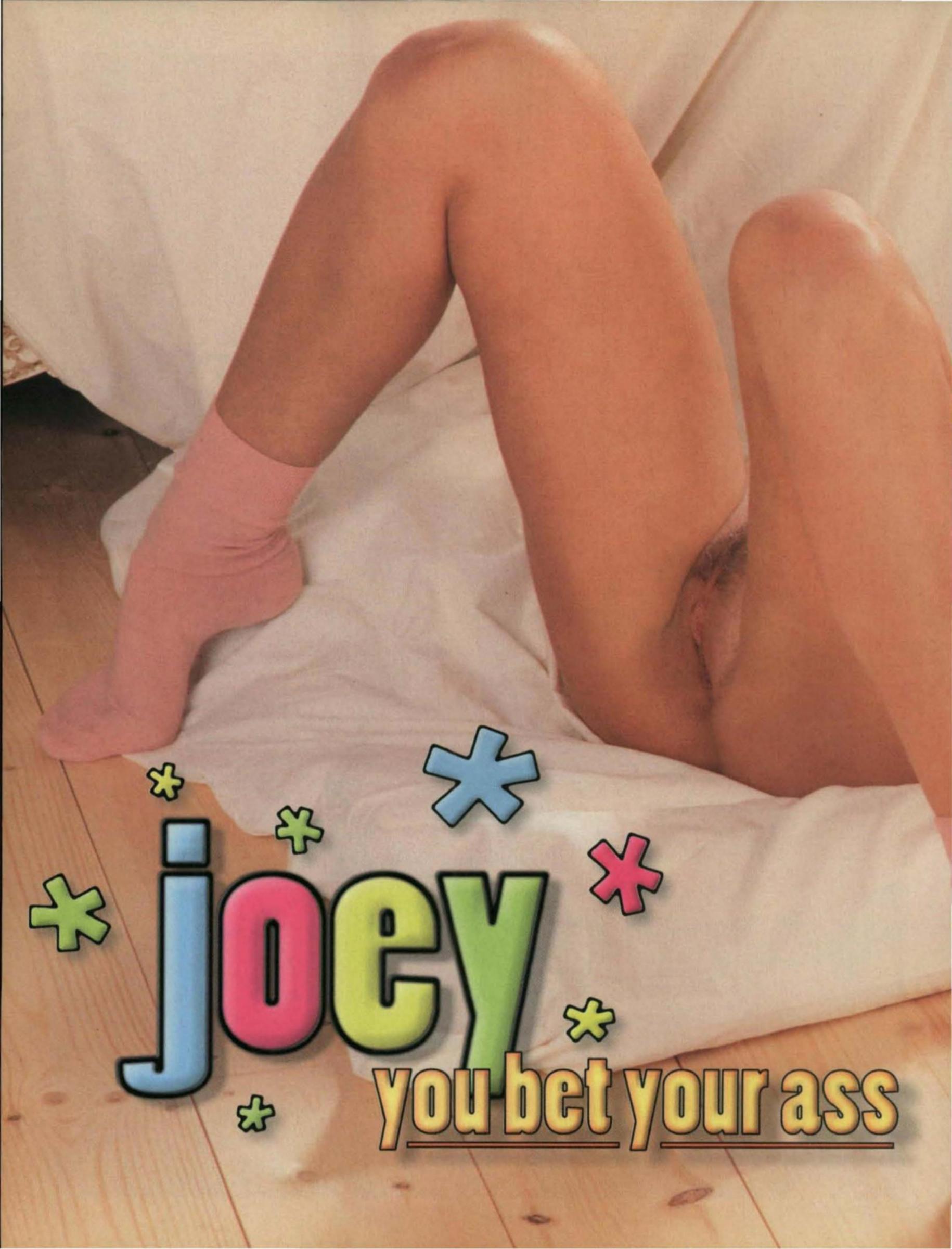
"With huge breasts, I can go out on the road and tour in the bigger-named strip clubs," Carol explains. "Then I can make some real money."

Shortly after the second procedure, she felt a searing pain below her collarbones. Carol had added so much weight to her (continued on page 122)



"Let the record show that the witness took the Fifth again."





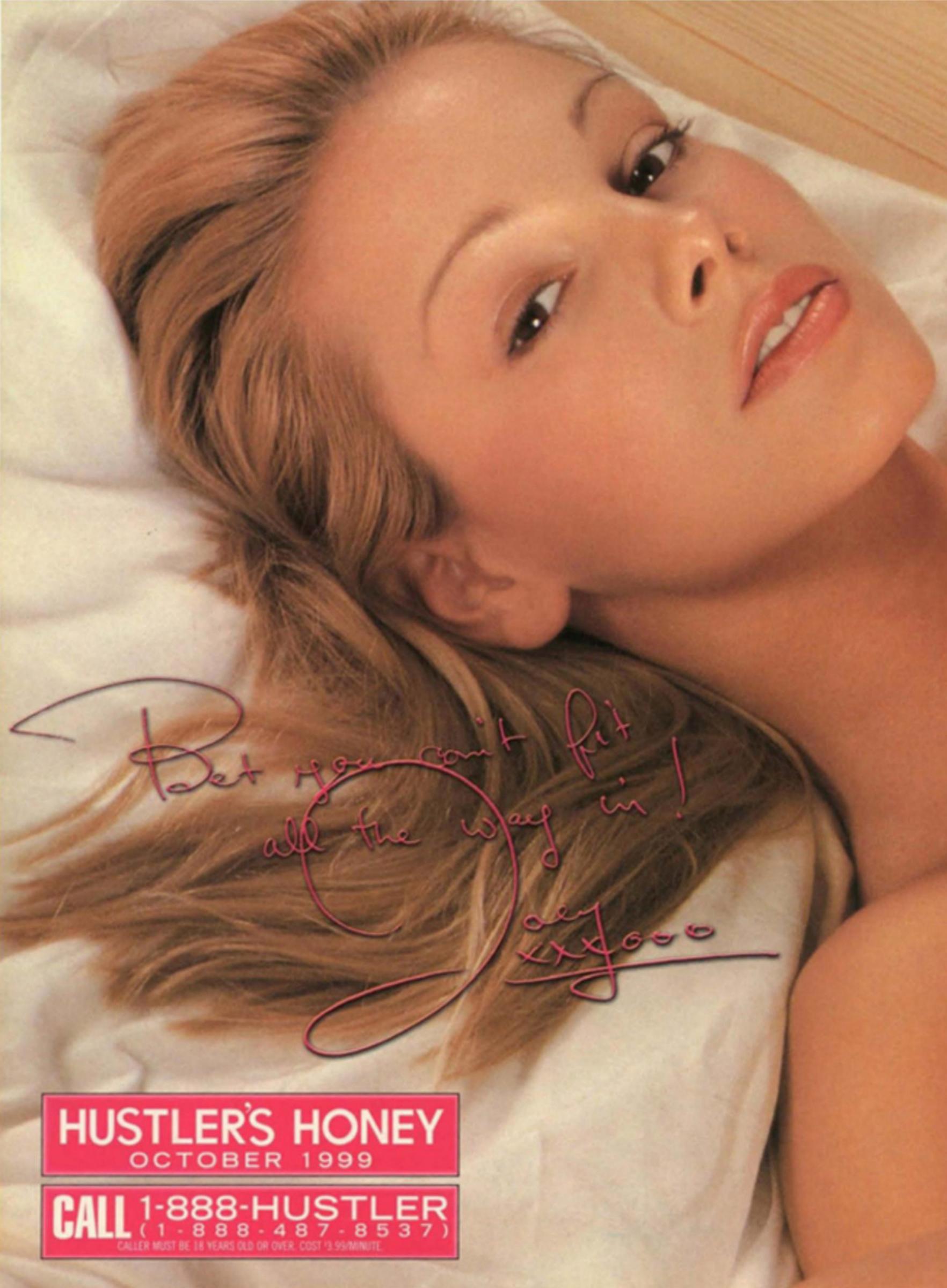




















One day, Frank admitted to his friend Joe that during the war he had been captured and learned to survive by eating his own shit. To demonstrate, Frank reached into his pants, shit in his hand and promptly ate it on the spot.

Joe was astonished, but the gambler in him saw Frank's potential. "Nobody's going to believe you'd do that. Think of the odds we can get! We'll be rich!"

Soon, Joe had six barflies betting a few hundred each against Frank eating shit. They all watched in disgust as the vet sat before a steaming pile of poop on a plate.

Frank was about to dig in, when he suddenly bolted from the table and puked a streak across the room, right onto the gamblers. In a rage, the men beat Frank and Joe within an inch of their lives, took their winnings and left.

"We lost it all!" cried Joe. "Why in the hell didn't you eat the shit?"

Frank shuddered. "There was a hair in it."

Question: What is the difference between tampons and mobile phones?

Answer: Mobile phones are for assholes.

Warren, a young, black boy, went into the kitchen, where his mother was baking. He put his hands in the flour and coated his face with it. He looked at his mother and said, "Look, Momma! I'm a white boy!"

Warren's mother slapped him hard on the face and said, "Boy, go show your daddy."

The boy sulked into the living room. "Look, Daddy. I'm a white boy," he muttered. Warren's daddy took off his belt and gave the kid six good whacks across the ass, then roared, "Boy, go show your grandmother."

Crying, Warren crept to his grandmother's room and whimpered, "Look, Gramma. I'm a white boy."

The scandalized old woman demanded his shoe, then beat him over the head and shoulders with it. "I hope you learned a lesson," scolded Warren's grandmother.

Warren wept, "I sure did. I only been a white boy for five minutes, and I already hate niggers." A guy met a girl at a nightclub, and she invited him back to her place for the night. When the guy walked into the bedroom, he noticed all sorts of fluffy toys. There were hundreds of them: fluffy toys on top of the wardrobe, the bookshelf and windowsill, more on the floor and, of course, fluffy toys all over the bed.

After he'd boned her, the guy turned to her and asked, "So, how was I?"

She sighed, "Well, you can take anything from the bottom shelf."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines safe-deposit box as: a woman who's had her tubes tied.

Lucy only liked virgin men. She heard a rumor that Australia had the most virgins, and she took the next flight there. Sure enough, the first guy she met turned out to be a virgin, and they checked into a hotel.

While Lucy prepared herself in the bathroom, she heard a commotion outside. When she opened the door, she saw that the Aussie had moved all the furniture up against the walls, leaving a wide-open floor.

"You lying sack of shit," Lucy screamed. "I thought you'd never fucked a woman before?"

"I never have," the Aussie replied, "but if you're anything like a kangaroo, we'll need lots of room."

Question: What do you tell a chick with two black eyes?
Answer: Nothing. She's already been told twice.

Marty stayed late at the office to fuck around. He ended up with a hickey on his neck the size of a doorknob.

"Shit, what am I gonna tell my wife?" Marty worried.

When he arrived home, Marty heard the dog barking at the door. An idea struck him. He opened the door, and the affectionate dog leaped up on him. They rolled around, play fighting for a minute.

"Ow!" Marty yelled, grabbing his neck. He ran inside to show his wife.

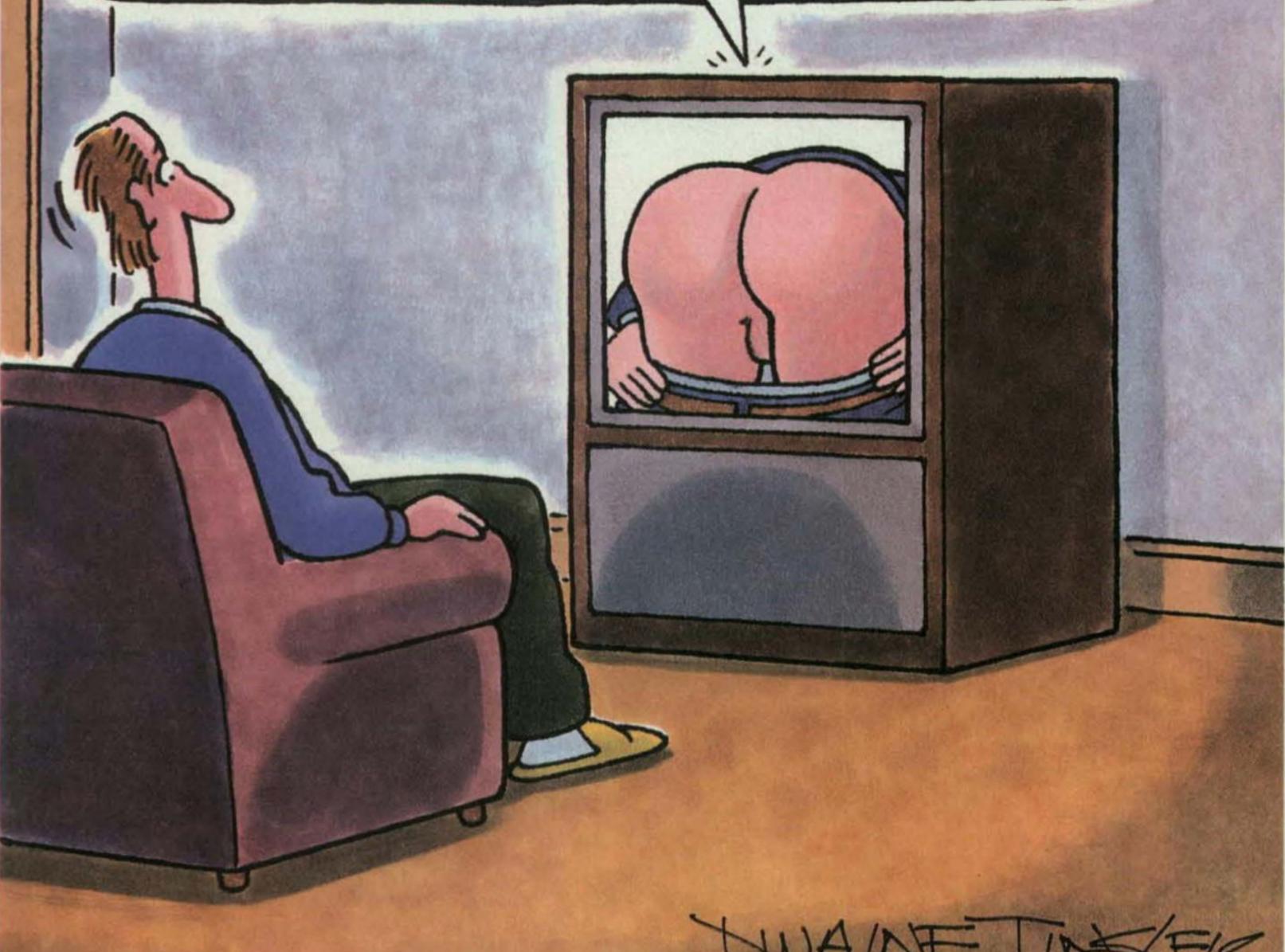
"Honey," he said, "look what the dog did to my neck."

His wife tore open her blouse, flashed a big, purple hickey of her own, and said, "That's nothing. Look what he did to my tits."

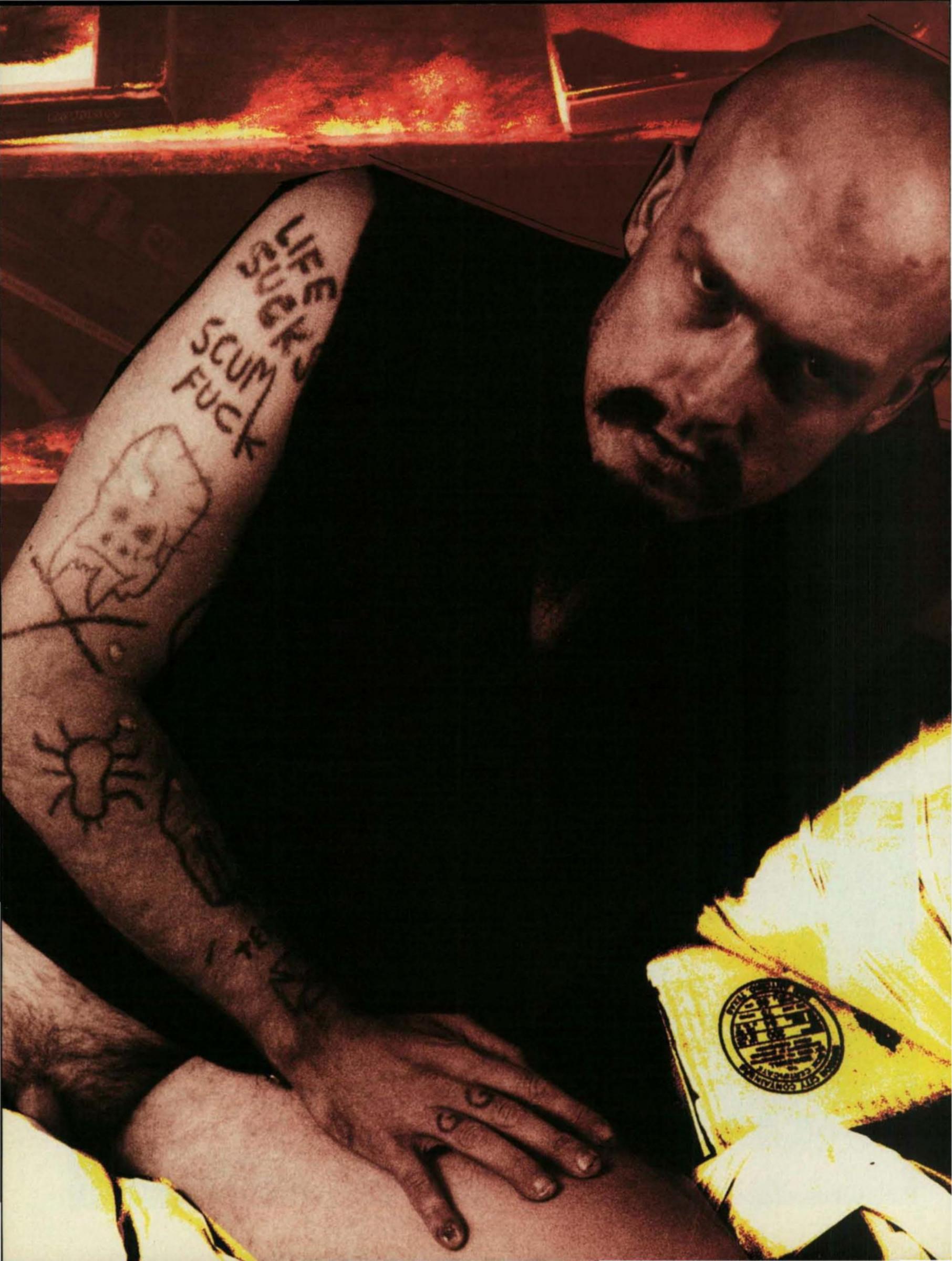
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SO TO ALL MY DETRACTORS I SAY THIS: YOU CAN KISS MY BIG PINK ASS!!



TWAINET IN THE



JE LAST DAYS OF GG ALLIN POSTMORTEM BY EVAN COHEN PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD KERN Punk rock's answer to Gallagher, GG Allin wowed audiences by eating his own shit, mutilating his body and allowing himself to be bludgeoned by moshers. A roadie remembers the crash-andburn antics of an entertainer hell-bent on self-destruction.

Evan Cohen is the author of I Was a Murder Junkie, The Last Days of GG

Allin (San Pedro, California: Recess Records, 1999). The memoir can be

ordered online at www.recessrecords.com or by phone at 1-310-548-8666.

GG walked to the center of the stage where his feces lay untouched. He knelt before the pile and gathered some in his hands. He smeared the vile brown pudding all over his wet body.

GG Allin stood naked onstage, wiping blood and sweat from his eyes so he could view his latest masterpiece. The girl lay in a motionless heap on the floor; he had just finished head butting her into unconsciousness. Her friends had warned her not to stand too close to the stage, but she was too drunk to listen. Now she wasn't even awake to enjoy the high-speed ambulance ride to the hospital.

The blood that obscured GG's vision was his own. Earlier, he had cut his head up with the sharp corner of a crushed beer can. His naked body bore a twisted road map of self-inflicted scars. It also displayed a collection of homemade tattoos, ranging from crude drawings of guns and knives to sayings such as LIFE SUCKS, SCUM FUCK and LIVE FAST, DIE.

GG walked to the center of the stage where his feces lay untouched. He knelt before the pile and gathered some in his hands. He smeared the vile brown pudding all over his wet body, into his cuts, and threw the rest into the audience. He licked his fingers clean. When the band started to play the next song, GG ran into the audience and grabbed another girl by the hair. She twisted away, leaving him with only a fistful of blonde. He turned his attention back to the microphone, which he proceeded to pummel into his

skull repeatedly, and then began to sing. It was just another day at the office for GG Allin.

By the time Jesus Christ "GG" Allin was 33 years old, he had gone public with his plan to end his life onstage, on Halloween, in an ultimate act of rock 'n' roll absolution. However, Allin was serving a three-year sentence at Jackson State Penitentiary for assault and battery when October 31, 1989, rolled around. Some said that he chickened out, while GG maintained that it would have been ridiculous to go through with the act. After all, it wouldn't have been in front of an audience.

Playing naked, brawling with fans and using the stage as a toilet/buffet table earned GG a lengthy arrest record; at the same time, his scatological antics guaranteed him a devoted road following.

I was a roadie on the 1993 GG Allin and the Murder Junkies' Terror in America tour. I shot video, sold merchandise, took still photos and drove when necessary. The Murder Junkies included Merle, GG's brother, who plays bass and sports an overgrown Hitler mustache; Dino, who has no qualms about masturbating for an audience while he's not playing drums; and Bill, the guitarist, whose standard attire

is black. It was a rock 'n' roll tour like no other.

At the Somber Reptile in Atlanta, GG played wearing nothing but a small, plastic American flag tied over his crotch, which he unsuccessfully tried to light on fire. He had fun during this show, hitting willing victims in the audience and pulling tufts of hair from their heads. In an act of charity, he gave oral sex to a lady of questionable taste; the band played on.

After the show, a short-haired girl named April, who was wearing nothing but Bermuda shorts and a black bra, approached GG and said, "You kicked me in the ribs, man. That's so awesome. Thank you very much."

GG's eyes widened as he fully noticed the contents of April's bra. "Hey, do you mind if I suck your tits?" he asked.

"No problem, dude."

GG bent over. "Look at that shit; I gotta get a lick on it before we go." He proceeded to flip one of the cups inside out and put his mouth to work.

"Do you want my bra?"

"I want your bra; I want your underwear; I want your piss; I want everything about you," he said in a voice smothered by mammary flesh.

"You can't have my underwear; I just bought these."

"We'll buy 'em off you—how's that?"
GG finished his suckling and straightened
up for the bargaining.

"Okay, if you buy them."

"How much?"

"Ten bucks."

"I'll give you a record or two," he bartered.

"No, I need money. I need cigarettes."

"We'll give you a pack of cigarettes. Come on, let me have them. Be a sport."

"Dude, I'll have to take off my boots."

"All you gotta do is rip 'em."

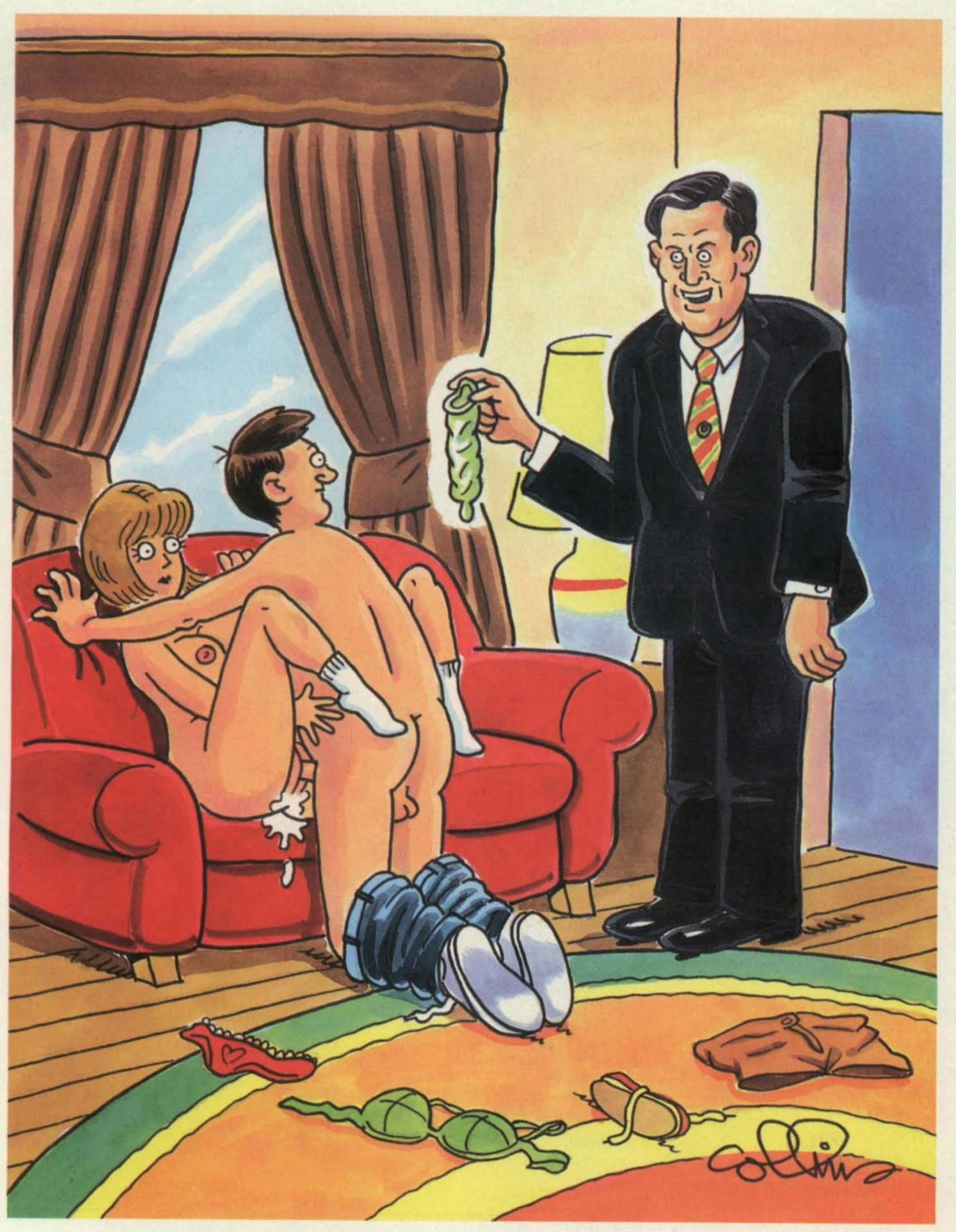
"Take them with this," I interrupted, holding a razor blade in my hand. Nobody thought it was odd that I had this item on me. You never know when you're gonna need one.

GG took the blade and cut the edge of the panty that April was pulling up from her shorts. "I just want the crotch area," he said as he brought the cut undies to his nose and inhaled deeply. "Now you can have some of my blood." GG cut up his left cheek with the razor. At first it didn't bleed too well; so he attacked the right side of his face with an even greater fervor until blood flowed.

"It's bleeding enough, all right?" April said with a worried look. GG stopped the self-mutilation.

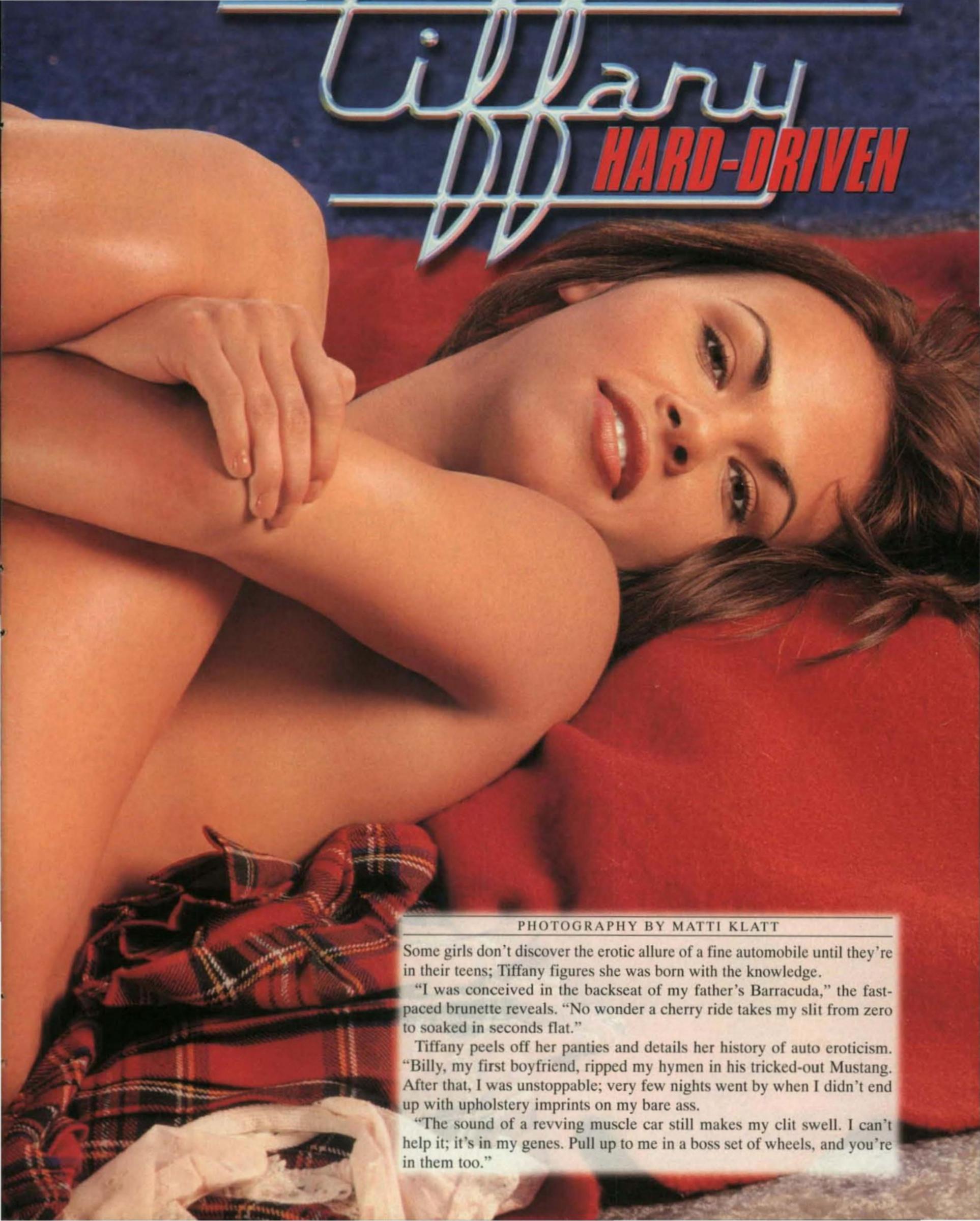
(continued on page 98)





"Hey, kids, safe sex is a must today. Here, try this. I'm Al Gore, and I invented it."

















(continued from page 88)

GG grabbed April's arm and began to slash at it with the blade. "It really hurts, man," she protested. He pinched a chunk of flesh and attacked it. When the crimson finally flowed, GG took a healthy slug.

"Now lick it off my face," he said. April gladly slopped up the blood. "Now you gotta do the same, and I'll lick yours. Just slash your face."

April eyed him nervously. "No, man, I'm not slashing my face, dude; I've got a pretty face." April wasn't lying.

"So do I."

GG grabbed April's arm and began to slash at it with the blade. "It really hurts, man," she protested. He pinched a chunk of flesh and attacked it. When the crimson finally flowed, GG took a healthy slug. We left April with half a pack of cigarettes and put Atlanta behind us.

At a show at the Hong Kong Cafe, a Chinese restaurant in Laguna Beach, California, GG and Merle went to the stage to see what kind of equipment they would be borrowing for the night. The first band's equipment was nothing more than a few public-address speakers.

"This is fuckin' bullshit!" GG yelled. He grabbed one of the PA columns and threw it to the floor.

"Oh, well," GG said. "I guess we'll have to borrow from someone else."

That someone else was Duchess DeSade, who has been described as the female GG Allin. Her act includes whips, domination and, occasionally, urine.

Merle and Bill approached her to discuss the business of borrowing equipment.

"Well, I know that my band is really concerned about getting feces on their equipment," the Duchess said.

"Everything goes forward, not back," Bill assured her.

"Well, let me ask them. I'll be right back." With that, the Duchess turned around and walked away. All eyes were fixed on her firm rump.

The Duchess soon came back with her bassist, a big woman, behind her; this woman was tall and round and not the kind of person you'd want to meet late at night in an alley behind a lesbian bar.

"Well, I talked about it with the band, and they'll rent you their amps for \$250 apiece," the Duchess said.

Bill laughed in her face. Merle exploded. "Fuck you! We can buy a fuckin' amp for that price, you dumb bitch," Merle said. "You let us borrow your amps, or you can leave, because everybody that's coming here is coming to see us. We're doing you a favor by letting you play with us."

GG had had enough. He walked up to the Duchess.

"Get the fuck out of here," he said, and backhanded her across the face, knocking her to the floor.

"You just hit me?" she asked in aston-

ishment. "You hit me?"

The behemoth bass player then stepped in front of the Duchess.

"Get the fuck out; I'll do whatever the fuck I want to do," GG said. "Get the fuck out of here, bitch!" With that, he punched the bass player square in the mouth. The mountain with legs staggered backward.

"You bastard!" the Duchess yelled.

"I'll do what I want to fuckin' do, bitch, 'cause I'm GG Allin."

"I'll kill you!" the Duchess screamed as the large one dragged her out of the room.

"Fuck you!"

"Motherfucker!"

"Oh, sorry I can't use your amp at \$250." "I'll kill you!"

"Fuck you, bitch."

As calm settled over the room, some kids volunteered their equipment. They said they could get it from their house and be back within 45 minutes. None of this mattered. The club owners canceled the show, and security politely told us to pack up and leave—or they'd "help" us.

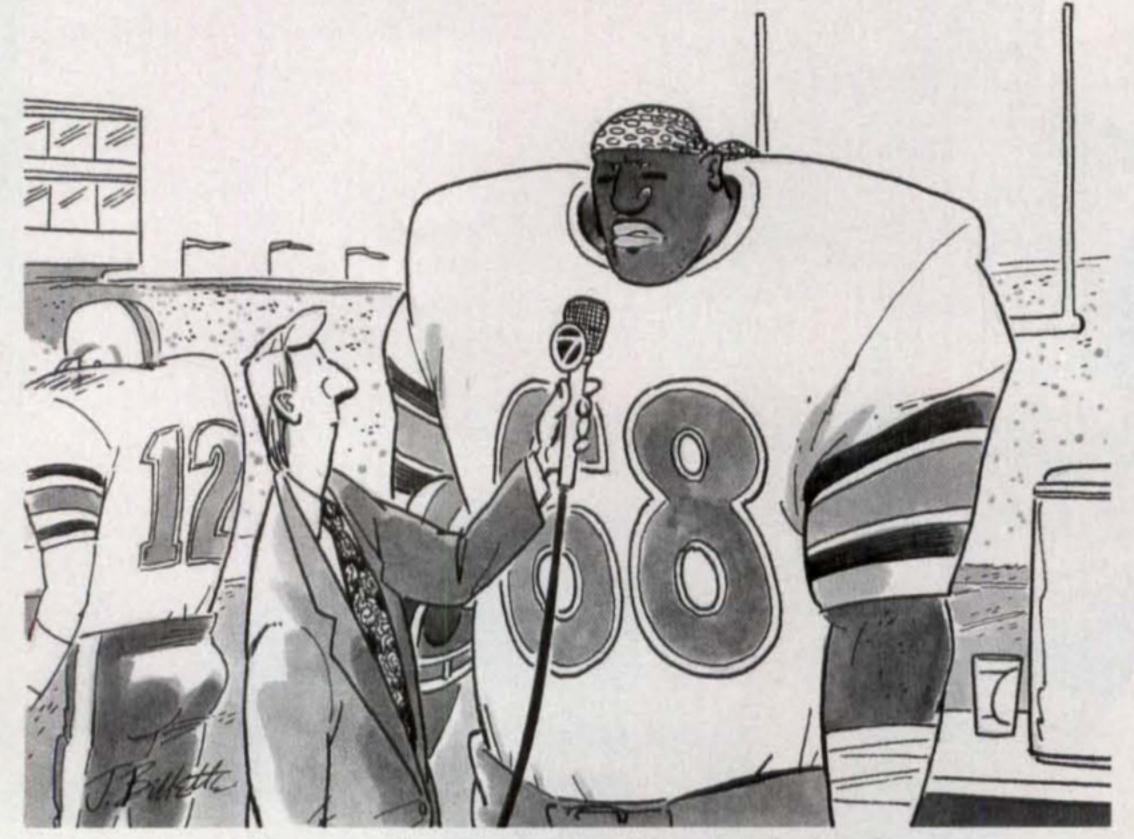
Under the Rail in Seattle was a large club with a capacity of about 700 people. It had a fully professional lighting system and built-in smoke machines. The stage was high off the ground, with a barrier in front of it to keep the audience away from the performer. GG wasn't thrilled when he first saw the barrier, but he also recognized it as a challenge.

During the opening sets, Bill struck up a friendship with a pretty blonde named Ingrid. I had never seen a woman with such incredibly green teeth before. Amid protests from the band, Bill decided to take a stroll with Ingrid, even though the band was due onstage in 15 minutes. He didn't return in time, forcing the band to take the stage sans a guitar player.

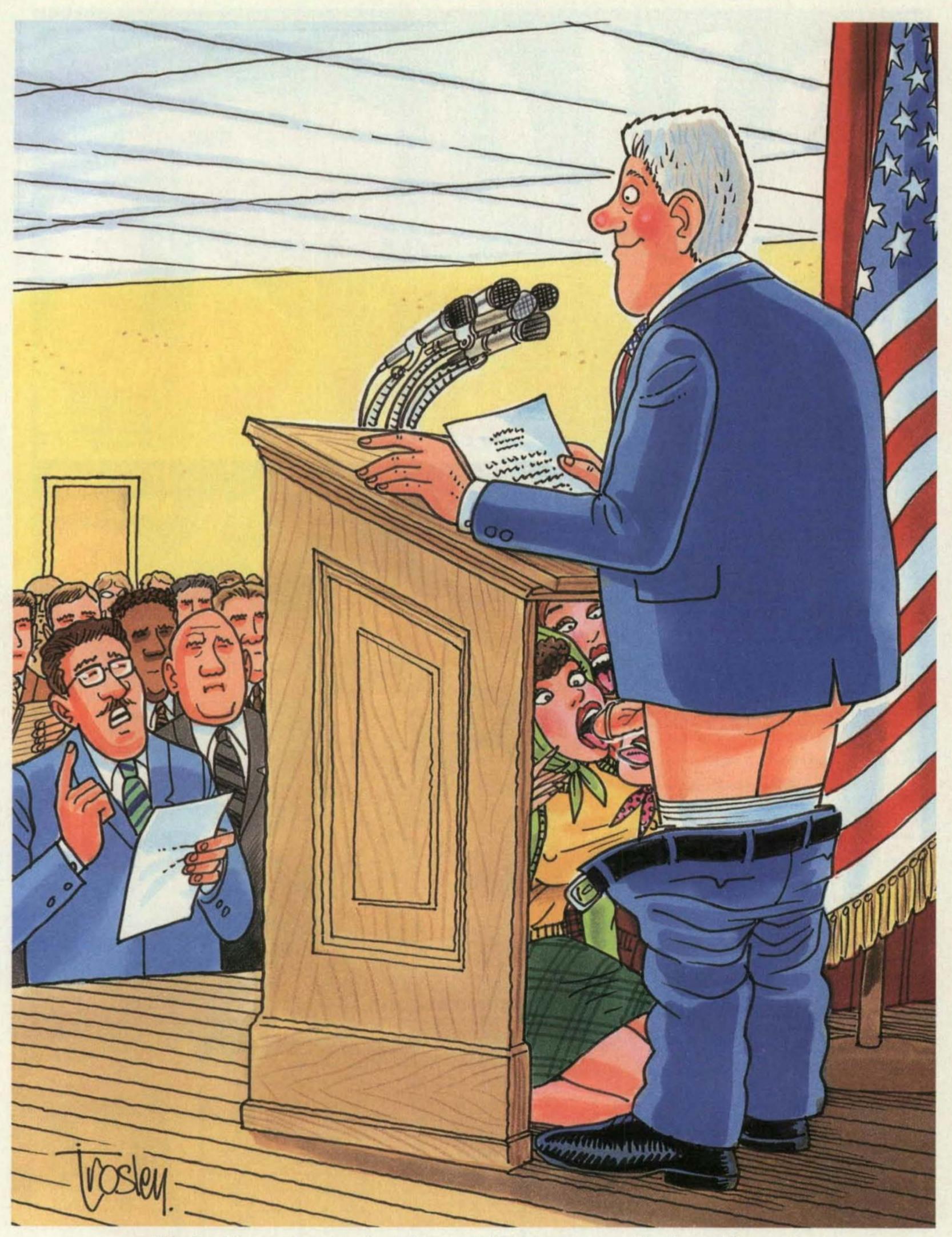
The first ten minutes of the show were a GG Allin high mass. He started with communion.

"Accept the body of GG Allin," he preached as he squeezed a smidgen of shit out of his ass. He knelt before the holy feces, gathered it in his fingers and sampled its taste. Then he offered it to the audience with an overhand arc and spat out the rest. From a bag, he produced a Gideon Bible, which he tore into pieces. The next offering was a local music paper that failed to mention the show and a plastic American flag. With a jigger of lighter fluid, these items were transformed into a blazing pyre. The air filled with smoke and burning particles of paper and plastic. GG squeezed more communion out of his anointed orifice.

Bill eventually showed up; the music (continued on page 106)

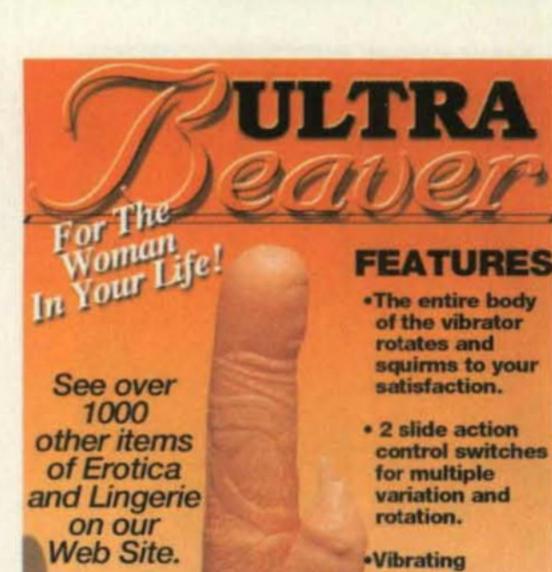


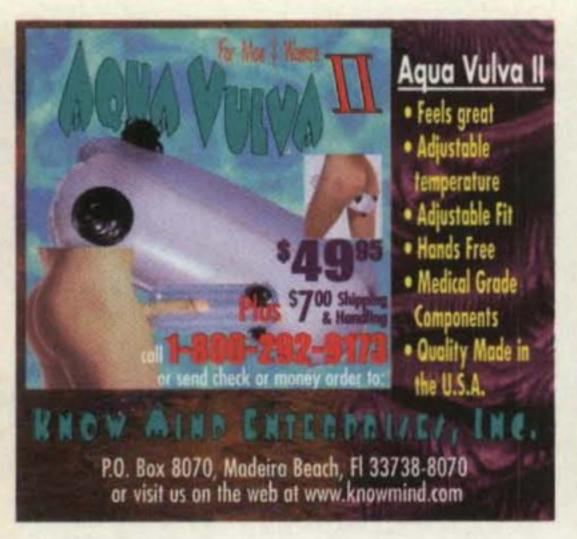
"Our game plan today be to sack the quarterback early and squeeze his testicles very, very hard...."

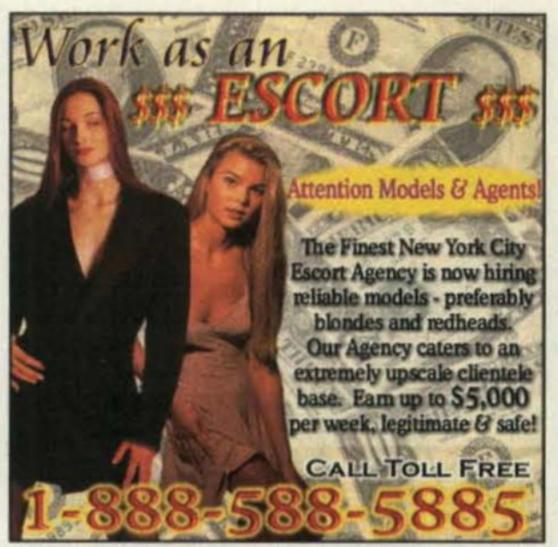


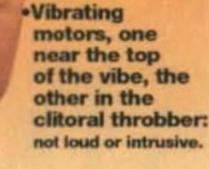
"Mr. President, you mentioned your interest in Kosovar refugees....Could you elaborate?"

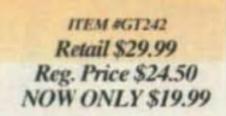












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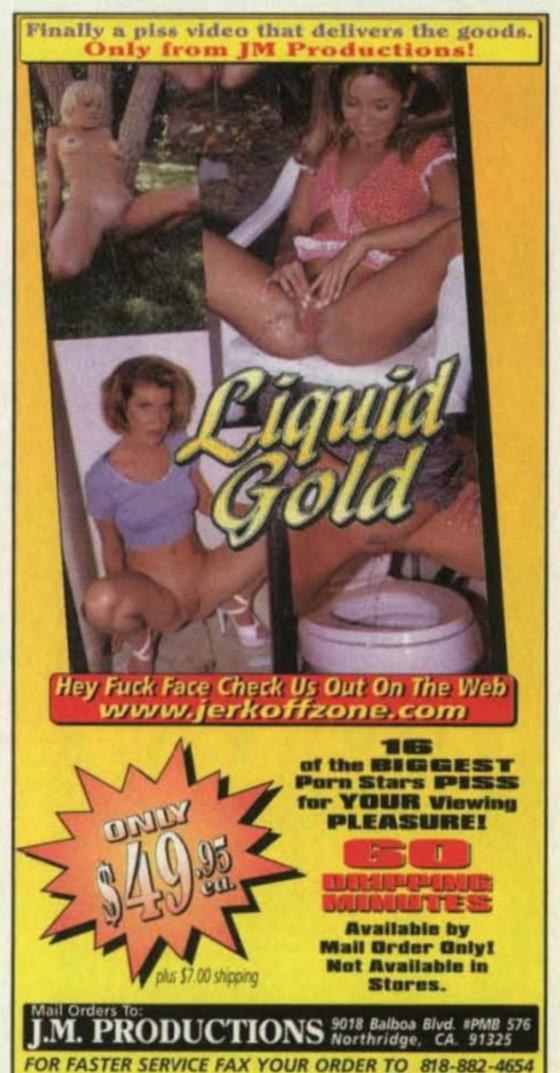
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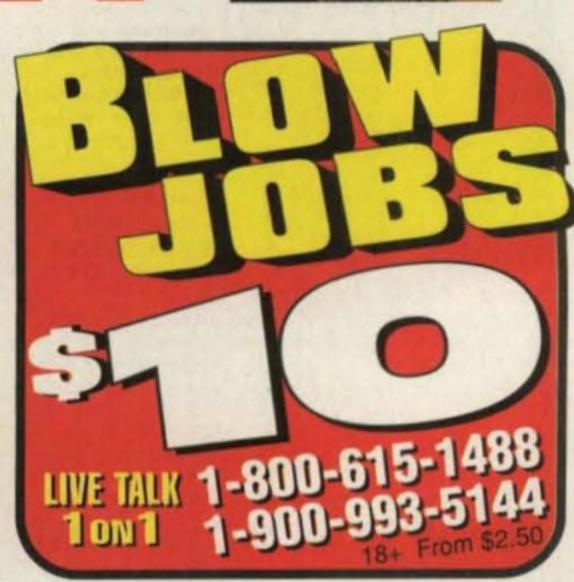
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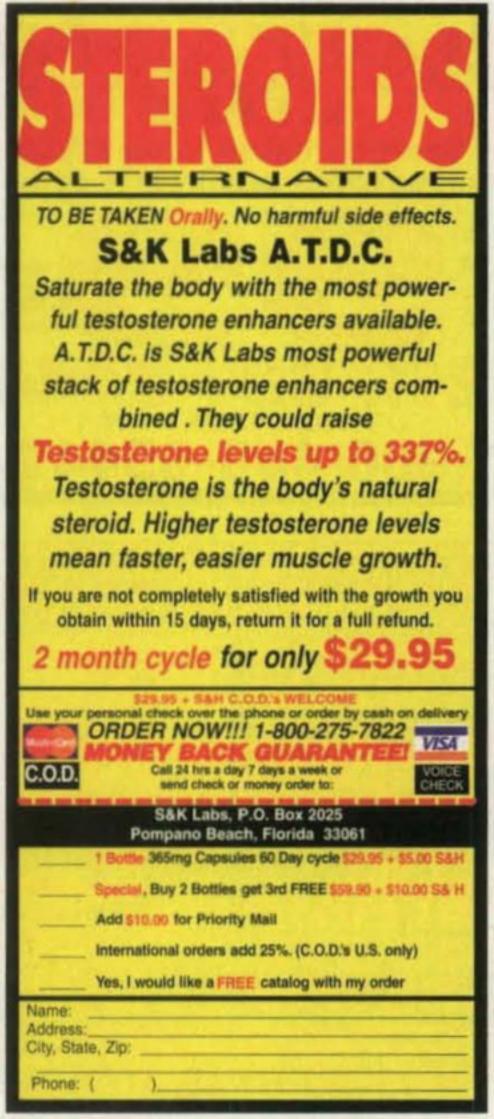






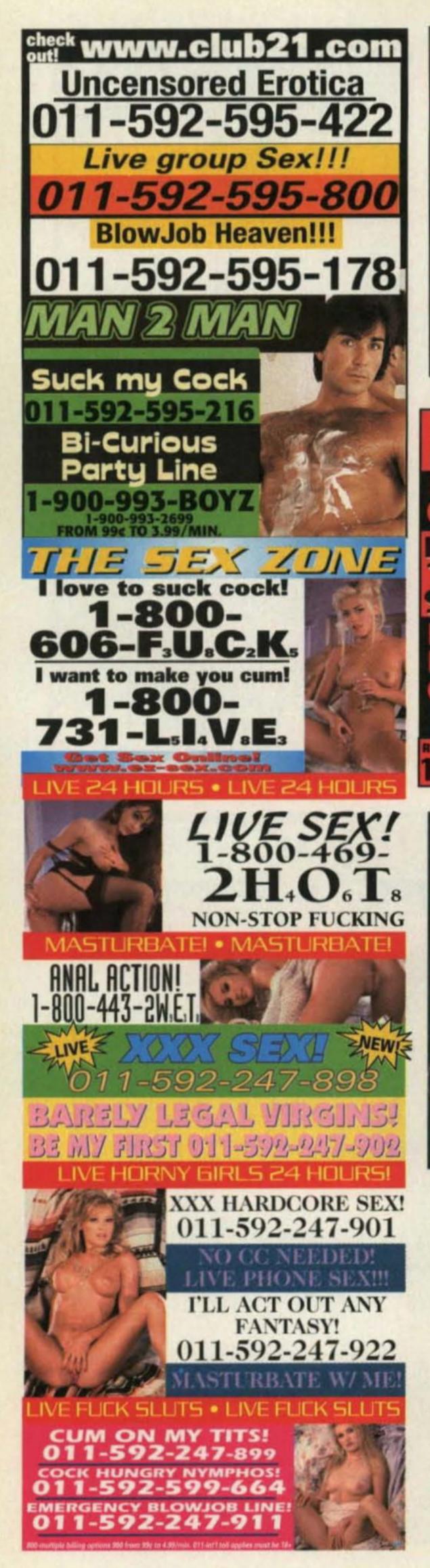






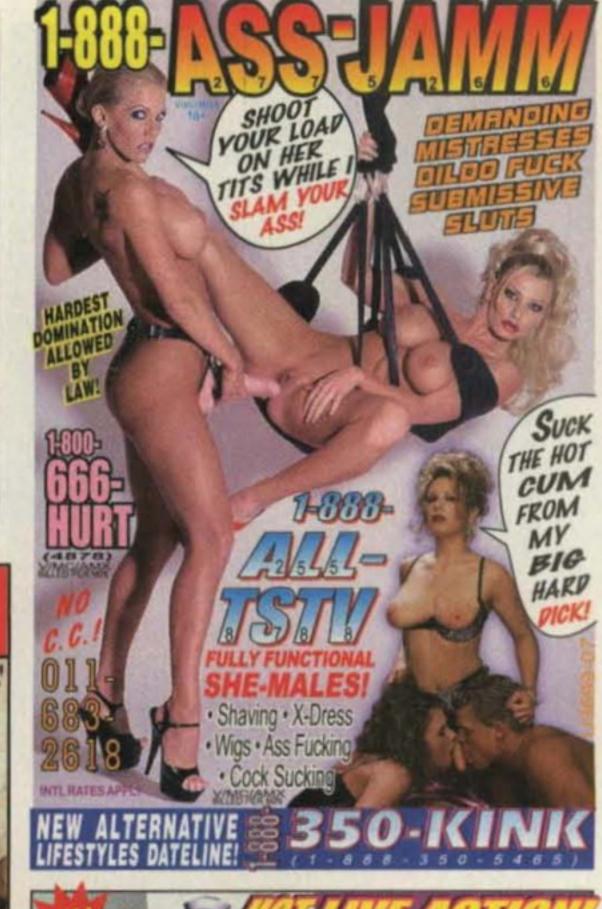




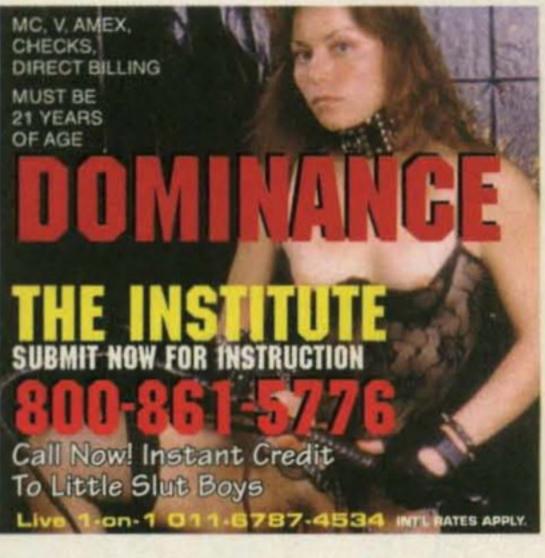










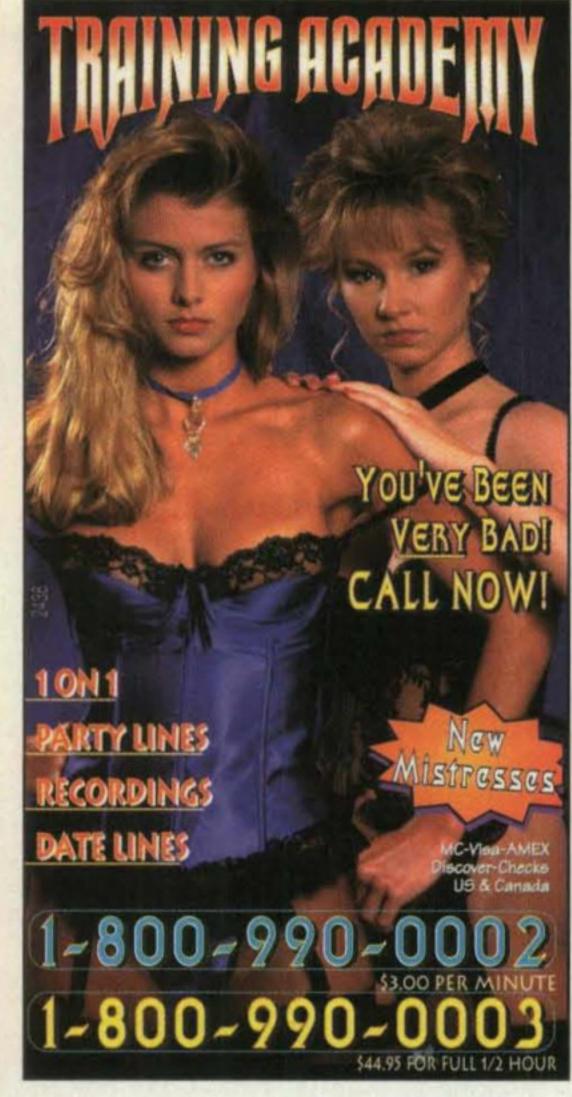






















We ended up in a dark field somewhere. Michelle unleashed a torrent of urine. GG drank heartily as he lifted his head into the spray and jerked off.

could commence. The stage barrier proved only a minor inconvenience to GG. He hopped it, ran through the audience and wrestled a man to the ground. In an instant, he was dog piled by a pack of malcontents. What happened next I've only seen in cartoons. In the middle of the chaos, GG calmly crawled out of the tangle of arms and legs and hopped right back onstage, unscathed. To this day, I've never seen anything like it. Actually, there are many things I haven't seen quite like the things I saw on tour with GG Allin.

When we got to the club in Houston, we found there was a problem: They had erroneously booked us for the following day. The club offered us \$200 to walk, but the band figured that since they were there, they might as well play. They saw it as a rehearsal gig.

The club helped us put on a five-hour word-of-mouth campaign, which included a short but foul-mouthed radio interview at Rice University. The efforts paid off: One hundred and one paying customers showed up, including one policeman's daughter.

Michelle didn't have enough money to get into the show, but was willing to do anything to see it. She talked it over with GG, and a contract was drawn up stating that she would "piss in GG Allin's mouth

and surrender my underwear in exchange for free entry to the greatest rock 'n' roll show in Houston tonight." With that signed and co-signed, the show could begin.

Since it was a glorified rehearsal, the mood of the show was relaxed. GG hit a few people here and there, but, for the most part, his attitude was playful. His mind was elsewhere-stuck on the fulfillment of Michelle's contract.

By the time we were ready to leave the club, Michelle had yet to produce any urine. She told us that she could not do it right there; so we followed her car to a secluded gas station. Behind the garage, GG lay down with Michelle standing over him. She pushed and strained for five minutes, but couldn't produce more than a trickle down her leg. GG was patient with her, and we decided that maybe another location would help. Our next stop was a dark side street. Michelle was still quite nervous and straining her urethra. There were too many people walking around, and she was beginning to feel self-conscious. Michelle only squirted out a little bit, but at least she cleared her legs.

We ended up in a dark field somewhere. After sucking on ice cubes and thinking of waterfalls and leaky faucets, Michelle unleashed a torrent of urine. GG drank heartily as he lifted his head into the spray and jerked off. Mazel tov.

The Cow Palace was an old, abandoned warehouse located 100 yards down a gravel road off a four-lane highway in Joplin, Missouri. The three opening bands played exceptionally bad and painfully long sets. GG locked himself in a back room and shook with the madness of waiting.

The Murder Junkies were supposed to go on at 10:30, which came and passed. The band that was playing right before them had to be one of the worst acts I've seen. They had a drummer, a lead singer/yeller, a guy banging on a rusty, 55-gallon drum and an asshole playing one single note over and over again on a banged-up trumpet. While this band pounded away, Merle collected \$400 from Kelly, the promoter. Right after Merle got paid, Kelly left the club to run an errand; GG decided to take matters into his own hands.

I have never seen a tackle so great as I did that night—not even in an NFL Films highlight reel. GG ran right into the lead singer and knocked him through the drum set, which broke in half. He then jumped off the stage and began to yell over the growing feedback. "Fuck you, you fucks! Get the fuck outta here! You're done now! I'm tired of fuckin' hearing them, man; they fuckin' suck! Get the fuck out.... We're ready to fuckin' play; we're not gonna sit in this motherfuckin' room all fuckin' night waiting for lame-ass fuckin' bands!" With that, GG retreated to his little room again.

GG simmered down as the people in the club reconstructed the mess on the stage. Dino prepared for the show by dressing down into a brand-new pair of women's panties. I joined GG. "I'm ready to go; I'm ready to go; I'm ready to fuckin' go," he said.

"Did we get paid?" I asked.

"Yeah, 400," GG said. "We can get out of here whenever we fuckin' want to. I'm not gonna be treated like a fuckin' piece of shit. Fuck that. Son of a bitch, that band was so fuckin' boring."

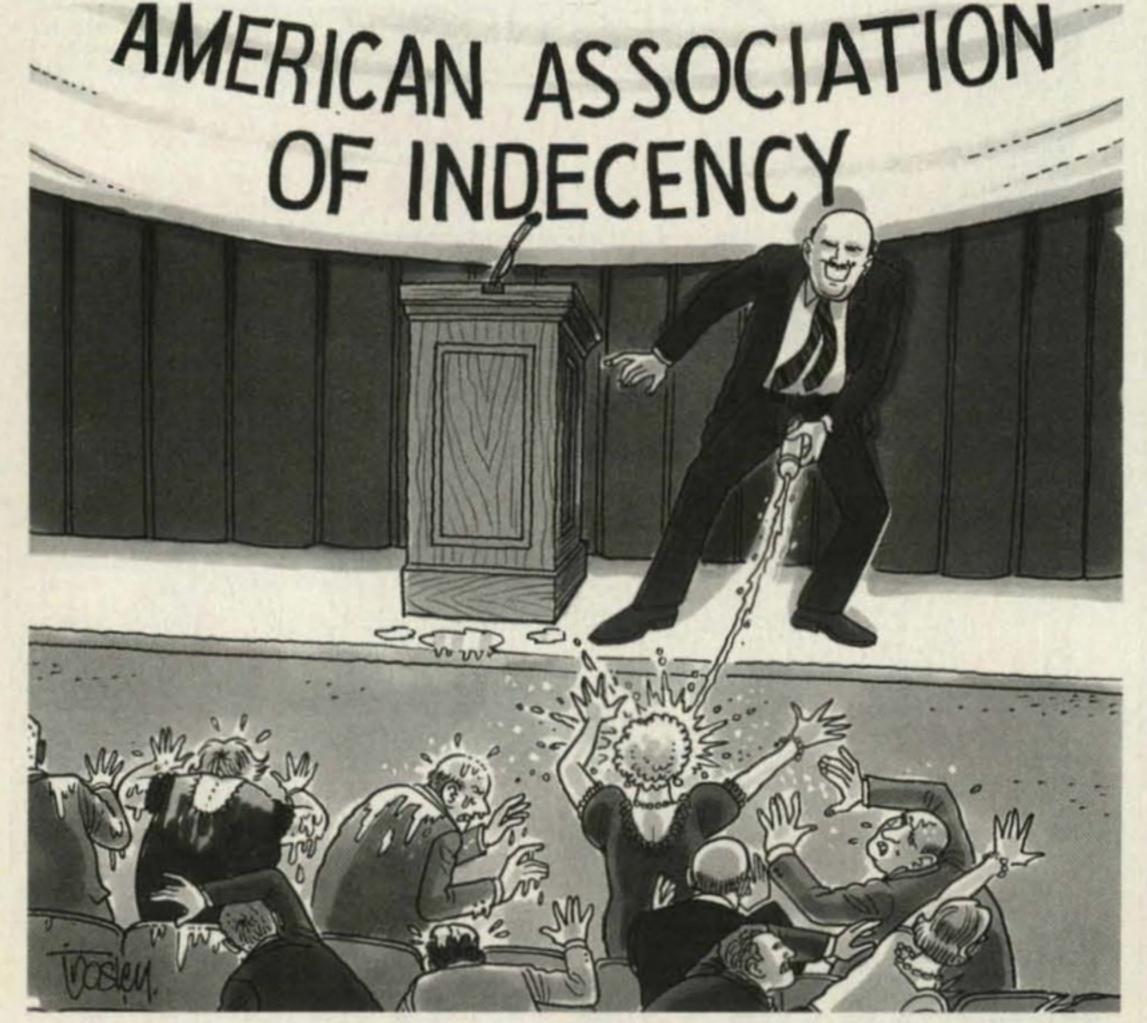
Merle opened the door with a few knocks. "G, we're outta here. Let's go."

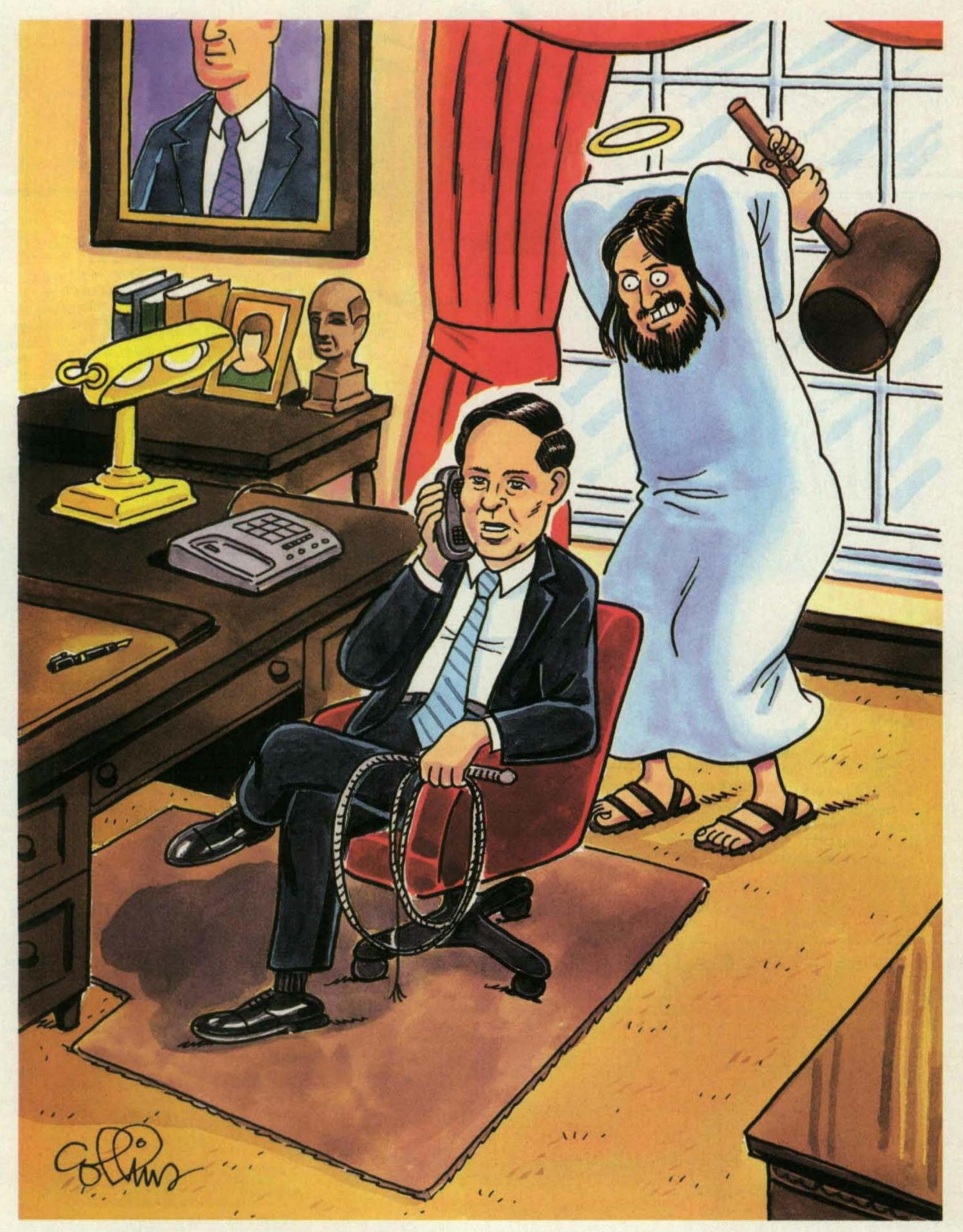
"Good. I have no problem."

As we left the club, we saw the headlights of a pickup truck speeding toward us from the parking lot. A kindly fan opened the passenger-side door.

GG entered the truck, and Bill pushed in after him. "Just drive," Bill ordered. "I'll be back with the van." Bill shut the door and they sped off.

I looked back at the club and saw about 60 people running toward Merle and me. (continued on page 122)





"I'm Tom DeLay, and every day I ask myself, 'What would Jesus do?'"



No place setting necessary to dine on Nadia's sweet pussy. This 22-year-old coed from Los Angeles, California, is eager to feed her fans without the fanfare. Nadia dreams of the day she walks in on her man masturbating so she can "finish the job for him." There's nothing like giving and receiving with equal measure, is there, Nadia?

Photo by Boyfriend

Luscious Lexus is ready for the hard drive. Working out and dancing keep this hot piece ready for the road. An administrative assistant by day, this sister sizzles during Hollywood, California, nights. "I want to fuck Carmen Electra while my husband watches," Lexus confides. Keep reaching for the stars, Lexus. One day you may finger one.

Photo by Husband

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Pandora will open her box, but don't neglect her ample tits. An exotic dancer who also designs Internet Web pages, this 23-year-old from Lodi, California, entertains the notion that a person can never have too much of a good thing. "Gangbangs and two-on-one double-penetration parties" are Pandora's fantasies. Let all hell break loose, Pandora.

Photo by Friend

Amanda, 20, is a fiery vixen from Green Bay, Wisconsin. An electrifying, swivel-hipped dancer, Amanda could easily lure many boyfriends into her blazing inferno. Amanda dreams of owning her own nude club someday, where she can parade her ass without shame. Amanda's fantasy of sharing her body with two men should not be too difficult a chore. Any volunteers?

Photo by Boyfriend



A housewife and mother, Jennie is a New York City native who loves dancing, ice-skating and blowjobs. Twenty-four and ready to serve, Jennie has a fantasy that demands fulfilling: "I want to suck a big, fat dick while my husband fucks me from behind and shoves a dildo in my ass." Fill 'er up! Photo by Husband



Stock-car racing, restoring old, classic cars and swimming are the hobbies of Cheryl, 24. Perched upon a pedestal, where this driven blonde belongs, Cheryl opens her garage doors and awaits the hard drive. "I would like to make love in a 1955 Chevy stranded during the biggest snowstorm of the century," admits the bubbly receptionist. Cheryl is classic cooze.

Photo by Boyfriend





Raven reveals featherless folds. This 29-year-old is a dominatrix-in-training who aspires to work in the medical profession. When ruling her men, this Redford, Michigan, native savors sexual bondage with "sweet pain you can taste." Raven reveals she often entertains herself in "delightful toy-and-masturbation sessions, with a pinch of anal pleasure." A little pinch from Raven can go a long way.

Photo by Friend



"Extreme sex, sucking cock and eating wet pussy" are merely a sprinkling of hobbies enjoyed by Sunshine, 22. A waitress and dancer by trade, this Longmont, Colorado, blonde dreams of someday owning a pair of silicone tits "so my lovers can titty-fuck meday owning a good pussy- and ass-fucking." Sunshine's heat is but only after a good pussy- and ass-fucking." Sunshine's heat is

Photo by Boyfriend





Twenty-one and ready for fun, Erica loves to wrestle her man before a hot and sweaty encounter. When she's not intertwined in a double chicken wing, this receptionist from Richmond, Virginia, enjoys dancing, listening to country music and writing poetry. "A threesome with country music and another woman" is Erica's fanme, my boyfriend and another woman" is Erica's fantasy tag team. Practice your scissors hold, Erica!

Photo by Husband



Twenty-year-old Taylor Thomas is a full-time student and exotic dancer on the side. Blond and bold, this Los Angeles, California, girl blows off steam riding fast and furious on her Kawasaki ZX-7 Superbike. After tearing up the road, Taylor Thomas fantasizes about "making sweet, passionate love underneath a waterfall Photo by Friend".

Anastasia is a 24-year-old musician from New York, New York. Collecting bones, skulls, animal artifacts and rolling around on them naked is Anastasia's private passion.

Fascinated by all things dead, Anastasia ironically fantasizes about celebrating life by "fucking my husband on punk-rock icon G. G. Allin's grave." Here's hoping you pound G. G. further into the ground.

Photo by Husband





Beware of curly-topped Octopussy, or her blond tendrils might snatch and lure you to certain doom. A native of Munich, Germany, this Bavarian's hobbies include "sex, sex and more sex!" A waitress, Octopussy's daydreams frequently involve the tongue. "I want to be licked all over and gently spanked," admits the 20-year-old Octopussy. Lucky is das man who plunges thy depths.

Photo by Friend



Lisa, 26, is a massage therapist from Silver Spring, Maryland, Dancing, watching movies and, "of course, masturbation" are Lisa's hobbies. While fingering herself silly, Lisa imagines two distinct scenarios: "To be served by five or more women at once and to watch my man get fucked." Better check your state's sodomy laws before bucking the system, Lisa.

Photo by Friend

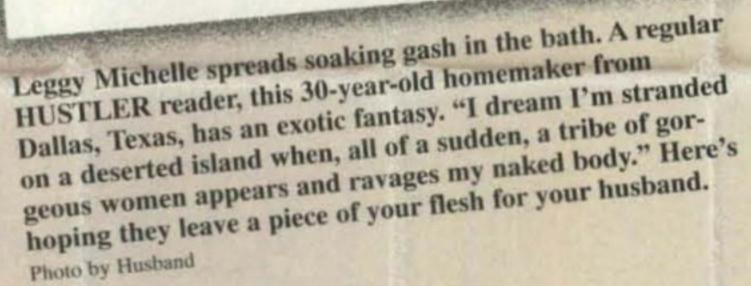
Amanda is a 19-year-old college student from Seattle,
Washington. Classical music,
concerts and running with her
dog, Sweetheart, are Amanda's
favorite pastimes. When not
busy with school, the blond
coed cuddles up to her mate
and dreams of engaging in "hot
69 with my boyfriend on a
white, sandy beach in
Australia." Atta girl, mate!

Photo by Boyfriend











Lynda shares a reflection of one of her innermost secrets. A
30-year-old clerical assistant for an insurance company, Lynda
spends much of her free time in the outdoors, horseback riding, camping and fishing. A Plattsmouth, Nebraska, native,
Lynda dreams of appearing in a HUSTLER couples photospread with her husband. Mirror mirror on the floor, picture
Lynda's hubby score.

Photo by Husband

Sculpture, theatrical-mask making and figure modeling are among the many creative talents in 23-year-old Lena's repertoire. The Los Angeles, California, resident hopes to find a niche behind the scenes in the movie industry. Those afraid that Lena might be taken advantage of in Tinseltown, fear not. Lena's fantasy features "two butch dykes, with me in between." Squeeze in there, Lena.

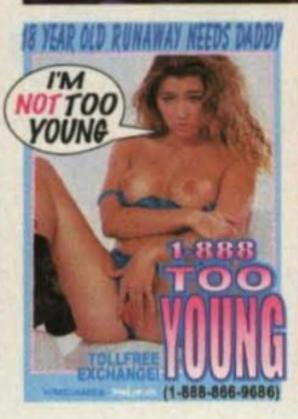
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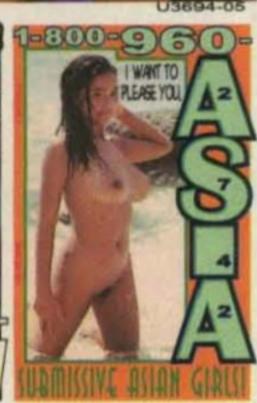


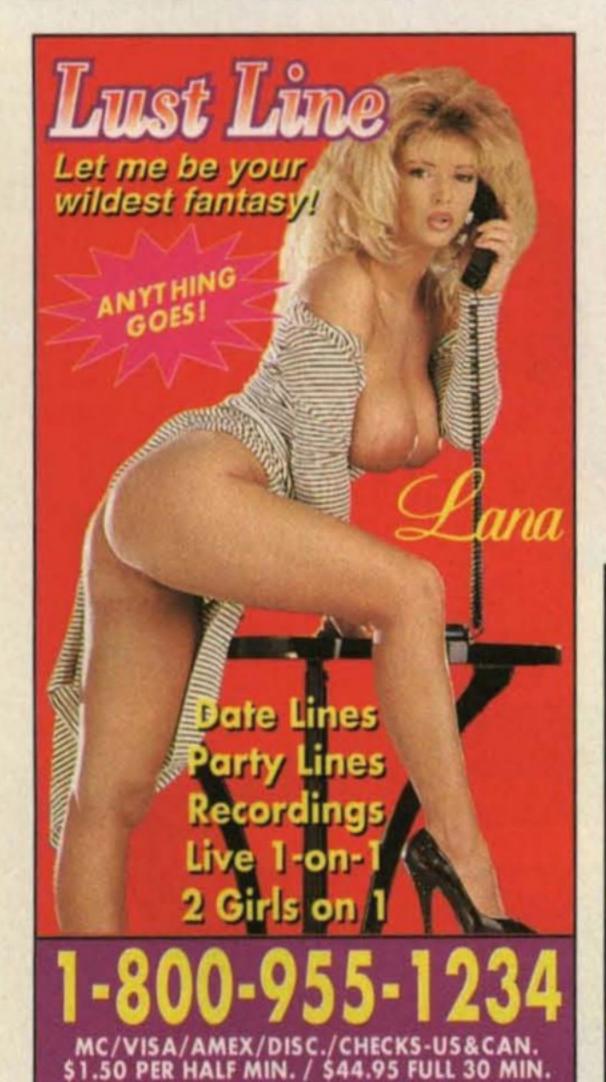


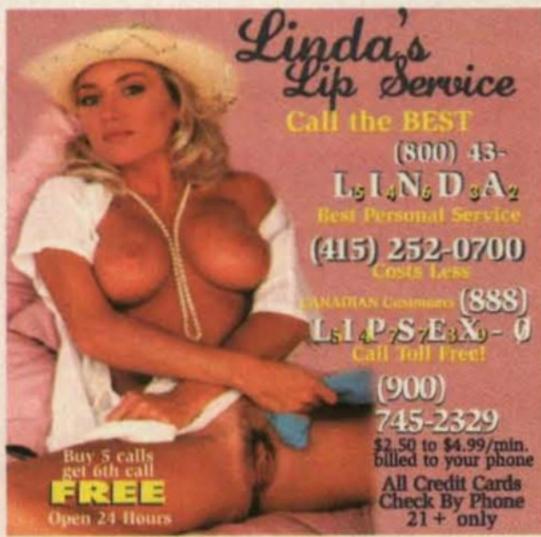








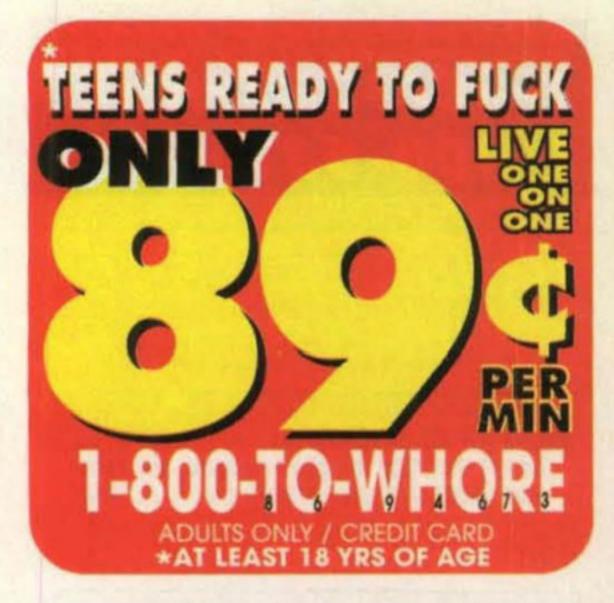








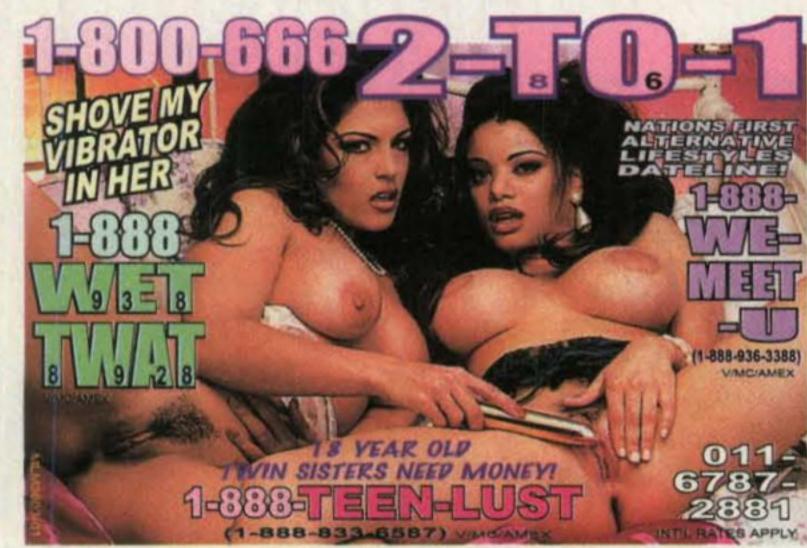




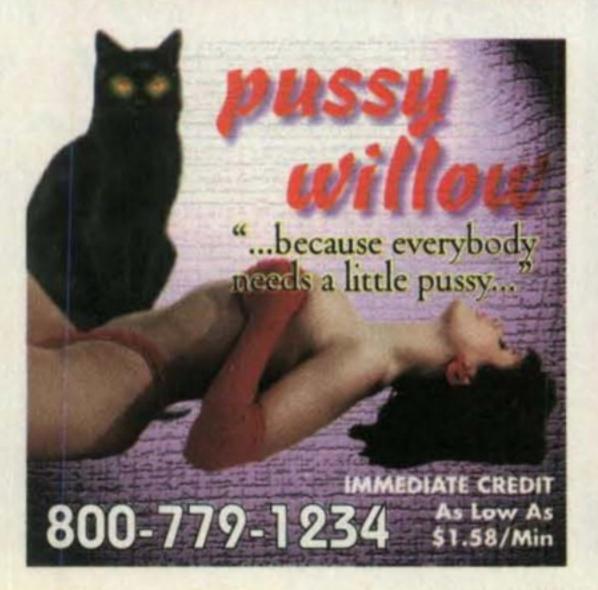








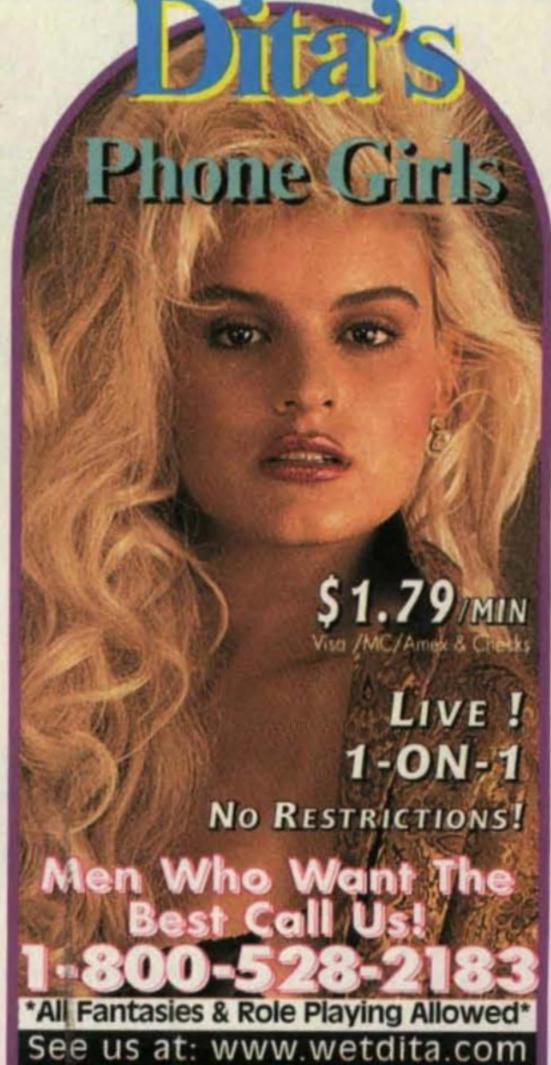






















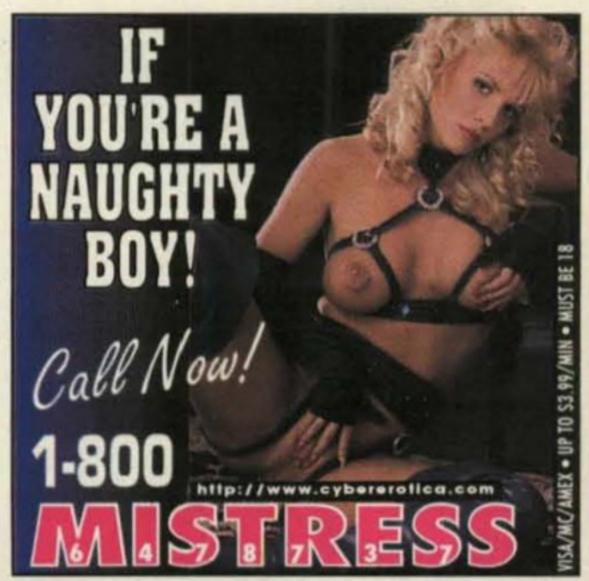




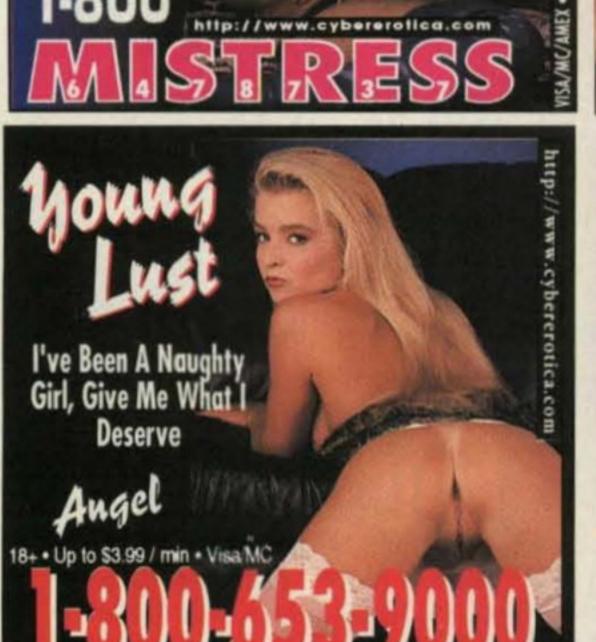




















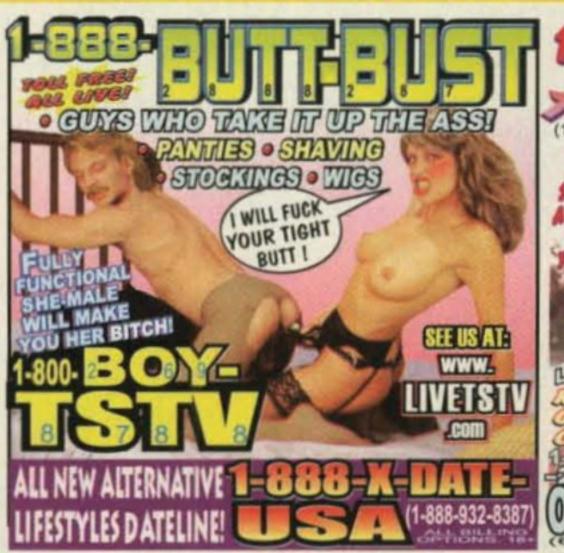
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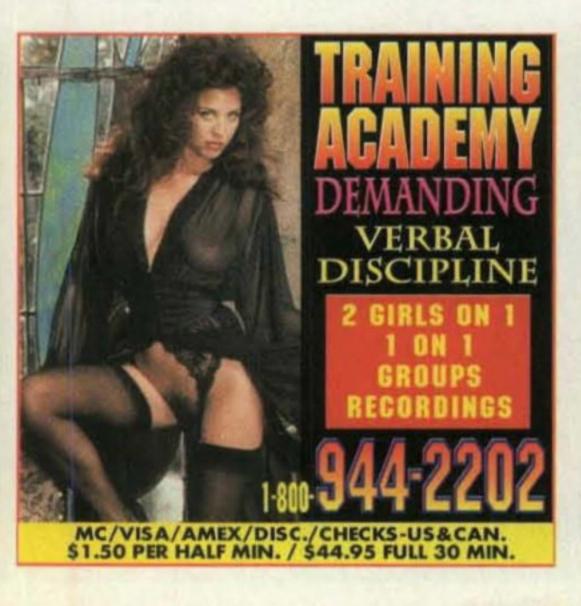










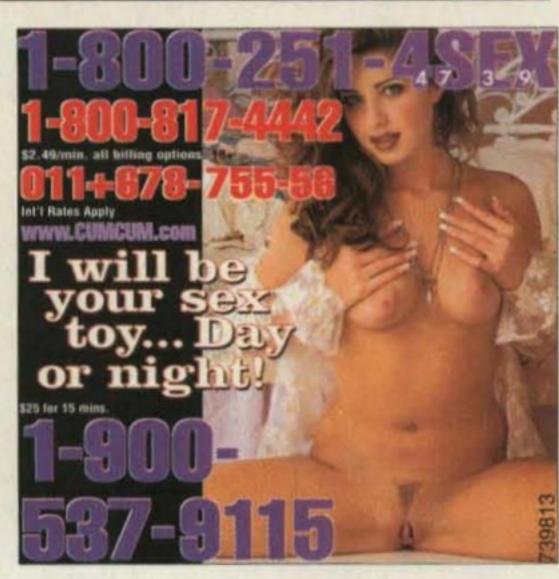














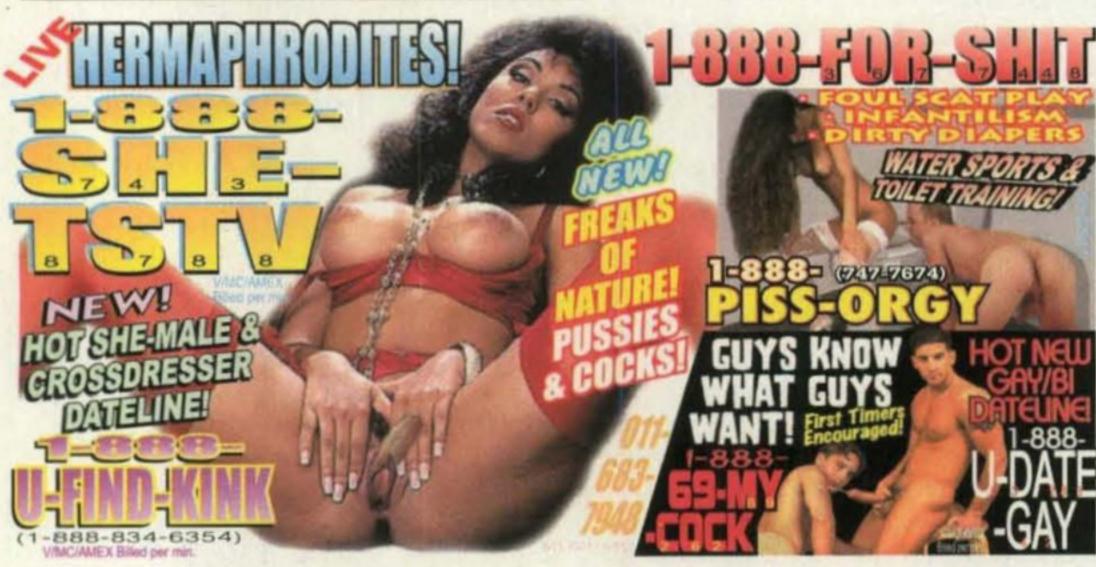


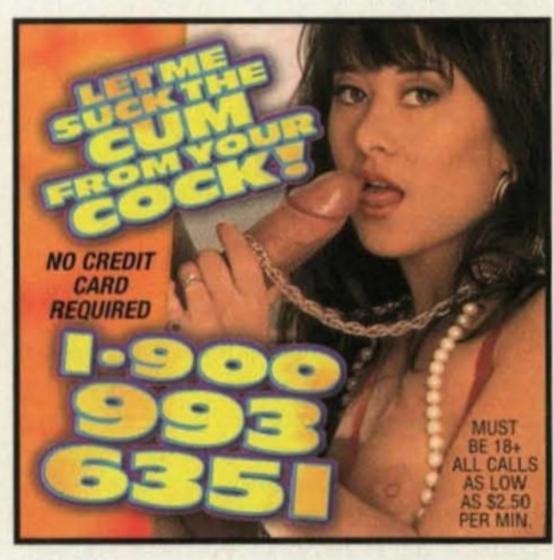








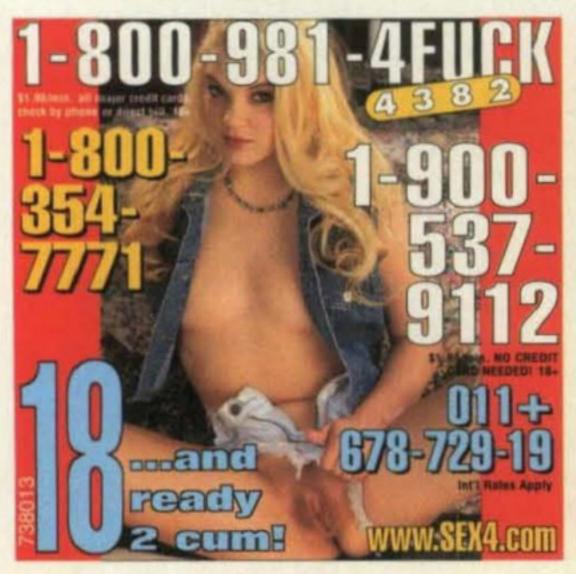
















Boobs

(continued from page 72)

chest that she had damaged the delicate muscles and tissues associated with her breasts. Her chest blimps were literally tearing loose from their moorings. Carol returned to her doctor, Joseph Bernstein of Whittier, California. Bernstein repaired the tear and, according to Carol, increased the size of her implants yet again, at her request.

"She's doing okay," Bernstein says of Carol. "We did some special techniques for her. Sometimes, when you deal with people where the tissues are very thin over the implant, you can do some procedures to make the skin over the implant thicker."

With boobs the size of birthday balloons, Carol was finally satisfied with her size, but not with her appearance. She returned to the operating table, once again, Dr. Bernstein's, to tweak her epicanthic folds and transform her white-girl eyes into Asian eyes.

"When people see the power of cosmetic surgery, and they see how they look much better, it's like anything else, particularly if your appearance is important to you, either personally or professionally," says Dr. Bernstein. "It's easy to get hooked on it because you see yourself getting better and better. Hopefully, you're dealing with a surgeon who's dealing with your best interests, not his."

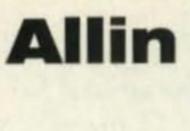
Carol's frequent trips to the operating table may have been part of an out-of-control habit, but concern for the bottom line seems to not have been far from her mind. By the time Carol had her eye surgery performed, her long stripping career was waning. (Lee will not disclose her age, but she appears to be in her mid-50s.) She was well past her prime and danced almost exclusively at Fantasies, a run-down strip club in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

"I need this job, and I need for [the owner] to love me," she says. "No one else would book me out on the road. I don't know how to do anything else, and who else would want me at my age?"

What about men who have huge-breast fetishes? Did the aficionados of overinflated boobies miss out on sufficient quantities of breast-feeding?

"No, not breast-feeding, literally," says Beckson. "They were deprived of that sense of emotional nurturing. Some of it is abuse also, and Mom had big breasts; so by turning it into something sexual now, they've mastered the issue."

Beckson's psychologizing may provide some insight into the big-tit psyche; but his theory ignores one important fact: Big tits are big fun.



(continued from page 106)

My hands trembled.

Merle saw the crowd rushing toward us, but said nothing. If he was scared, he didn't show it. I was scared shitless. I cupped a small can of Mace in my hand.

The spokesman for the pack, a large fellow, addressed Merle—who palmed his own can of Mace in his jacket pocket.

"Where do you think you're going?" drawled the ringleader.

A slack-jawed member of the mob spoke up. "You've got to play tonight; no doubt," he said. "You will play tonight."

We ignored them as we kept on walking down the highway. The mob began to yell. The sky drizzled beer cans. Where the fuck was Bill?

I looked and saw the blue Aerostar heading our way. Bill turned the van around in a sweeping arc and pulled up in front of us.

"So, you're all taking off, huh?" the pack's leader asked.

"No, we're not taking off," Merle said with a straight face as we got in the van and slammed the door. "Go. Go, go, go, go, go, go!" he shouted.

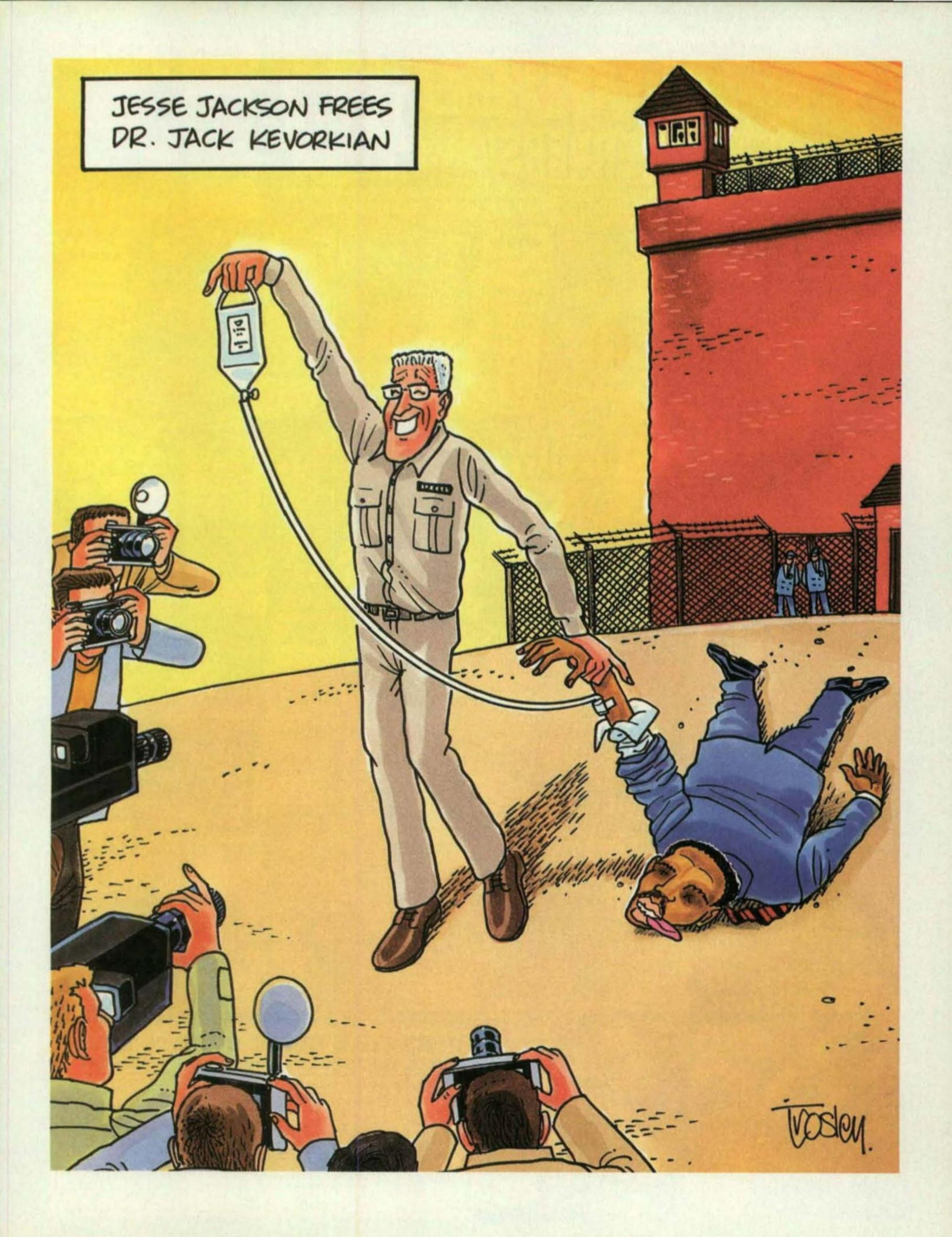
Bill slammed on the gas as the crowd assaulted the van with fists, cans and stones. "Yes!" screamed Merle. "We beat those fuckers!"

Three weeks after the Terror in America tour ended, the GG Allin Show came to an end after a performance at a place called the Gas Station in New York City. The Gas Station's squad of security goons roughed up a few hopped-up moshers. A beaming female fan who sat with her elbows on the stage wound up catching a faceful of GG's fresh feces.

With the standard litany of punk-rock shenanigans out of the way, the show deteriorated into chaos. Two songs into his set, GG made his way outside the club completely naked. Several hundred rowdy fans crowded the intersection of Second Street and Avenue B, overturning garbage cans and kicking in parked-car doors. GG dressed quickly and quietly left the scene with a few friends as the police arrived.

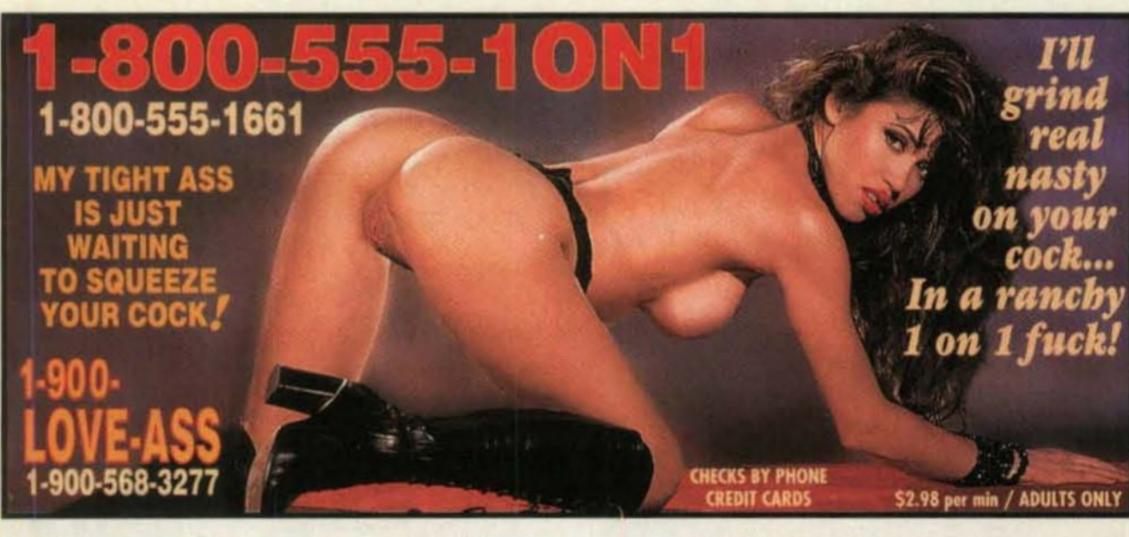
During the show, a fan had given him a pill, which he ingested on sight. He only said, "Drugs—I love them," as he popped it in his mouth. All day before the show, GG had been filling up on Jim Beam and cocaine; he was on an epic bender. Into the night, he hit the booze and snorted heroin at his friend Johnny Puke's apartment. After a long day of stupefying drug abuse, GG curled up on the floor and closed his eyes for the last time. He was 36 years old.

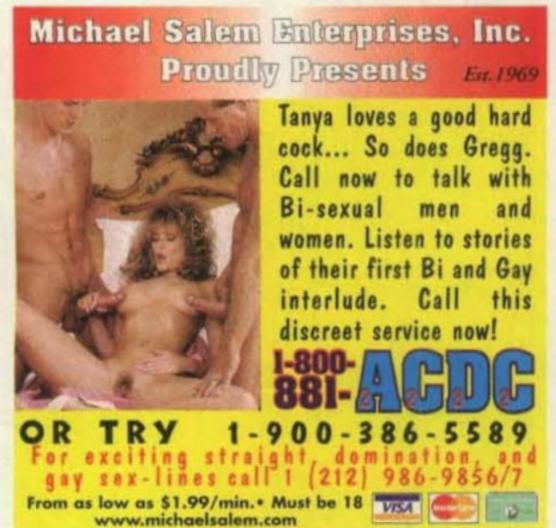














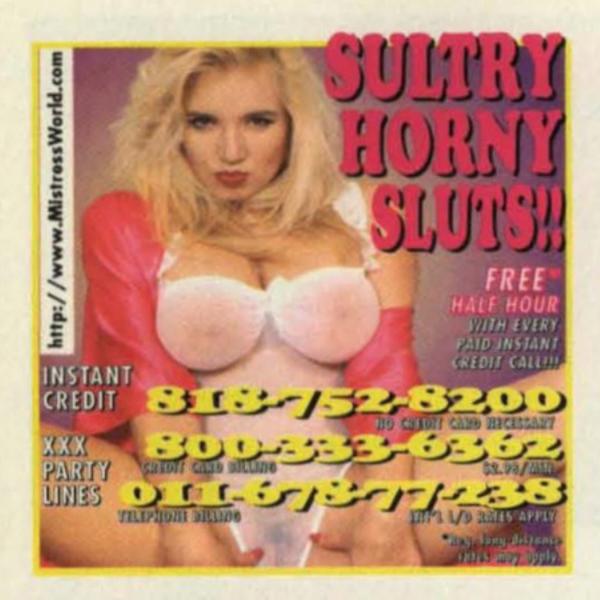
































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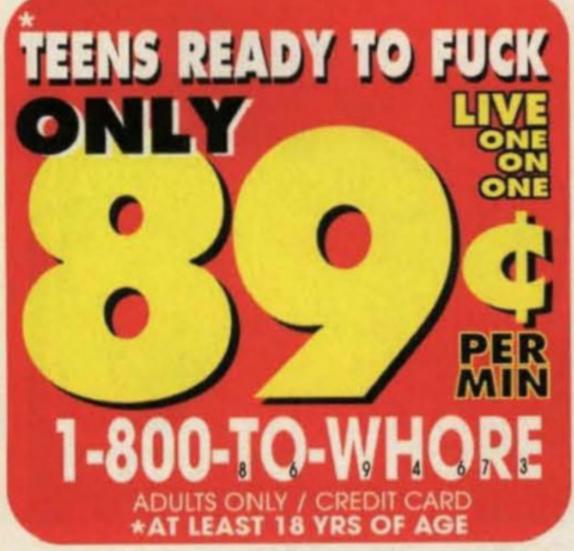




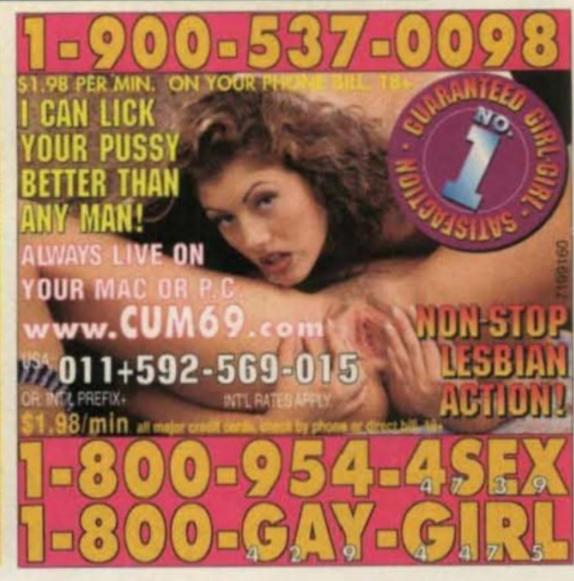






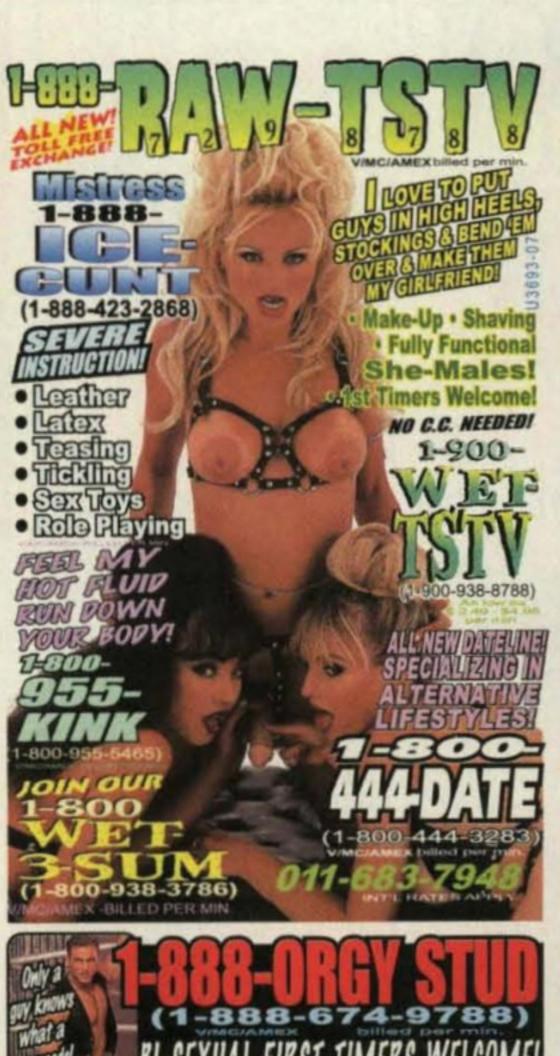




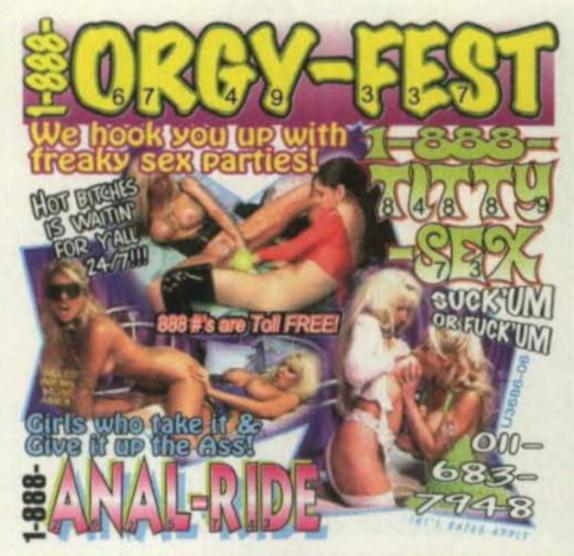












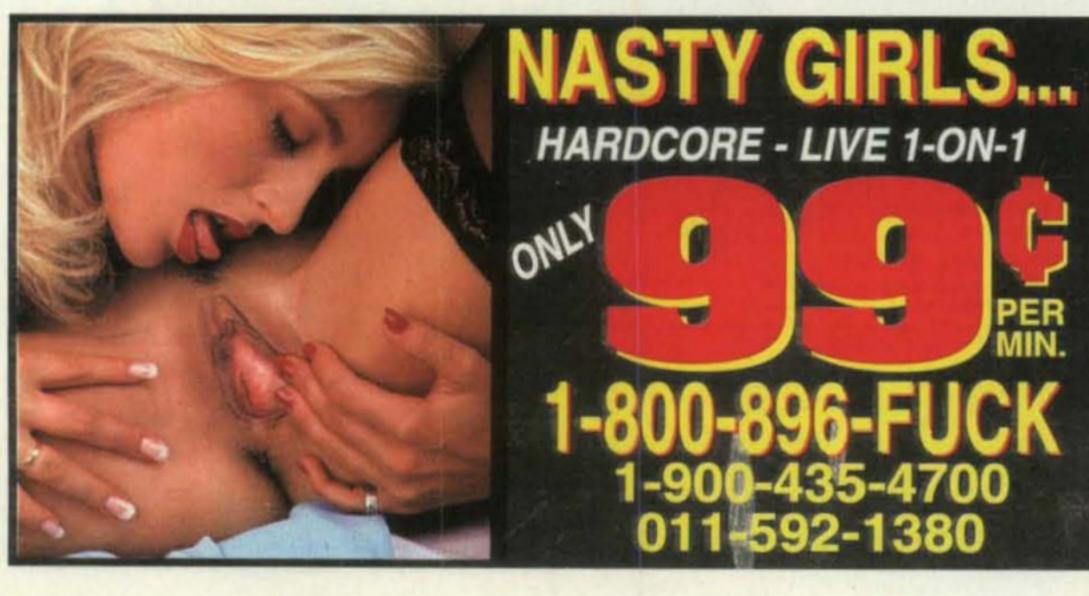




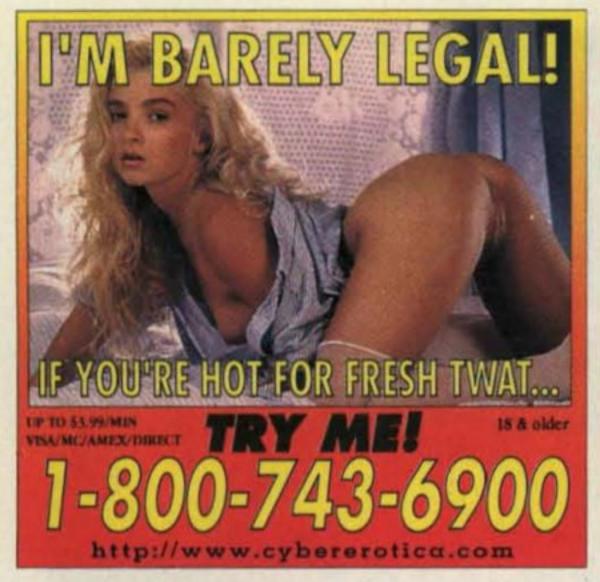






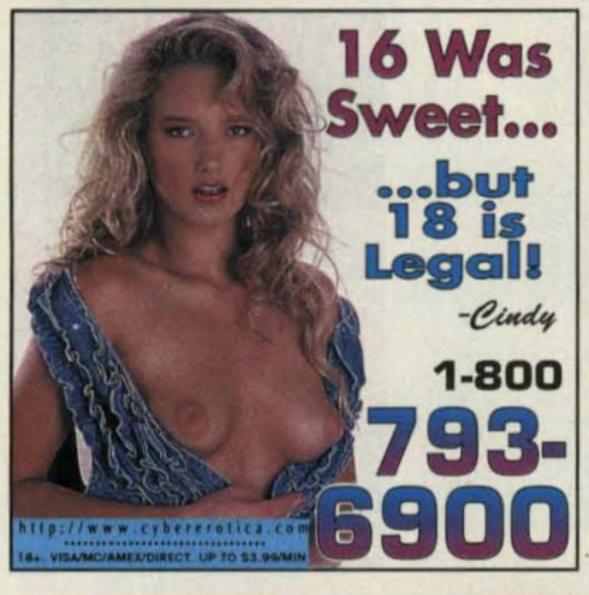














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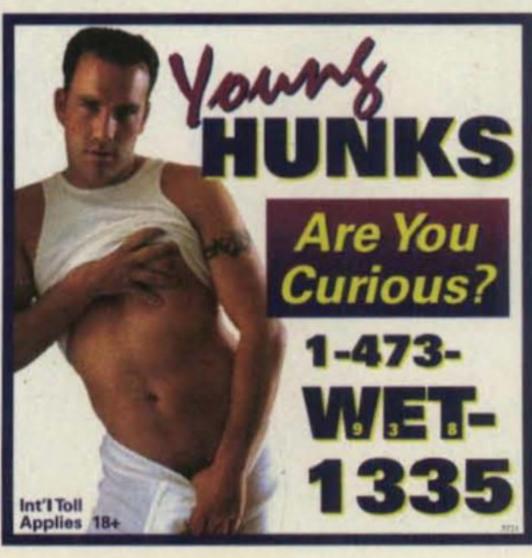
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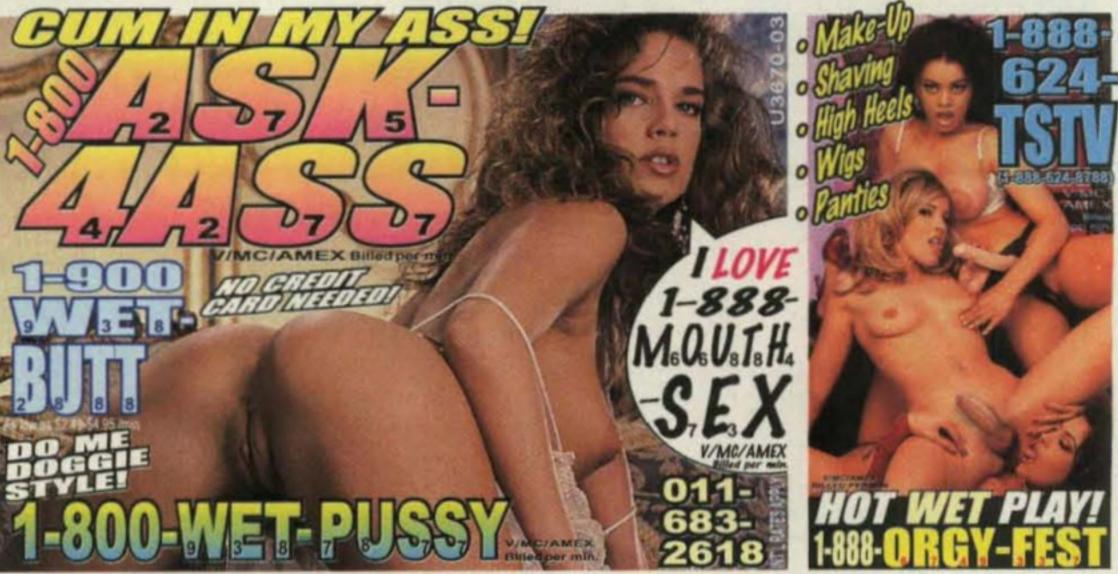
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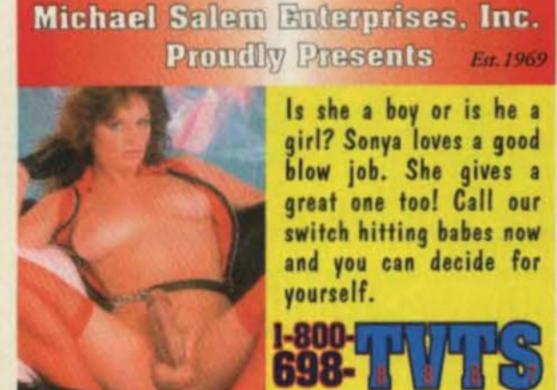
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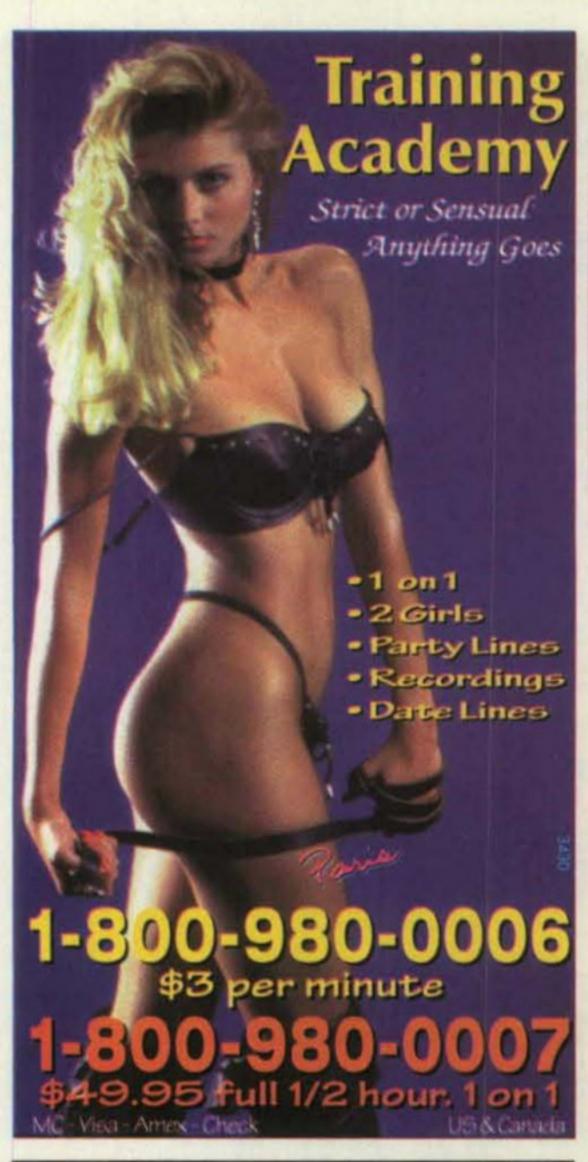
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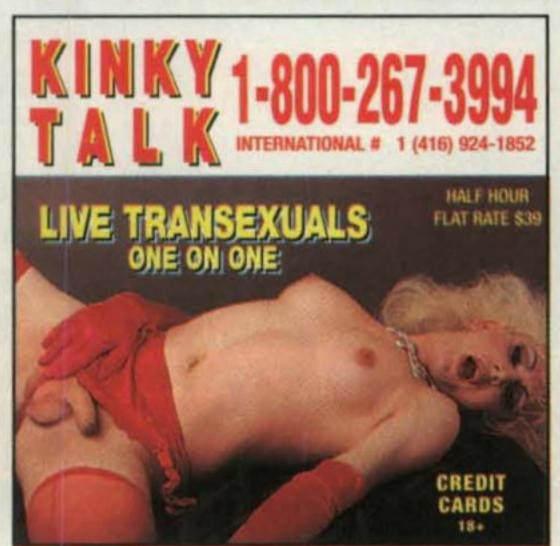


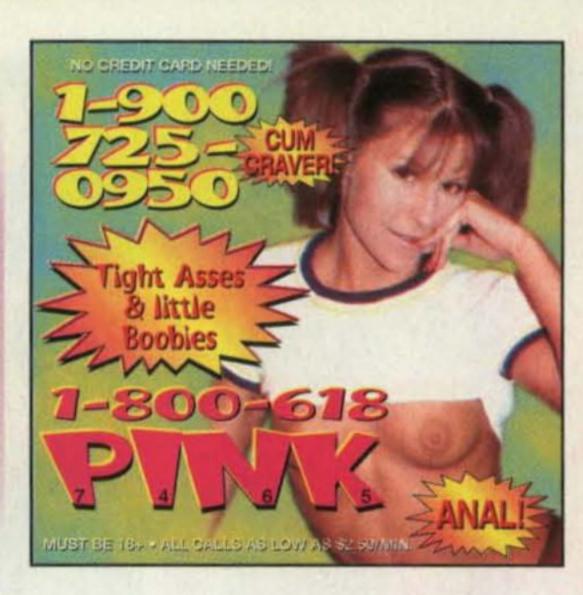


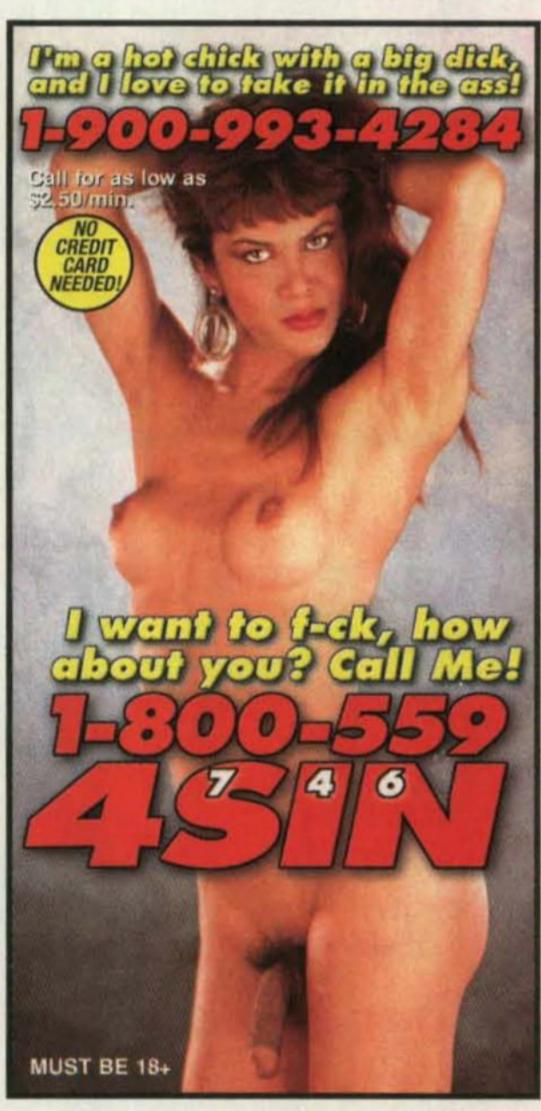


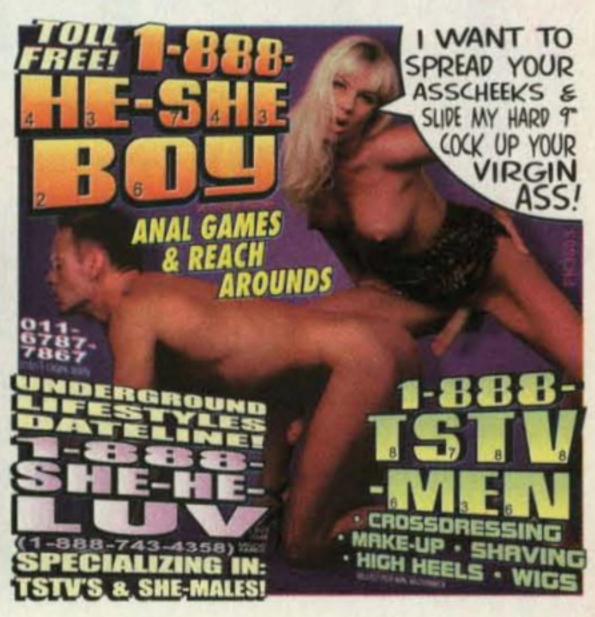










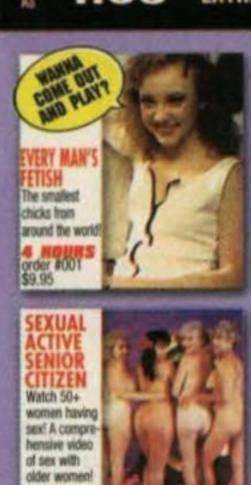


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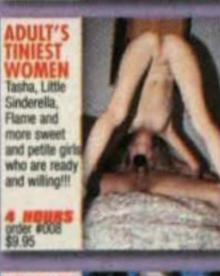








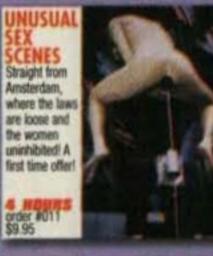






















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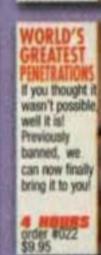
































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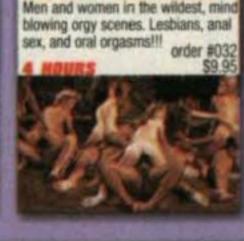








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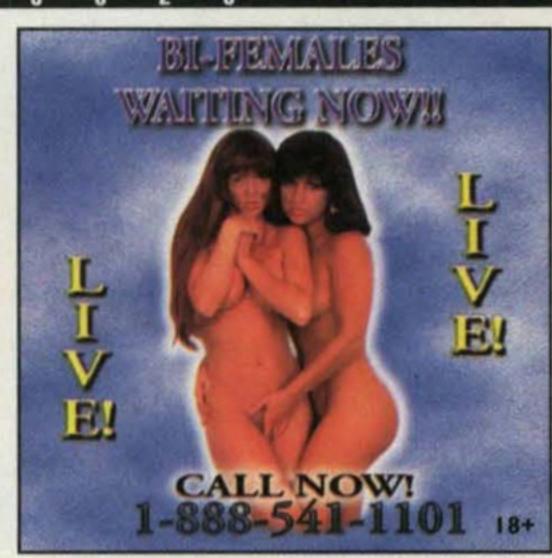


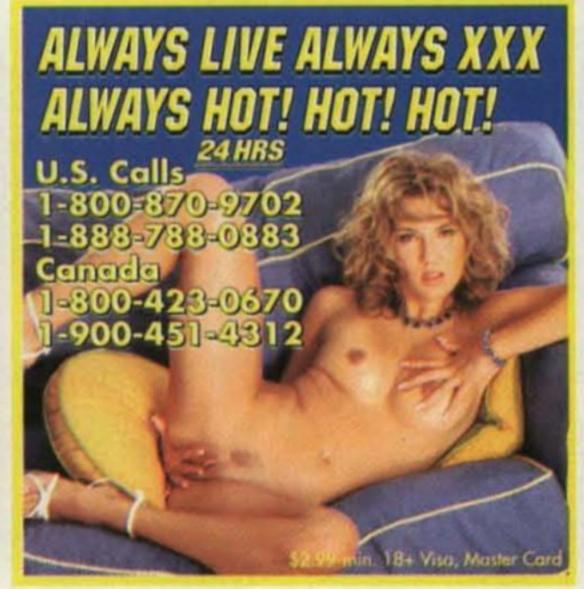




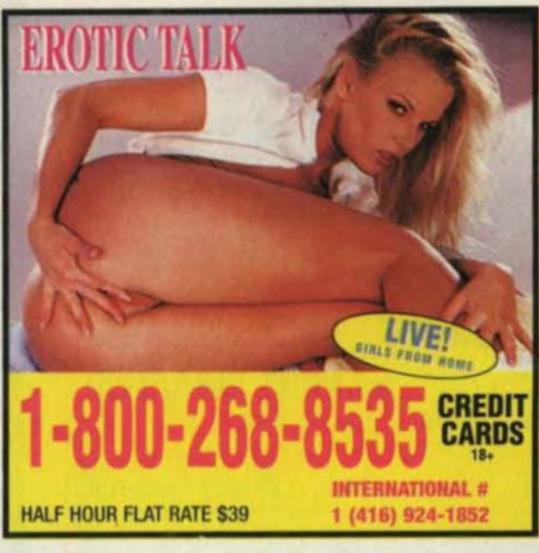
























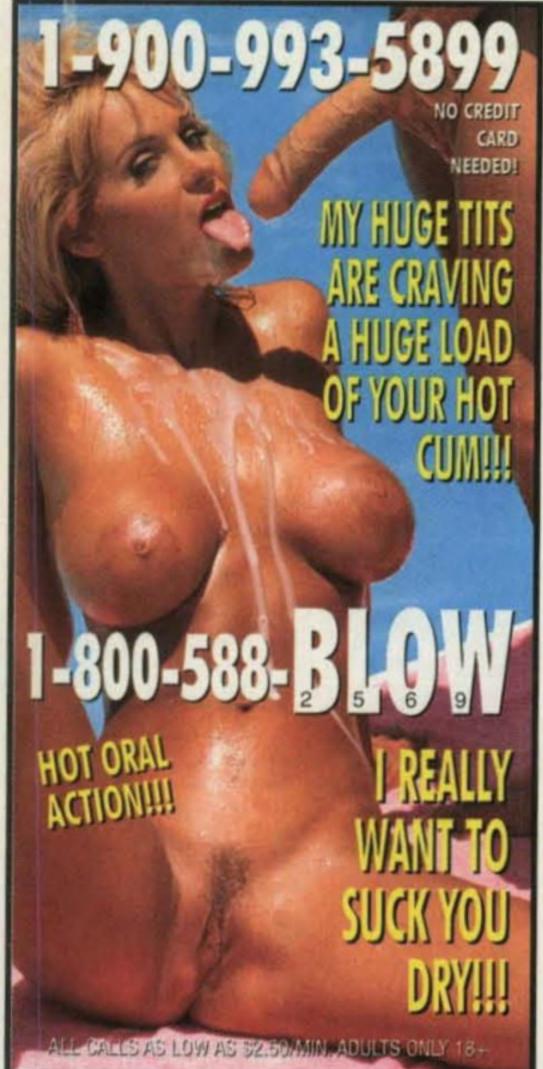


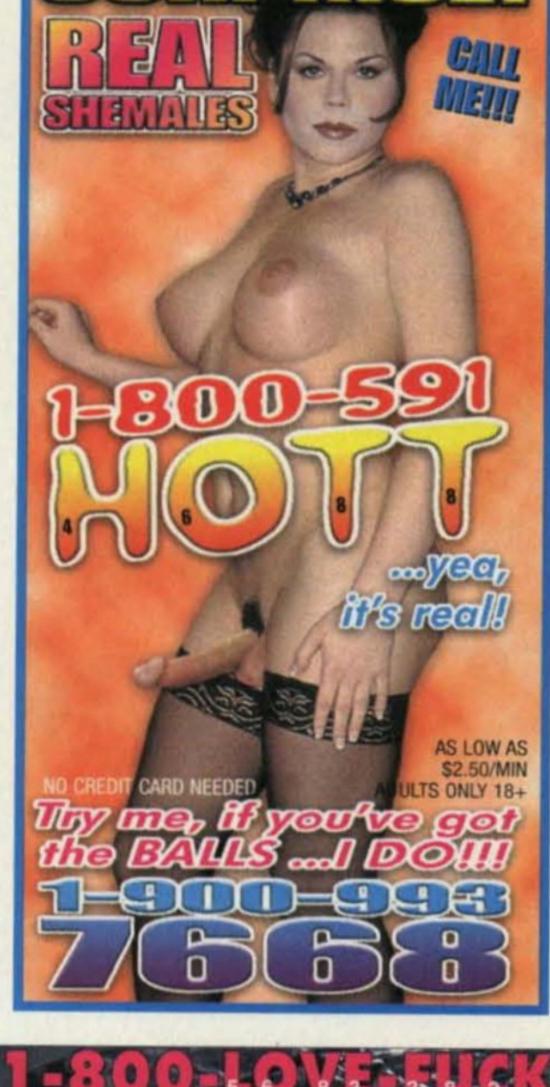






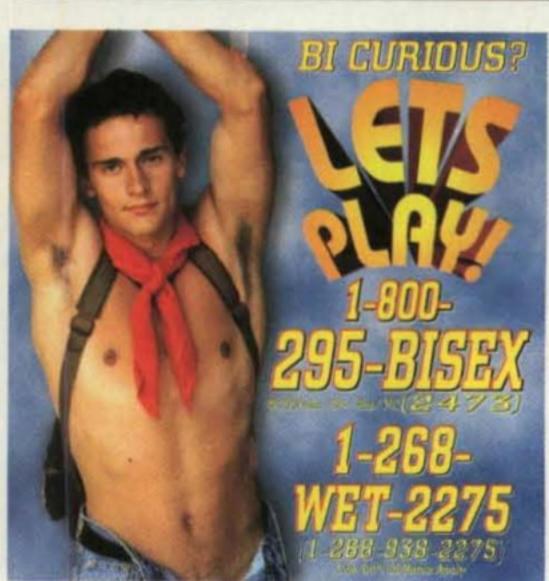
















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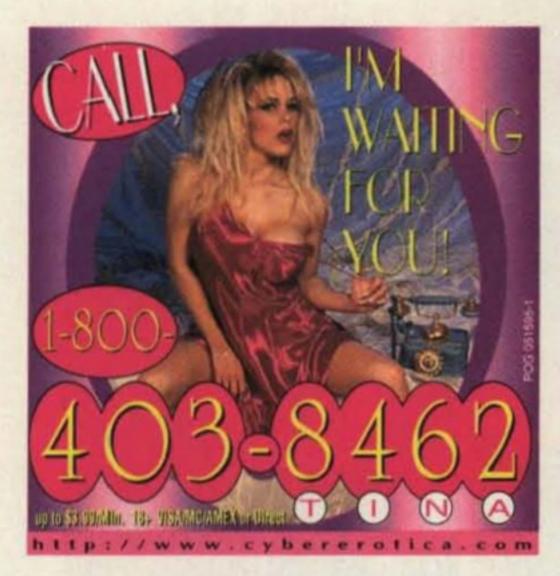
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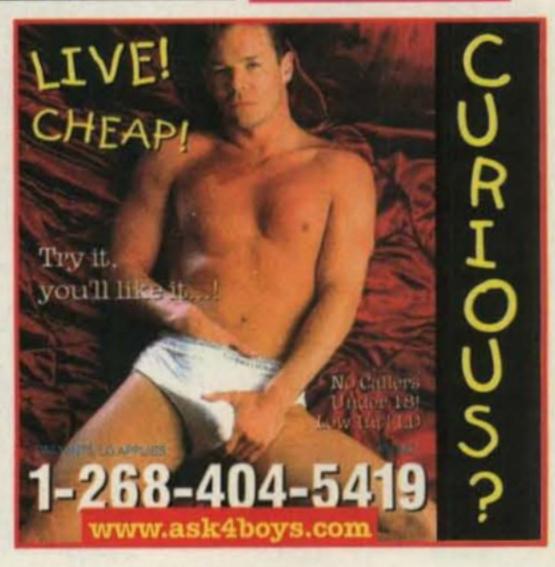




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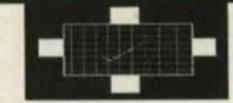












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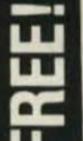
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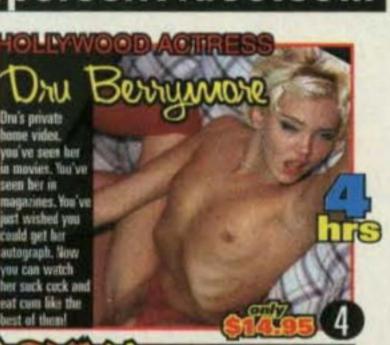
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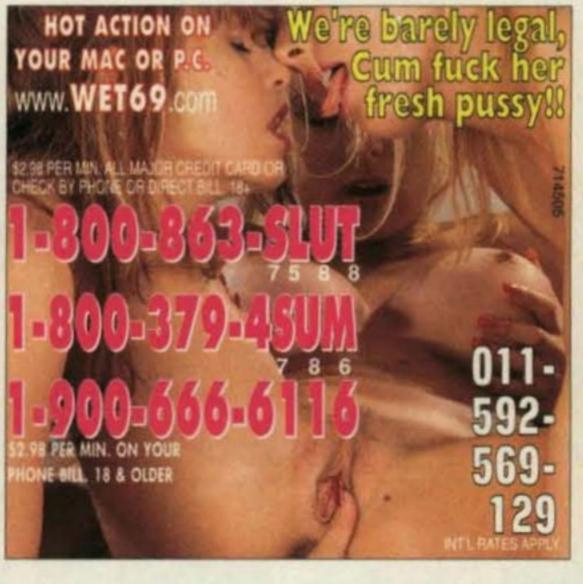
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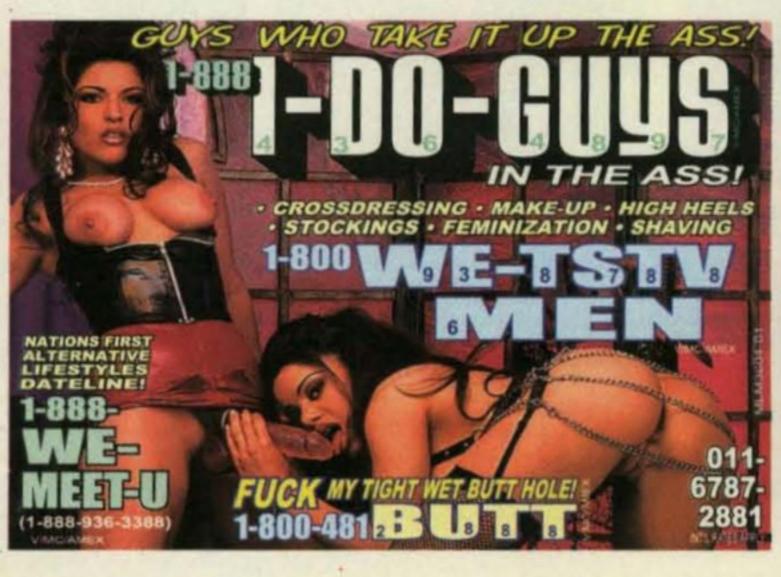
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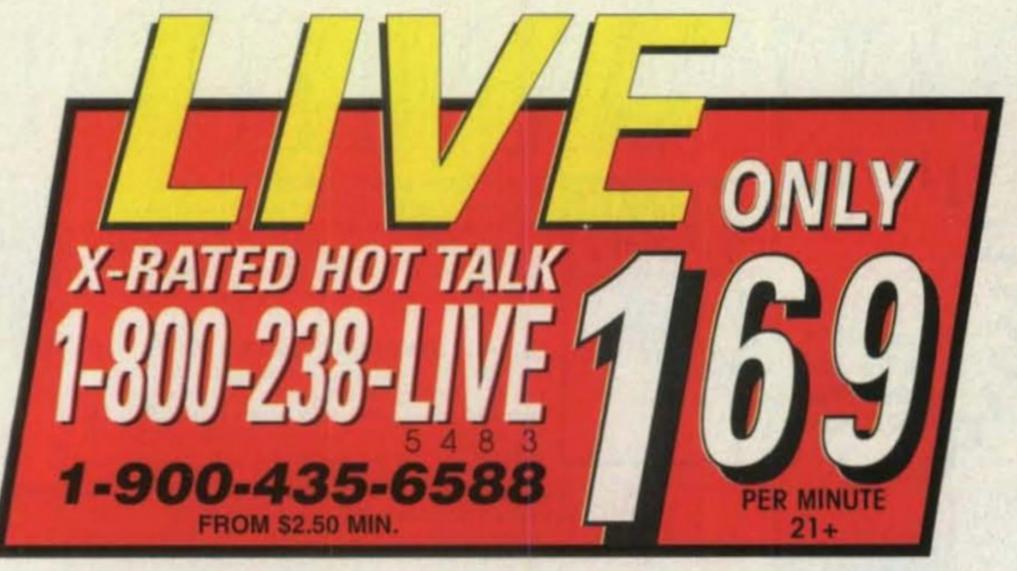


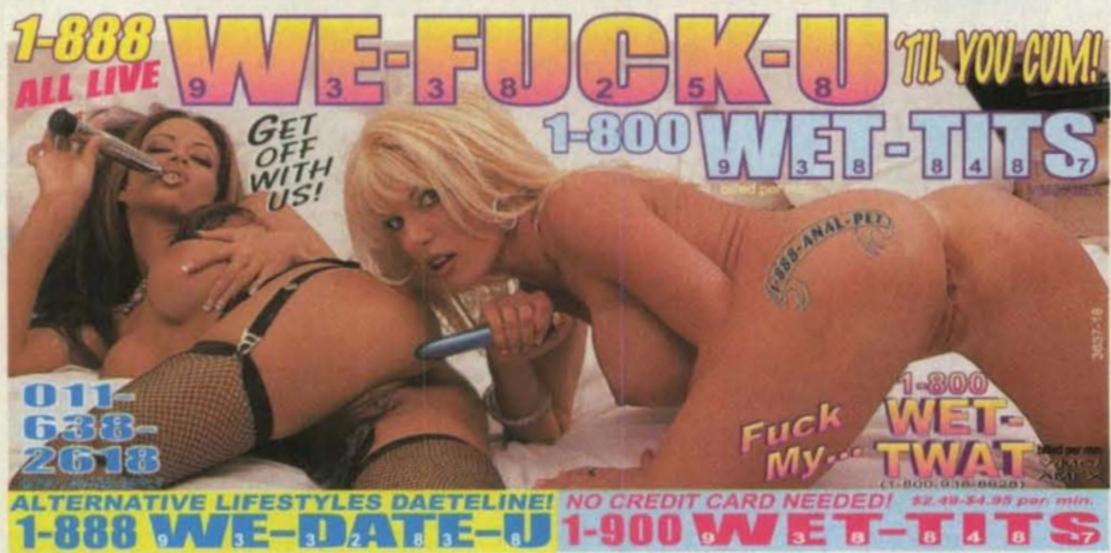














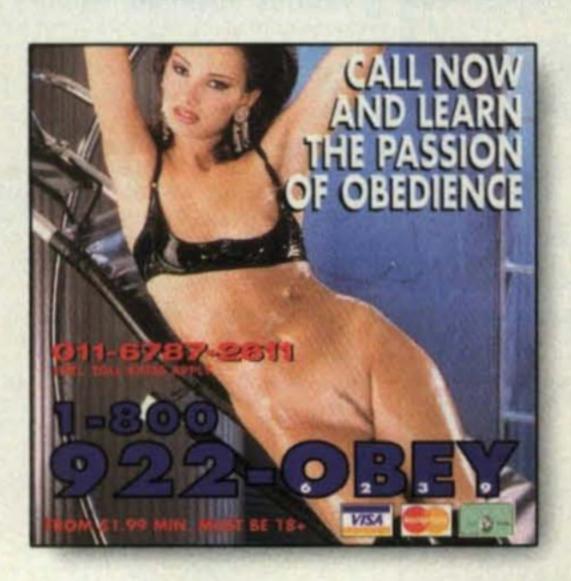












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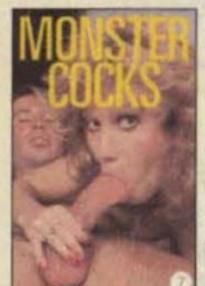
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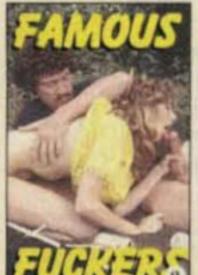
G MAMA'S BEST FRIEND These big bellied pregnant beauties are ready to pop but they're sex maniacs too! They love to suck cock and balls to the bursting point. They want to fuck anything and everything! No one is safe around them! It's the hottest cunt pounding and jizm dripping around!

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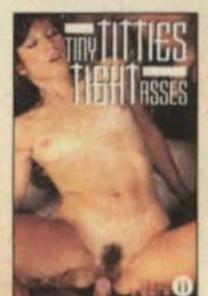
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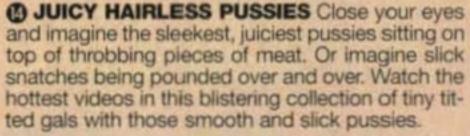


D TINY TITTIES - TIGHT ASSES If pert and perky tits & butt hole plunging tempt you like nothing else then this one's for you. These videos have tiny tits & cute bung holes to satisfy everyone out there. There's lots of cum-covered ass cheeks and nipple nibbling. Great pop shots and gooey facials!

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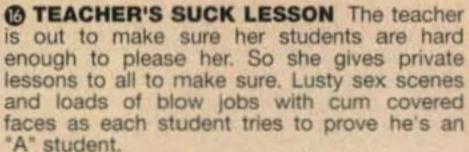


mama's LOVE JUICE A visual delight as pregnant women do their lovely best to drain the juices out of their milky mammaries and, of course, from the joysticks of their well-hung studs. Lots of cum-squirting, blowjobs, cum-covered tits and swollen bellies. It's hot, it's wet, and it's juicy.



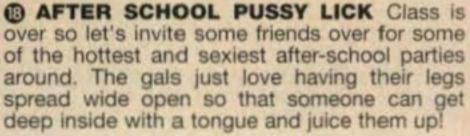


BIG TIT FUCKERS These ladies with humungous tits strut their stuff & get it on with some of the biggest dicks in town. There's lots of tit-fucking & tit sucking. There's plenty of cum-squirting over large tits & loads of bouncing boobs as these chicks get royally fucked.



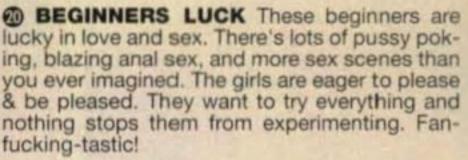


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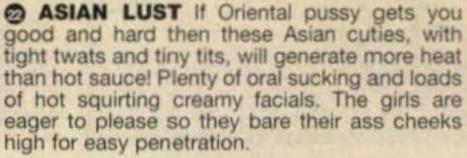


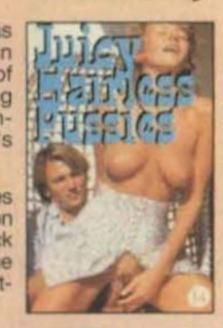
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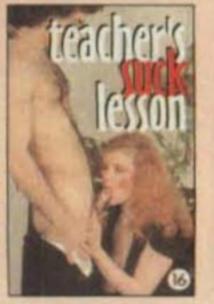




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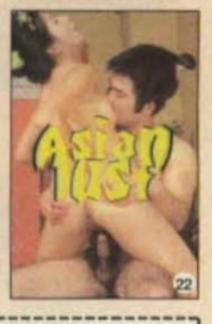




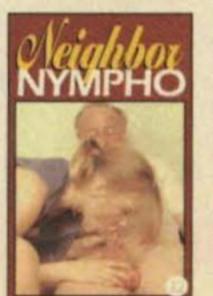












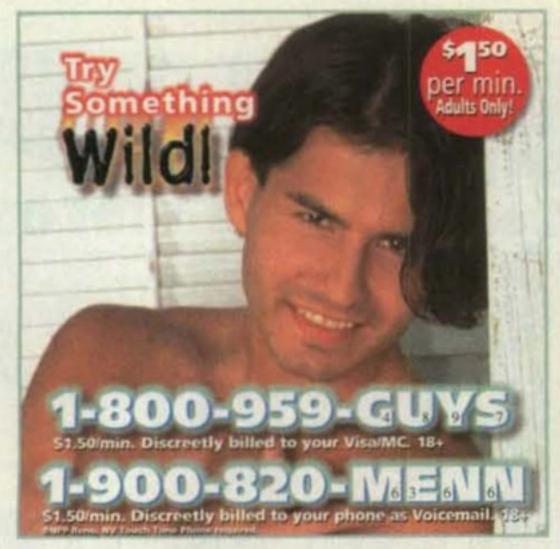
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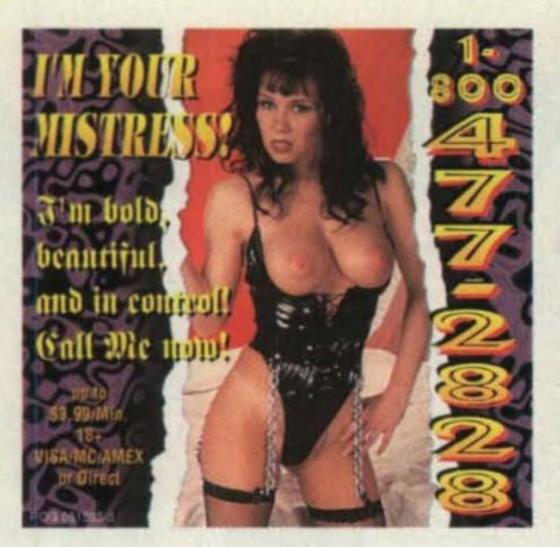
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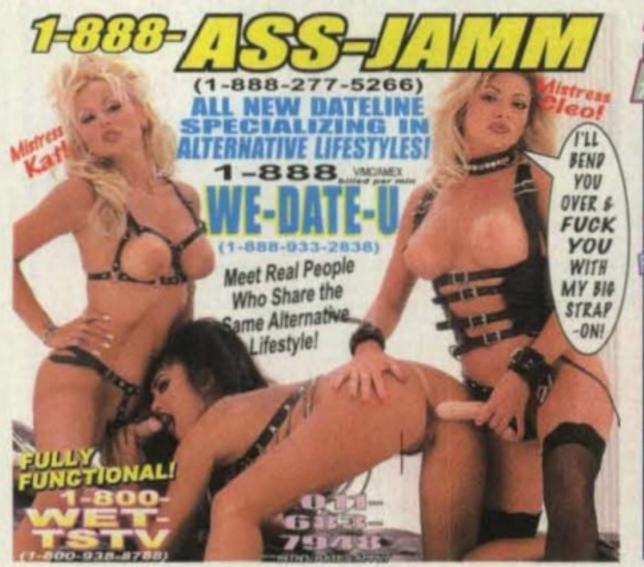
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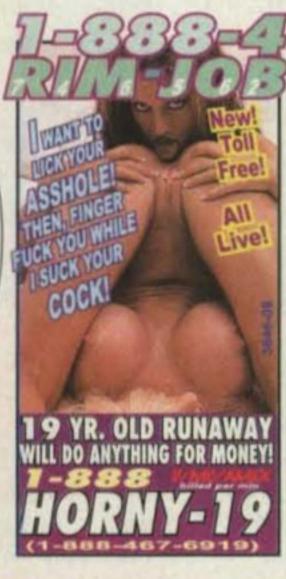
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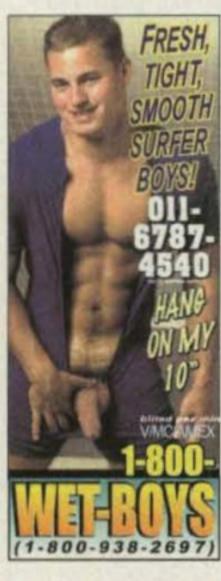




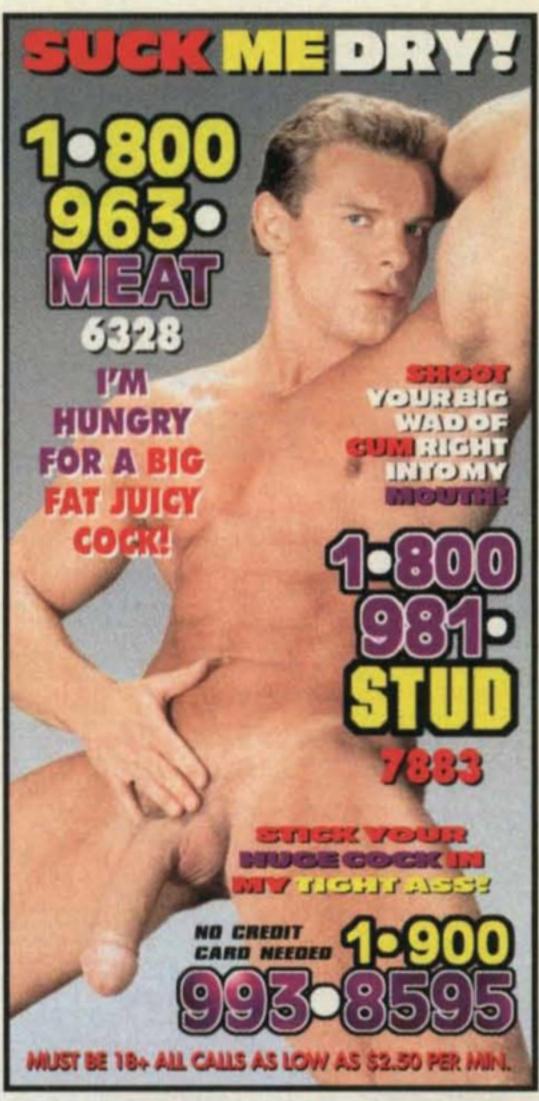


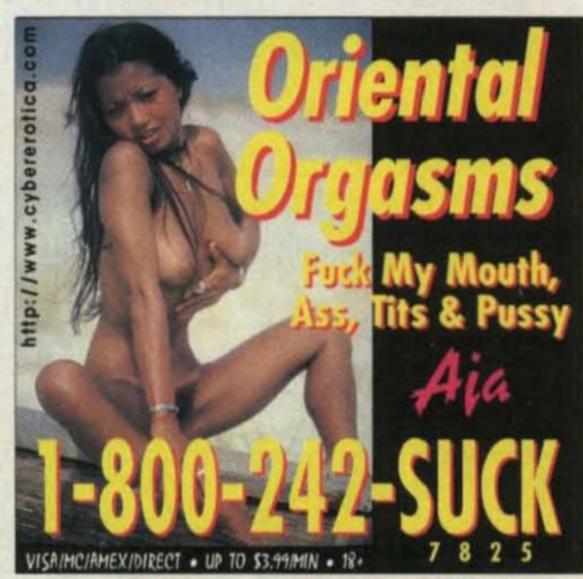














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PL-2 AMATEUR AUDITIONS Before they hit the bright lights and the big contracts a group of nasty nymphos had to convince the carnal camera that they had the stuff to make wet dreams come true, and that meant pushing the erotic edge and fucking hotter, deeper, heavier, and nastier than they had ever fucked before or since!

PL-3 AWESOME ANAL ASIANS Alex Dane, Kitty Yung. Saki. Cumisha Amado, and a host of A-hole humpin' honeys from the erotic East. like their lovers to come in their dirty backdoors and they prove it. The harder their asses are fucked, the faster they flick their own clits and the more they come. After a few orgasms, there ain't nothin' these ladies won't do to please their men!

PL-4 ORAL & FACIAL CUMSHOTS They're all so petite, so sweet, so good to eat. You can pick them up while you're pricking Davia, Kimberty Kummings, Nadia Nyce, Kirsty Waay, Melissa Monet, Barbara Doll, Missy, Brooke Waters, and a trove of other sultry smallish sirens. Their tight tight pussies get stretched to the limit by massive meat, and that's just the way they like it.

PL-5 FIRST TIMERS: AMATEUR LITTLE WOMEN They're short, sweet and have such tight little pussies to

NORD SWALLOWING SPERM SLURPERS & MORE! Angel Collins, Eva Flowers, and more make the most of what they've got, pleasuring their partners' pricks for pecker-pleasing hours with every inch of their toothsome, diminutive anatomy.

PL-8 GUYS WHO CRAVE BIG TITS A pretty face, shapely legs and a fine fanny are standard equipment for the average sex goddess, but if she's also got a set of humongous hooters, it pumps up your lust to a whole higher level. A bevy of superstars have the bodacious bazooms and an abundance of other feminine charms to blast your pocket-rocket into hours of orgasmic orbit!

PL-7 GIRLS WITH HUGE PUSSIES You had to have it. so here it is. See knockout nymphos take two, three, and even four fingers up their juicy love canals for hours of writhing ecstasy. Two dicks, cocks and dildos, fingers and tongues - anything (and everything) goes - right inside their nearly-bottomless passion pits.

PL-8 MASSIVE DICKS, TINY WOMEN Petro prickpleasers, these beauties are small in stature but big in their cravings to be filled to overflowing with hot, male meat. You'll be amazed at how deep these little sweethearts can go. How can they get fucked so hard by such huge cocks without breaking in two? How can they swallow so much meet and not choke? Just watch!

PL-8 THE BIG BANG With a cock in each hand, a prick up their ass, a dick slammin' their snatch, and their mouths full of sizzling raw meat, a dozen nympho stars are featured in this classic collection of porn's greatest gang bangs of all time! These cum-hungry nymphos specialize in draining every dick in the house bone-dry, especially yours!

PL-10 ALL LITTLE WOMEN: ANAL LOVERS They are featherweight fuckstresses. These little nymphos can

















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partners' dicks that just cannot be done by fat chicks. See

PL-11 LATINA GIRLS The spiciest senorities on the smut

scene come together to give you salsa-hot hours of south of

the border boning! A prick-pleasing bevy of copper-skin,

for yourself and your cock will be glad you did!







Pt-12 BARNYARD FANTASIES No beasties here, just cream-screen queens Kylie Ireland, Wendy Whoppers. Jordan Lee, Tonisha Mills, Bianca Trump, Savannah, Lacey Rose, Lili Xene, Tianna Taylor, and many more doing it dirty down on the farm in the great outdoors.

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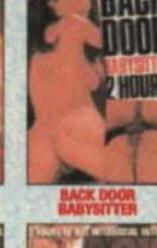
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ailing you, once these naughty nurses start their erotic exams. They know just what to do, how hard to do it and how long to keep it up. The cock-craving sweetles are here, all part of this awesome collection of XXX nurse fantasies come true. pp-2 SEX WITH OLDER WOMEN XXX superstars Tiffany Million,

DD-1 NURSE FANTASIES You won't need a doctor to cure what's

Nina Hartley, Ona Zee, and many more show you why these venerable vixens can still out-suck and out-fuck the majority of their younger. counterparts. As these maneaters mature, their hunger for hot male meat just continues to grow! DD-3 BACK DOOR BABYSITTER Feverish fanny-fucking young

backdoor women. They look like they've barely ever even been touched before, but their rumps swallow stiff pricks like they've been doing the backdoor boogle for years.

DO-4 SUPER VIDEO VIXENS: STARTING WENDY WHOPPER These babes have got it all, looks, legs, tits, ass, cunt - all perfect. And these babes want it all - fingers, tongues, cocks, toys, and every inch and drop of lust they can get. Ultra busty nymphos Wendy Whoppers, Bianca Trump, and many others star here.

DO-5 GIRLS WHO CRAVE 18" COCKS What these ladies can do with a cock this big will fill you with awe, wonder, and overpowering lust. Every inch these size queens get gives them another orgasm, and they won't stop until they've cum, cum, and cum! on-s BLACK MEN, WHITE WOMEN These nasty sluts crave those

huge, hard ebony staffs of steel, begging for more as they take inch after steamy inch inside their fiery passion pits. The bigger the better. that's the philosophy of a horde of horny honeys. 00-7 HOMEMADE AMATEUR VIDEOS No big stars here, just

plenty of big cocks and giant orgasms. Reaming the rookie nookie

makes for a prick-pounding good time in this cum-coaxin" collection of the flery foxes who luck for free! DD-8 ANAL FIRST TIMERS They are anxious, riervous, and scared, never having performed sodomy for the camera before. For a good first impression, so they're determined to take it all, long, fast, hard, and

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We receive thousands of letters from satisfied customers - to many to print here. This is a typical letter from a satisfied customer.

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The squeeze bulb pumps and the centric or center push pumps vacuum was not sustained because the pumps are attached to a straight cylinder with glue where air leaks would occur.

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There were two battery pumps tested. The Dr. Bross pump has a removable motorized housing so the clear cylinder could be cleaned separately. The other battery pump is one piece and when cleaning the cylinder would cause damage and rust to the wires, battery and motor.

The Dr. Bross exclusive power vacuum controller is included in all their pumps and creates and sustains the vacuum needed for penis enlargement. This feature is not found on the other pumps.

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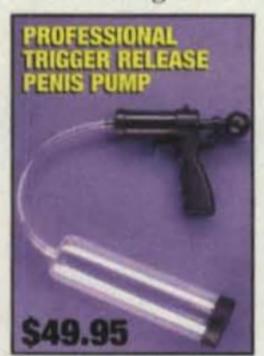
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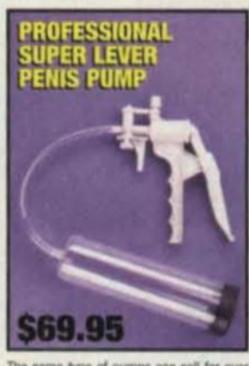


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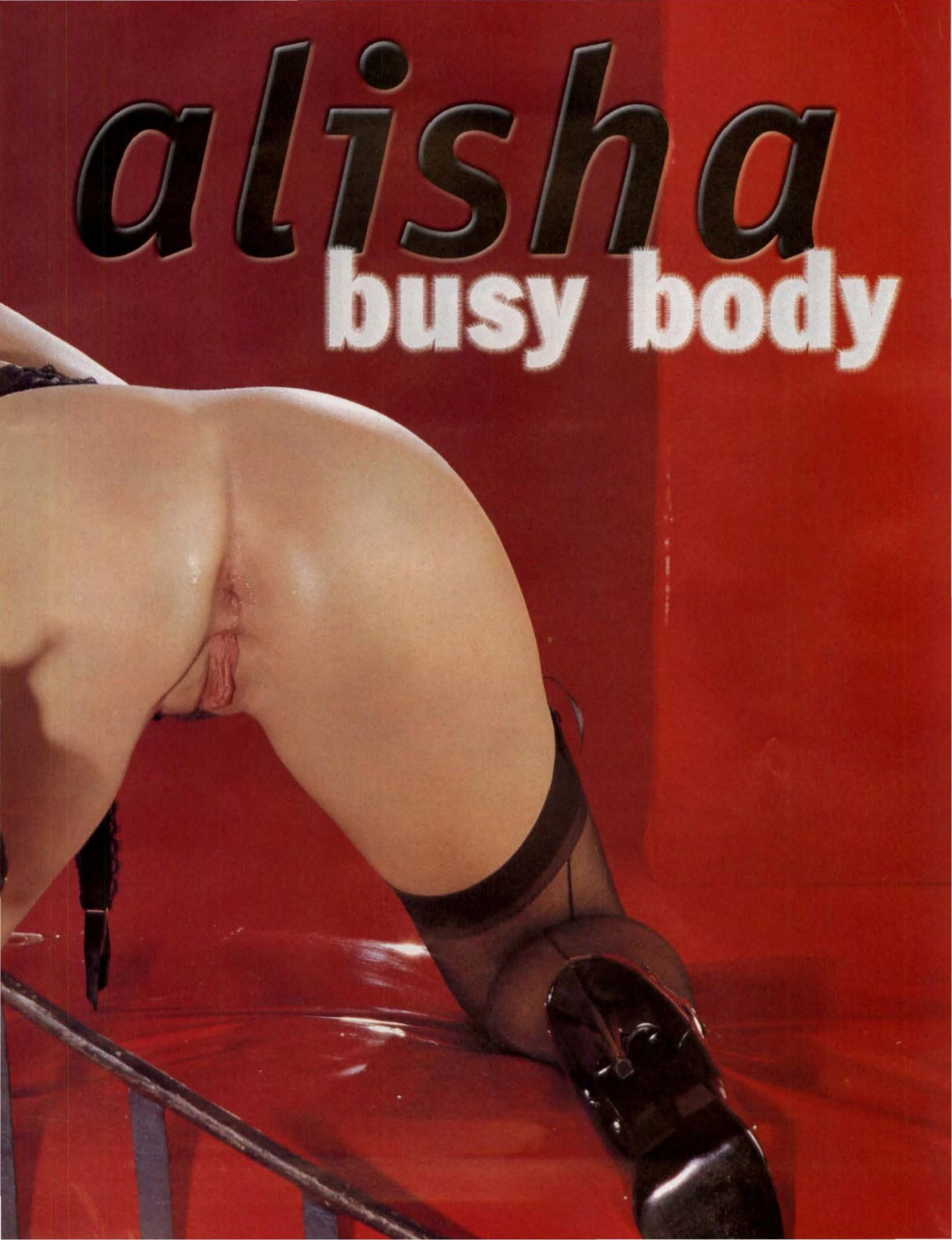
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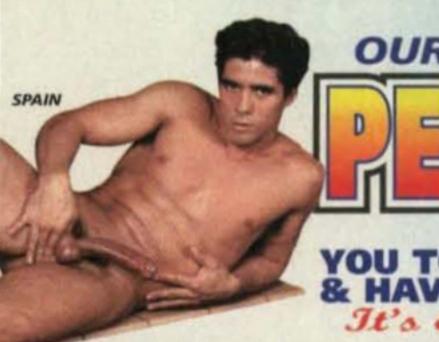












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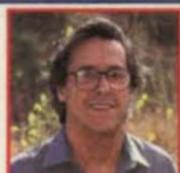
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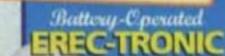
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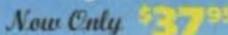
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SEX POWER for MEN! IRON ROD PILLS **CUM GUSHER PILLS**

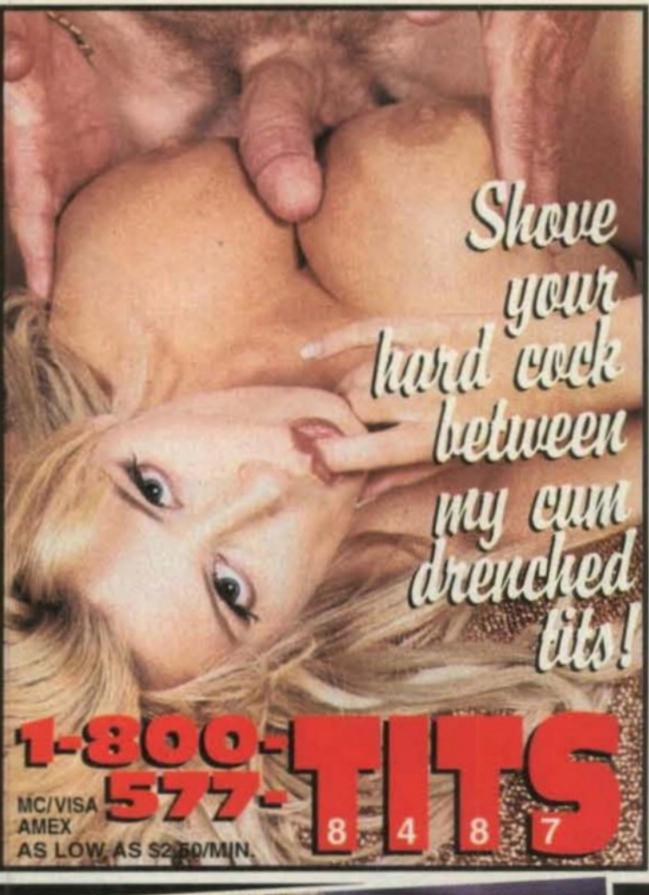
(polien extract) for men who want to pour out hot IRON ROD pills have been clinicalets of cum - over and over aga y tested and proven to make men CUM GUSHER pills are a MUST! CUM not and horny and build stronger GUSHER pills have been used by hard-ons! Men in Latin America European men in the know for over have known about "potency wood" for decades. Regular use of 25 years. The extract works directly on the organ that is vital to produc-IRON ROD pills makes weak erecrich, milky spurts of man juice. tions strong again... put the wood back into non-existent erections -CUM GUSHER pills are important for the health of male organs - especially for men over 50. Help your body makes you crave horny healthy sex. Get IRON ROD pills and get back into sex! Thirty tablets. CUM GUSHER pillst Sixty tablets. Regularly \$22 only \$15 Regularly \$25 only \$18

CAN THE OTHERS OFFER A GUARANTEE LIKE THIS?

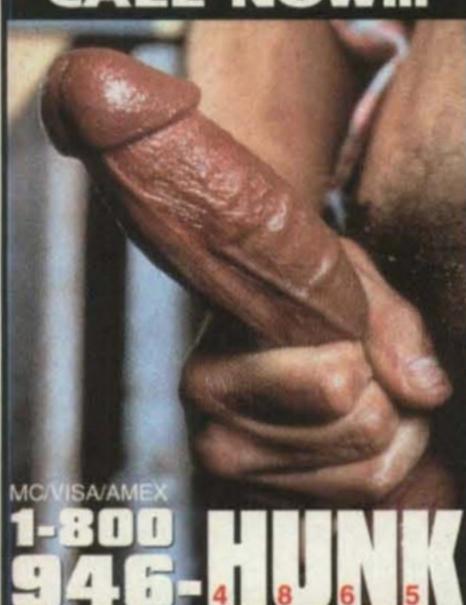
You are about to make a very important decision. It's your hard-earned money - why not use it to purchase the best system money can buy. We are so confident, we'll make the following guarantee: Place the SUPRA-12 next to ANY vacuum pump on the market and you'll instantly see the difference. In fact, we're so sure you'll agree that it's the finest pump made that we'll offer this DOUBLE THE DIFFERENCE Guarantee: If you purchase any pump from any manufacturer, that can equal ours in features and service, but at a lower price, we'll refund double the difference - no questions asked!

6 ACTIVATOR Capsules 60 CUM GUSHER 30 IRON ROD all for only

SAVE



GUYS WITH CALL NOW!!!





Let us suck

your hard cock to a juicy cum!

TALK TO YOU!!

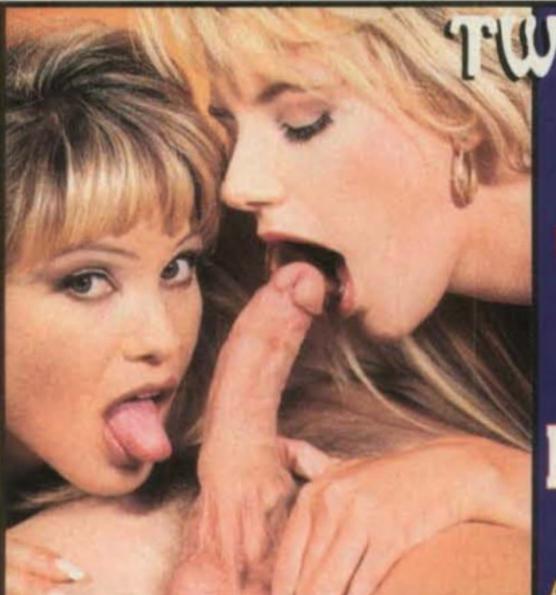
1-900-435-097



Lick it, such it, then screw the sh-t out of it! I want you to drill my girlfriend in NO CREDIT CARD IS REQUIRED

her tight greased butthole, while I suck her huge tits!

-900-745-6696



WO HOT & HORNY CHICKS ON ONE FAT HARD DICK!

drop of creamy cum!

CAN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND? TRY A SHE-MALE, THEY'RE THE BEST OF BOTH **WORLDS!** 1-800 AS LOW AS \$2.50/MIN MC/VISA/AMEX

All actresses and actors that appear in any visual depiction of actual or simulated sexual conduct displayed on this printed material are over the age of 18 years. Some of the visual depictions contained herein are comprised of one or more of the following: 1) visual depictions of simulated sexual conduct and as such are exempt from the requirements pursuant to TITLE 18, U.S.C. Section 2257 and C.F.R. 75, 2) visual depictions of actual sexual conduct photographed and released prior to July 3, 1995 and as such are exempt from the requirements pursuant to TITLE 18, U.S.C. Section 2257 and C.F.R.75, 3) visual depictions of actual sexual conduct photographed and released after July 3, 1995 and the required records are kept in the office of the manufacturer/distributors at the following location: LEISURE TIME ENTERTAINMENT, INC., 7050 Valjean Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91406, M. Beckman, Custodian of Records. The title of this material is 96/0011 which was produced on 11/1/98 and released on 11/98

next month in



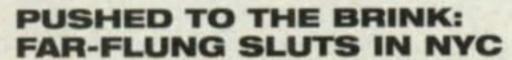
HUSTLER

THANKSGIVING PUSSY FEAST

Fall to your knees and give thanks for November pussy. Prepare your taste buds for a cornucopia of savory crotch flavor as Ashleigh, a dirty blonde with a dirty mind, spreads her labia in a glass house of sin. Glass-house dwellers should never throw stones; so Ashleigh conjures bones instead. Nicole and Malanie are two S & M lezzies who don't care if you pop a rod or not. Grinding coochies in an abandoned house, blond Nicol submits to brunet Malanie, who gushes piss onto her handcuffed lover's writhing bod. The black man tastes the white woman in an interracial 69 coupling at a carnal construction site. In a hot flash of violent lust, black power surges the white stuff down the Caucasian bitch's throat. November's HUSTLER will serve one Thanksgiving feast that will unite brothers and sisters once and for all.



Vanilla sex has its place, but many hunger for stronger tastes and push the limits of sexual experience. A handful of these jaded sex revolutionaries bushwhack uncharted sexual territory by engaging in perverse acts such as the dirty Sanchez, bottom blasting, chocolate shrimping, dogs in a tub, tea bagging, goose stuffing and fudge topping. These and other vile pastimes are slang terms for the exotic lust excursions of today's experimental hedonists. Sample the freaky and forbidden kinks of postmodern sex revolutionaries in November's Sex Play. Vive le filth!



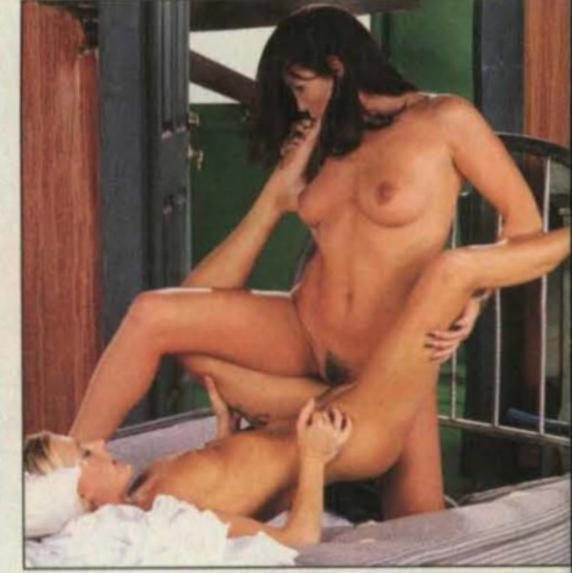
Dancing in Manhattan clubs used to be a big business where beautiful exotic dancers earned fistfuls of cash. They bought clothes, expensive dinners and hotel rooms. Strippers used to party till dawn, but now the party is over. New York City Mayor Giuliani made good on his promise to rid the city of sex pleasure palaces—bad news for strippers and the men who love them. New York's sex prohibition has forced the girls to either leave town for good, or tighten their garter belts and swallow salty pride in the gutters surrounding Gotham. An underground sex network of bootlegger broads and secret sex speakeasies has sprouted in the bottomless bat caves of New Jersey and Harlem. Feast on the decadent remains of New York's sexual underground in November.

WHITE AND DARK MEAT

Gobble up porn's highlights and low blows in Erotic Entertainment, HUSTLER's Indian guide to quality porn squaw. Feast on tidbits of sexual merriment in HUSTLER's Bits & Pieces. Bow your head, pray and give thanks to neighborhood pussy in November's Beaver Hunt. Whether you like white or dark meat, November's HUSTLER is sure to satisfy your holiday cravings for cooze.

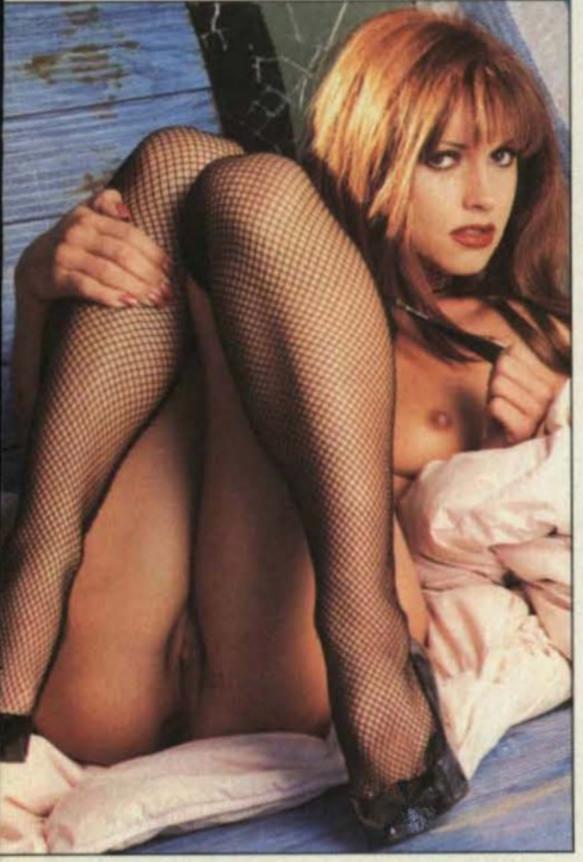
November HUSTLER on sale August 24, 1999.

HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com









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LICK THAT COCK AND SHOVE IT IN MY PUSSY. DO IT NOW!

AFTER YOU FUCK HER HOT PUSSY, SAVE SOME CUM FOR ME! 1-200-FUN-GUND 18+ ONLY \$2.50 TO \$3.50 PER/MIN



\$1.98 to \$3.98 per /min ADULTS ONLY

